

THE MAN FROM EAST CORINTH

BY

OLIVER L. HALL

1941

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The Man From East Corinth

C. L. Hall

1886

I like the rugged ones of earth
Who go life's way with heads unbowed,
Mature in wisdom spiced with mirth,
Buffeting the years, dauntless, proud.

Ione Steen Keltner

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Actis aevum implet, non segnibus annis.

Ovid.

(He fills his lifetime with deeds, not with inactive years.)

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PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK

This book, privately published for distribution only to relatives and intimate friends, is designed to retain for members of the family of Arthur R. and Mary (Donovan) Gould and the generations to come, a knowledge of the beginning and earlier years of our Gould family and its branches. More particularly, to record the business life of my father, Arthur R. Gould, industrialist, railroad builder and United States Senator, who has given of his ability to the development and upbuilding of Aroostook County, Maine.

The picture drawn is an intimate one, intentionally so, published as it is primarily for the living and future members of our family.

Marie Gould Wildes.

November, 1941.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Given character, industry and ability, a man may move far toward success. If courage, determination and vision be added, a life of real achievement cannot be denied him.

I look at the life of Arthur Gould as affording for young men a shining example of the dividends that may be paid by unremitting effort, honest toil and unyielding determination to succeed, sparked by business sagacity, high courage that never falters, and absolute and thorough integrity.

As one follows the development of Arthur Gould's life, he must be impressed by the picture unfolded. There is seen a boy brought up in a small rural community, whose educational advantages were meagre and cut short at the age of fifteen by the death of his father, when upon him fell the obligation of caring for his mother and two small sisters. Manfully he accepted the burden, resolutely he performed the task.

Three times before Arthur Gould became of voting age, by frugality and hard work he saved \$1,000; three times he lost his stake by the dishonesty or misdirected advice of others, but he did not despond nor repine. He possessed the patience of Robert Bruce, the Scottish liberator, and the courage of a Crusader.

For all his many years, business has been an adventure to Arthur Gould. In the intricate mazes of industrial life he has found romance, at the end of the trail always the rainbow. Never has he faltered, dauntlessly has he wrought, from one pinnacle of success scanning the horizon for a higher peak to surmount, a glowing exemplar of those words of Benjamin Disraeli: "The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

Through various stages Arthur Gould has moved steadily onward, steadily upward. While a traveling salesman, his quick perception and acute sense of values grasped the possibilities of Aroostook, and he settled in Presque Isle. He saw the opportunity presented of shipping lumber to Boston, acquired a mill, and was the first man to send long lumber out of the county by rail; he early recognized the need of direct railroad connection with Bangor and the outside world, and was instrumental in obtaining that result, his vision and enthusiasm lighting the torch of that achievement.

Onward and upward. He built a power plant and supplied electricity to Aroostook County, a mainspring of industrial progress. He constructed a railroad of his own, bringing development and prosperity to a rich and fertile, but previously restricted, area.

He was advanced to the high honor of a seat in the United States by the determination of friends who realized his worth. His service in Washington was notable for achievements for the benefit of his state, but he had no inclination for politics, refusing to seek a second term, which would have been his without effort had he been willing to assent.

Confident of the prosperity of Aroostook County, he purchased an entire township of 24,000 acres. Sir Christopher Wren, the renowned English architect and builder, designed the beautiful and stately St. Paul's Cathedral in which he is buried, the epitaph reading: "If thou seek his monument, look about thee." I hope the useful life of Arthur Gould will long continue, but after he passes, his beneficial services for his community and section will be in physical evidence for generations.

One often hears the remark that everything Arthur Gould touches immediately turns into money. This statement has

the elements of truth, for he has been financially successful to an unusual degree, but this has not been achieved by the golden touch of King Midas, rather by unending diligence, brilliant financial acumen, unfailing fidelity of purpose and high principles in business.

I have but half told the story, as when Mr. Gould was in the United States Senate, his sight became severely impaired and for a decade he has been practically blind. He cannot read—must gain all knowledge through the eyes of others—but that affliction has not halted his business activities.

Every morning he goes to his office and stays through the afternoon. Many are the problems in connection with his far-flung interests that are spread before him there. He knows all the answers. His extremely retentive memory is stored with facts and figures, and his remarkably clear and penetrating financial viewpoint is rarely in error. His relatives and neighbors take their problems to him and benefit by his wise and sagacious advice. For hundreds, he is a beloved counsellor and guide.

At the age of eighty-four years, Mr. Gould, now in practically perpetual darkness, continues to engage in large and important business enterprises, although he is far beyond the stage of existence allotted by the psalmist. The riches of life remain with him, the respect and esteem of thousands, the affection of many more, and the sanctified devotion of his daughters and relatives, and of immediate associates whose eyes and steps and constant thought are at his unfailing service.

Whoever is brought in close contact with Arthur R. Gould cannot but marvel at his courage and cheerfulness. By him there is no repining, no complaining. Serene and dauntless,

he brings to one's mind those living lines of Milton, similarly afflicted:

“These eyes though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs, doth sight appear,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.”

I consider that I have been distinctly privileged to have enjoyed for a few months close association with Senator Gould. I have enjoyed his incisive and apt comment upon the affairs of the world and his unfailing wit and humor. I have marvelled at his ripe wisdom, his sagacious judgment, the depth of his love for children, and above all his quick sympathy and kindness for others.

A simple man is he, a gentle man and a wise man. His life has been an inspiration, an unfailing salutary influence for others, an exemplification of three cardinal virtues, Courage, Courtesy and Charity, to which should be added unfaltering Faith.

I would recall the words of Sir Thomas Browne in his *Christian Morals* :

“Where true fortitude dwells, loyalty, bounty,
friendship and fidelity may be found.”

OLIVER L. HALL

HERBERT HOOVER

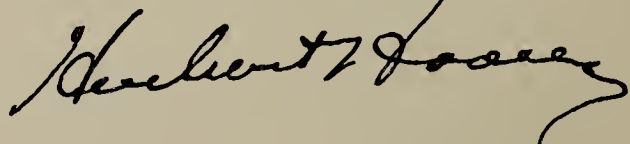
The Waldorf-Astoria Towers
New York City
October 3, 1941

My dear Mr. Hall:

I was intimately in contact with Senator Gould during the whole period of his service. It extended into one of the most trying periods of American history. One thing that stood out constantly in his public life was his complete intellectual honesty and his true New England common sense. He had a large grasp of the problems with which he had to deal, and I have always been grateful for his undivided support.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Herbert Hoover", with a long, sweeping underline.

Mr. Oliver L. Hall
Hampden, Maine

PROLOGUE

The ambitious and enterprising young men of that generation of American youth to which Arthur R. Gould belonged in his younger days were quite extensively following the advice of Horace Greeley to young men—"Go West and grow up with the country." Like all other wise natural leaders, young Gould's attitude in determining personal policy was not controlled by mass movements. Instead of going West and growing up with the country he stayed in Maine, where he was born, and grew up with it. For this reason, in the life of Arthur R. Gould is reflected much of the history of the State of Maine in its later and greater development.

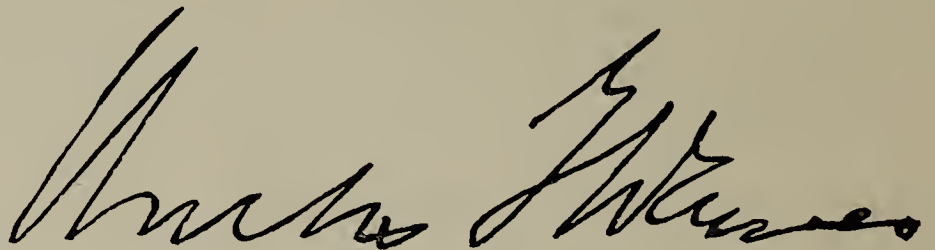
When Arthur R. Gould went to live in Aroostook County he was twenty-nine years of age. His life before that time had been lived in his native State, except for a short sojourn in Ohio.

When we recall that at twelve years of age he assumed the responsibilities of a grown man and that during this earlier life he conducted a farm, was a woodsman, a salesman, a proprietor of a business for which he had accumulated the necessary capital, we realize that he was demonstrating the truth of what Elbert Hubbard once said, "Nine-tenths of this world's prizes go to the man with initiative." Men like Gould, who have contributed to the growth and development of new territory in the United States, have invariably been men of marked initiative.

When fifty-five years ago he went to Presque Isle he had not only the vision of a wise pioneer but that precious quality of initiative which, besides ability, character, industry and determination, is always a large element in any unusual business

career. As a manufacturing lumberman, as an extensive builder and developer of electric and water power and other industries, as a railroad executive and as a United States Senator, his life in Aroostook County in its versatility, usefulness and success was a natural sequence to his life before that time.

Arthur R. Gould at eighty-four years of age, enjoying the esteem and respect of his fellow citizens, the love of his family and friends, the gratitude of many whom he had helped in life, sensible of the widespread benefits which have resulted to the people of his section from his active and constructive life as a builder of business enterprises, must have that best of all satisfactions of life—the sense of duty done.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Arthur R. Gould". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "A" and a prominent "G".

FOREWORD

A foreword should be written by one not too close to his subject because of the ease which converts admiring friendship into exaggerated tribute. Knowing Arthur R. Gould as I do I combat this temptation and would write of him as he is.

When I was a boy, I read the Horatio Alger stories which told of men of achievement who had risen from humble positions to become merchant princes and rulers of empires.

Arthur Gould to me represents this type of purposeful character and I am very glad that Honorable Oliver L. Hall is telling his story to inspire the young men of Maine with the possibilities in this State.

By habitual application, self imposed discipline, integrity, vision and dominant leadership, he has contributed lastingly to our State by opening her far flung areas and by providing opportunities for others to an extent equalled by but few men in Maine's history.

In the Senate of Maine (1921-1922) of which we were both members, he took his duties seriously and was early recognized as a wise, far seeing public official whose counsel was always respected. One of his generous endeavors found expression in a bill appropriating twenty thousand dollars for the construction of a school building at the State School for Boys in South Portland. Faithfully he worked for this because the plight of these unfortunate boys appealed to his magnanimous nature. After this bill had been enacted by both branches of the Legislature, it was vetoed by the Governor upon the grounds of economy. Senator Gould was not to be defeated and personally offered to pay one-half the cost of the building, the State paying the other half. This was effected and

the boys at the State School received the benefit of his militant interest in their welfare. Here again was the refusal to accept defeat as well as thoughtfulness for others.

Through the confidence and affectionate regard of his fellow citizens of Maine, as sincere as they were universal, he was elected to the Senate of the United States from which he voluntarily retired to continue his work in Maine. When I last saw him he had lived beyond the four score year mark and although nearly blind, he was working some times seven days a week, devotedly applying himself, with never a sense of self pity, still possessed of that vigor of mind and body which marked the years of his prime now enriched by wide experience.

To the State of Maine he has given the fullest measure of his capacity providing opportunity for work and the enjoyment of modern facilities to those about him.

After all I have found but four things in life that seem really to be worth while: health—personality—intelligence and character, all of which are possessed in lavish measure by Arthur R. Gould.

He will be remembered not only as a manufacturer and railroad builder and outstanding industrialist, but as well for his kindness of heart, his gentleness of manner and his spirit of helpfulness.

As of Sir Christopher Wren, we may truly say of Arthur R. Gould:

“Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.”

Charles Edwin Gurney
President of Maine Senate 1921-1922

November 5, 1941.

The Man From East Corinth

Episodes in the Life of Arthur R. Gould
A Builder of Aroostook and Senator
of the United States

By
OLIVER L. HALL, M. A.

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Dedicated with affectionate devotion to
My Father, Arthur R. Gould
and

To the precious memory of
My Mother, Mary (Donovan) Gould

By Marie Gould Wildes

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Mary F. Gould.



A. R. Gould

CHAPTER ONE

GENESIS OF THE A. R. GOULD FAMILY

*Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.*

Alfred Tennyson

THE ARTHUR R. GOULD family traces its lineage back clearly for three hundred years to Thomas Gould of Salem, Massachusetts, born about 1639, and his wife, Elizabeth. Thomas and Elizabeth had a son Thomas, born in 1667 or 1668, whose son Nehemiah was born in 1715. Then came another Nehemiah, born in 1752, whose son Samuel was baptized September 6, 1778. Samuel was the father of Robinson Gould and the grandfather of Arthur R. Gould.

The story has been handed down from generation to generation in the Gould family that the founder of the family in this country was one of three brothers, who escaped from England during the religious struggles early in the seventeenth century, went to Scotland, then to the north of Ireland, and thence sailed to America, landing at historic Plymouth Rock.

That story may be true, and Thomas Gould of Salem Village may have been the son of one of the three brothers, but all efforts to ascertain the name of the parents of Thomas Gould of Salem have been unavailing.

The family name of Gould is found in English records as far back as the year 1235, according to Chauncy's Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire, II, page 476, in which it is noted that one Thomas Gould, apparently as a trustee of the

church, signed the order giving to the vicar of Hemel Hempstead the nomination of curates for Bovington and Flauden.

In those early years the family name was variously spelled Gould, Goold and Gold. In this connection Benjamin Apthorp Gould, who compiled the volume entitled *Lineage of Zaccheus Gould*, published in 1895 by Thomas P. Nichols at Lynn, Massachusetts, says: "As regards the spelling of the family name, I find it as varied as was that of most surnames at the dates in question, and it is frequently different for the same person. The surnames of the three brothers of the earliest generation recorded were written differently in each case, manifestly according to the taste of the three priests who wrote the wills. The name was almost uniformly written in the same way by the same scribe. But since the middle of the sixteenth century the variations from the present spelling are rare."

The records show that Thomas Gould of Salem Village, Massachusetts, from whom the family of Arthur R. Gould traces direct descent, was born about 1639. He was a brother of Adam Gould of Chelmsford and Groton and was appointed administrator of Adam's estate, December 17, 1689. Thomas did not long survive this appointment, for his wife Elizabeth was appointed administratrix of his estate, June 24, 1690, the charge of the estate of Adam being turned over to Joseph, the eldest son of Thomas and Elizabeth.

There has been failure of all efforts to ascertain the family name of Elizabeth, the wife of Thomas, as well as to determine the names of the parents of Thomas and his brother Adam, or the place of their birth.

Adam was a soldier in King Philip's War and is recorded as a member of Captain Joseph Gardner's Salem company, March, 1675-6. (*Genealogical Register*, XXXIX, 177.)

Thomas Gould of Salem Village and his wife Elizabeth had seven children, according to the Gould family records

as compiled by Benjamin A. Gould, of whom the fourth was Thomas, who was born February 26, 1667-8, and married Abigail Needham, daughter of Anthony and Ann (Potter) Needham.

To them were born six children, the fifth being Nehemiah, who was born in 1715, and lived at Groton. Nehemiah married Esther, daughter of Samuel and Esther Bowers, who was born in 1713. Nehemiah's life was cut short at the age of forty-three years, as he was killed in battle with the Indians at Lake George, July 20, 1758. His widow married Phineas Wait in 1765, and died in April, 1788.

The union of Nehemiah and Esther was blessed with nine children, the eighth being another Nehemiah, who became a Baptist minister and located in Vassalboro, now in Kennebec County, Maine. Nehemiah was born January 13, 1752, in Groton, Massachusetts, and was married March 9, 1773, to Molly Kemp. He was married a second time to Abigail —, who died in Vassalboro in 1817.

Apparently Nehemiah's family was the only Gould family in Vassalboro at the time, as the 1790 census of heads of families in Vassalboro records only Nehemiah Gould, whose family consisted of five males under sixteen years of age, and four females.

No records have been found to determine in what year Rev. Nehemiah Gould moved to Vassalboro. His first marriage occurred in Groton, Massachusetts, and two of his children were born there, according to the Groton Vital Records, Vol. I, page 98, which record the birth of a daughter, Molly, baptized February 20, 1774; and of a son, Samuel, baptized September 6, 1778; these being the children of Nehemiah and Molly (Kemp) Gould, married March 9, 1773, according to the Groton Vital Records, Vol. 2, page 76.

From the census report it is shown that Nehemiah and his family were living in Vassalboro in 1790, when he was thirty-

eight years of age. There also is found in the Vassalboro records a number of the marriages performed, as is stated, by Elder Nehemiah Gould.

These included the marriages of Sally Gould and Nathan Stanley, November 19, 1798; Eunice Gould and Oliver Kelly of Unity, March 27, 1809; and of Zadoc Gould and Jemima Horn, March 21, 1809. Possibly these marriages were those of children of the officiating clergyman. The Vassalboro records also note the intentions of marriage of Mary Gould and Abijah Ward, August 26, 1791.

Samuel Gould, son of Nehemiah, at the age of eighteen, left the family home and went to the present town of Corinth, then a wilderness. There he took up land by occupancy, and thence, later, he carried his bride, Miss Rachel Dyer of Sidney, a town opposite to Vassalboro, the division being by the Kennebec River. The Sidney Vital Records (as copied by the Daughters of the Revolution) note the marriage, November 25, 1802, of Samuel Gould of Vassalboro and Miss Rachel Dyer of Sidney, by Asa Wilbur.

When Samuel Gould, grandfather of Arthur R. Gould, wooed and won Rachel Dyer of Sidney for his bride, he married into a family that had long been prominent in colonial life, tracing its ancestry back to Doctor William Dyer of Barnstable and Truro, Massachusetts, one of the leading men of his time and section, whose long life extended from the middle of the seventeenth well into the eighteenth century.

Information as to the Dyer family is largely drawn from the third volume of *The Descendants of Edward Small and Allied Families*, in which many pages are devoted to the Dyer family.

The record of the Dyer lineage in which we are interested stems back from Arthur Gould's grandmother Rachel, through Benjamin Dyer, born in 1750; Jonathan Dyer, born in 1715; another Jonathan Dyer, born in 1692; to Dr. William Dyer.

Of the generation previous to Dr. William, there is no evidence available.

The first records mentioning Dr. Dyer find him in Barnstable, Massachusetts. The identity of his parents and the place of his birth have not been discovered. Records in Barnstable do not record his birth nor give any indication that his parents lived there, yielding probability to belief that he came there in early manhood. Lack of discovery of any information relative to Dr. Dyer previous to the record of his marriage may indicate that he came to this country as an immigrant and was the founder, in America, of this family of Dyers.

Dr. Dyer was a resident of Barnstable in 1686 as his marriage to Mary Taylor, December 1686, is recorded there (*Mayflower Descendants*, Vol. 4, pages 224-25), and also the birth dates of their children, which were inscribed after the birth of his last child in April, 1701.

Dr. Dyer and his family left Barnstable and went to Pamet on Cape Cod. He was there July 16, 1709, because Pamet was incorporated as Truro on that date, and the names of Dr. William Dyer and his son Jonathan are listed as among the residents and voters of the town at that time. Jonathan was a resident rather than a voter, as he was then seventeen years of age. (*History of Barnstable County, Massachusetts*, Vol. 2, page 925.)

In the history of Truro as compiled by Shebna Rich, there are references to several records that tell of some of the activities of Dr. Dyer. The Doctor evidently was interested in cattle, for it is noted that in 1710 he was listed as one of the cattle owners of the town, the cattle being of a large Danish breed and yellow in color. He also became a land owner, purchasing from the Proprietors at a meeting held April 26, 1715. Another of the purchasers at this time was his son, Jonathan.

In his book, Rich draws an interesting picture of Dr. Dyer, remarking that he possessed a knack "of keeping in hot water with his neighbors and, like Tristram Shandy's father, had a splice in his temper, known by the name of perseverance in a good cause and obstinacy in a bad one."

The Doctor's sons and daughters were satisfied with Truro and were not rovers. As they reached men's and women's estate, they made homes of their own and the family soon became among the largest and most influential in the town, a position that has been maintained through the various generations. Rich remarks that nearly every family in Truro had a strain of Dyer blood. Writing of a visit to the Congregational Sunday School there about sixty years ago, Rich said, "I noticed all the officers, many of the teachers, the organist, ex-superintendent and pastor's wife were of that name."

Surrounded by his relatives, Dr. Dyer lived for many years in his adopted town, with the honors accorded a prominent and respected citizen. He may or may not have been the only doctor in town, but it is recorded that his life was a useful one, and he witnessed the advent of the fourth generation of his family at Truro, as his great-grandson William, the fourth Dyer to bear the name, received baptism July 17, 1737.

Life ended for Dr. William Dyer July 27, 1738. His widow did not long survive his passing, as her death came less than three months later, at the age of about eighty years, according to the inscription on her tombstone. She was five years younger than her husband. Dr. William and his wife Mary were buried in the Old North cemetery at Truro, where their gravestones still remained when Mr. Rich wrote his book.

The house at Truro built and occupied by Dr. Dyer remained standing for about a century and a half. It was in existence in 1865, but was taken down at some time after that date. Following the death of Dr. and Mary Dyer, their son

Ebenezer lived in the house for the remainder of his life. Upon Ebenezer's death, the property passed to his son Fulk, who continued to occupy the family residence until his death in 1814.

Two of the sons of Dr. Dyer, William and Henry, did not pass their lives in Truro, removing to Falmouth. In the present Cape Elizabeth section there have been many families of Dyers for generations, and it is probable that they all trace back to Dr. William and his wife Mary.

Of the children of Dr. Dyer, we are particularly interested in Jonathan, who was born in February, 1692. While the place of his birth is not definitely established, there seems to exist the certainty that he was born in Barnstable, as he came from that town to Truro with his parents when he was in his childhood. In reference to his life in Truro, he is called Jonathan Dyer II, in order to avoid confusion with an older resident of the village who bore the same name.

Jonathan evidently became one of the substantial citizens of his town, for he was a selectman in 1753, and again the following year, as recorded in the history of Barnstable County (Vol. 2, page 925.)

He made his living as a shoemaker, and apparently it was a good living, as in 1750 he invested in a farm and homestead at Falmouth, purchased of Bryant Morton for the considerable sum of five hundred pounds. It may be assumed that at the time of the purchase Jonathan had thought to join his brothers at Falmouth, but if so he apparently changed his mind. There is no evidence that he moved to Falmouth despite his investment there, although he retained the farm at Falmouth until September 4, 1769, when he sold it to his son, Micah, as shown by the Cumberland County records.

Jonathan Dyer died previous to August 10, 1773, as on that date his son Elisha was named as administrator of his father's

estate, as recorded in Barnstable County Probate records. (Book 16, page 44; Book 17, page 181.)

Jonathan Dyer was thrice married. Of his first wife, to whom he was married about 1714, we know little except that her first name was Phebe, and that she lived but about a year after her marriage, leaving an infant son, born May 28, 1715, who was named after his father.

For a second wife, Jonathan married Susanna Brown of Eastham, April 28, 1718, who was the daughter of William and Susanna Brown of Eastham, born October 30, 1700. Jonathan's third marriage was with Mrs. Mehitable Rider, widow of Benjamin Rider of Provincetown. (Truro Vital Records, page 91.)

Jonathan, son of Jonathan and Phebe, seems to have passed his younger life in Truro, and was married to Keturah Doane, who appears to have been about the same age as her husband. The Doane family history says that Keturah was the youngest child of Samuel and Martha (Hamblin) Doane of Eastham. She was mentioned in the will of her father as "my daughter, Ketura Dier," that document being dated April 9, 1756.

Jonathan became another of the members of his family to join the colony of Dyers at Falmouth. He took his family with him, but no evidence has come to hand to show the date of the migration. The Muster Rolls (Vol. 95, page 267) of the Massachusetts Archives give testimony that he was in Falmouth in the early part of 1757, this annotation appearing: "Jonathan Dyer in List dated Falmouth, April 12, 1757, of men enlisted under His Excellency John, Earl of Loudon, out of Col. Ezekiel Cushing's regiment and account of bounty advanced by said Cushing. Said Dyer appears as having furnished Col. Cushing with 66 pounds, 16 shillings, 8 pence to pay the bounty to the soldiers raised out of said Cushing's regt."

Shoemaking appears to have been a lucrative line of busi-

ness in those days, for Jonathan had followed the vocation of his father, and now loans a very considerable sum of money to the government. Deeds of Cumberland County (Book 16, page 492) records the sale by Jonathan of seven acres and sixty-four roods of land in Cape Elizabeth to Nathaniel Dyer. The latter, who was a shipwright, paid 24 pounds, 13 shillings and 4 pence for the land. The deed was dated December 16, 1772. The conclusion is drawn that Jonathan's wife was not then living, as she did not sign the deed, which was the usual practice.

The union of Jonathan and Keturah (Doane) Dyer was blessed by five children, of whom the fifth was Benjamin, who was born April 1, 1750, and was married to Jemima Blake May 23, 1773. The sixth child of Benjamin and Jemima Dyer was Rachel, who was born in Sidney, April 12, 1783, and who married Samuel Gould, the grandfather of Arthur R. Gould.

Samuel and Rachel (Dyer) Gould had eleven children, the last being Robinson Gould, father of Arthur, who was born in East Corinth in 1820, and died in 1872 on the farm on which he had passed his life. Robinson Gould was a farmer and butcher, a highly respected citizen of his town, an industrious and home-loving man. His wife was Elizabeth Huse, who proved a most efficient home maker and affectionate mother. Mrs. Robinson Gould died in 1904.

THE HUSE FAMILY

The Huse family became a lineal branch of the Gould family by the marriage of Elizabeth Huse and Robinson Gould, so we sketch the history of the maternal side of the Arthur R. Gould family to such extent as we may. The beginning, so far as available facts disclose, takes back to Nathan Huse, who was born about 1716. The ancestors of

Nathan Huse came originally from Wales, although we do not know in what generation.

Nathan Huse was a well-known and highly regarded physician and practiced most of his long life in Amesbury, Massachusetts. The records do not disclose the place of his birth or the names of his parents, but they do show that he conducted his profession for a great many years in the West Parish of Amesbury, and that his long life terminated April 25, 1809, when he was in his ninety-third year.

Dr. Huse married Rachel Sargent, and the Amesbury records show that to them were born twelve children, among them John, who was born October 31, 1758. John was one of three sons of Dr. Nathan Huse who moved to Sanbornton, New Hampshire, where all were prominent citizens and took material interest in the affairs of the town.

John Huse moved to Sanbornton in 1782, following a service of two years in the Revolutionary War. He located in the rear of the residence of his brother Joseph who had preceded him to Sanbornton, and in 1801 moved down near the Bay.

He married Molly (Mary) Bean, who was born August 3, 1764, and died, at the age of sixty-nine years, July 25, 1833. John Huse died a little less than a year before his wife, September 15, 1832, being then in his seventy-fourth year.

John and Molly Huse had nine children, among them Stephen, born June 25, 1790. Stephen Huse married Elizabeth Copp, daughter of Thomas Copp. Elder Crockett performed the ceremony at Sanbornton, August 22, 1811. Stephen and his wife remained at Sanbornton for ten years, and then, after a period of five years in Wentworth, removed to East Corinth, where they passed the remainder of their lives.

Stephen Huse engaged in farming, and was a substantial member of the community. He died July 3, 1863, at the age

of seventy-three years, survived for more than a decade by his widow, who is remembered by older residents of East Corinth as a superior woman who retained her faculties to an extraordinary extent to very old age. It is recorded in the History of Sanbornton (Vol. 2, page 387) that she "indites excellent letters at the age of 90 (1877-8) breathing a deep spirit of piety."

To Stephen and Elizabeth (Copp) Huse were born ten children, including two pairs of twins: Ascenath; Nathan; Elizabeth; John and Mary, twins; Stephen; Joshua B. and Rhoda Jane, twins; and John J.

Of these children, Elizabeth, named for her mother, married Robinson Gould, March 27, 1847. She was born December 9, 1818, and died February 28, 1904, at Fort Fairfield, where she had been living for several years with her daughter Rena. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Gould are buried in Corinthian Cemetery at East Corinth.

THE COPP FAMILY

The Copp family, of which Elizabeth (Copp) Huse, grandmother of Arthur R. Gould on his mother's side, was a member, can be traced back to Solomon Copp, who was living in Amesbury, Massachusetts, in his young manhood.

Certain incidents in the life of Solomon Copp are narrated in the History of Sanbornton (page 182-3). Solomon married Elizabeth Davis of Amesbury, and they lived for three years in the fort at Canterbury before making their residence in Sanbornton. The birth of Solomon is not recorded, but his wife Elizabeth was born November 3, 1722.

When Solomon and Elizabeth moved to Sanbornton, they were nearly entering the wilderness, as they were the second family to settle there. They took residence below Mohawk Point, building their first house on the Bay Shore, near what

has since been known as the Boundary Tree. Subsequently they moved their house up the shore, and later to the spot directly opposite Mohawk Point, where he died May 8, 1796 (probably). His widow survived him for more than a quarter of a century, her death occurring October 22, 1822. Had she lived thirteen days longer, she would have attained one hundred years of age.

The History of Sanbornton notes that one of Elizabeth's younger children would have had the distinction of being the first child born in Sanbornton, if its mother had not revisited the old home at Canterbury a short time before its birth.

The Sanbornton history records that she is said to have returned home "with the child in her arms and a bushel of corn upon her back, wading across the Winnipiseogee River at the well-known shallow place below the Plains." They were hardy in those days, the mothers of New England.

Among the children of Solomon and Elizabeth Copp was Thomas, who died July 3, 1824, believed to have been seventy years of age. Thomas fought in the American struggle for liberty, enlisting while on a visit to Hanover.

He appears to have been a soldier who obeyed orders under all circumstances, as it is recorded that on one occasion "while he was serving as head of the guard he stopped General Washington's coach because the countersign was not forthcoming, for which he was warmly commended at headquarters."

Thomas Copp married Alice Kimball of Meredith, New Hampshire, March 6, 1783. To them were born fifteen children, one being Elizabeth, who married Stephen Huse, grandfather of Arthur R. Gould on the maternal side.

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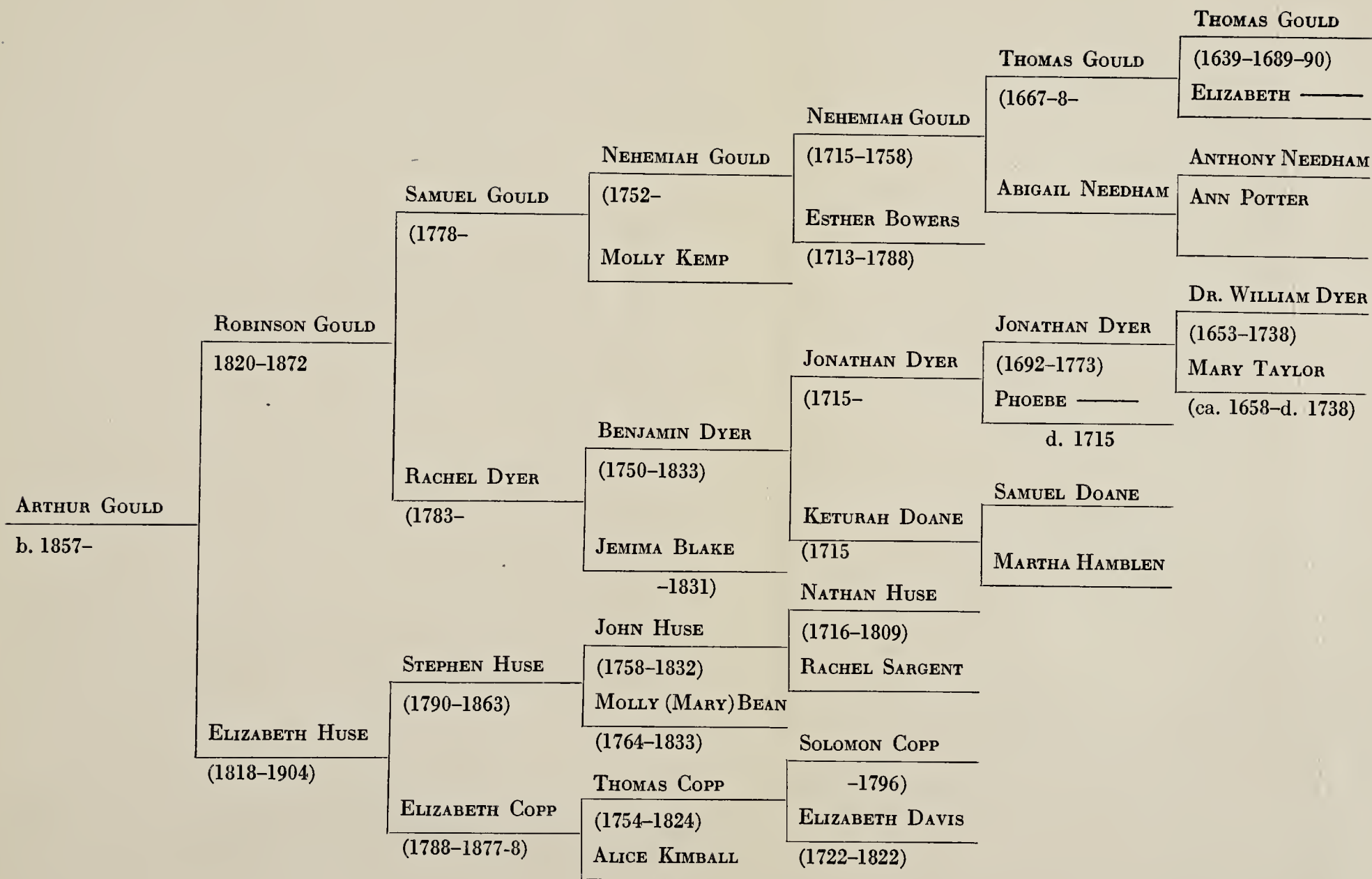
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CHAPTER TWO

GRANDFATHER GOULD FINDS 20-MILE STAKE

*Joy to the Toiler!—him that tills
The fields with Plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's axe that thrills
The wilderness profound.*

Benjamin Hathaway

Samuel Gould, grandfather of Arthur R. Gould, spent his boyhood on a rocky farm in the China-Vassalboro section of what is now Kennebec County. Samuel was born in Lincoln County, for it was not until 1799 that Kennebec was incorporated as the sixth county of the present State of Maine. Kennebec County then had a very large area, but the later formation of Somerset, Waldo, Franklin and Androscoggin counties took away by far the larger part of its territory.

We know little of Samuel's boyhood except that it followed the style of that of the children of the earlier settlers: the hard routine of the farm of the period, exacting toil and little play; scant, if any, schooling except such as could be given by their parents.

The families of that day were struggling for existence, and the children were accustomed to do their part. We do not have knowledge of Samuel's scholastic training, but probably it was in advance of the average of the time, for his parents were of well established families, and his father was a minister.

The Gould family farm was a rocky one; as Samuel in later years remarked to his son, Robinson Gould, "Yes, it was rocky—so rocky that we had to use dynamite before we could get a crop," which was expressive of prevailing conditions, if

perhaps a trifle exaggerated. All the farm work had to be done by hand, and the labor was unrelenting and relentless, for the women and children as well as for the men.

The community in which Samuel Gould grew up had been settled but a few years prior to his birth, many of the earlier settlers coming from Cape Cod. In the years before the turn of the century, the population grew rapidly with a material influx of men who had been serving in the Revolutionary army, who had left their ploughs standing in the fields, when the shot that was heard around the world was fired at Concord Bridge.

After the war was over, many of the soldiers, their home ties broken by years of absence, sought to carve out careers in new territory, aided by grants of land from the government.

These men were of the type that built up many Maine communities. They were undaunted by privation, for they were inured to toil. They had the spirit of the pioneer, they had faith and loyalty to principle, they were men of high courage and character and vision.

The pioneer spirit was not confined to the men. The wives that they brought to the wilderness were worthy help-meets, brave and self-sacrificing, their one thought their families and their homes.

When the young Samuel Gould was growing to man's estate, George Washington was president of the newly-born United States; and the population of the country was about 4,000,000, the vast proportion of the people being along or near the Atlantic seaboard. The rural communities, except on the coast, were practically isolated, as there were no means of transportation other than horseback. The railroads and steamboats had not then arrived.

Samuel Gould grew up on the pattern of the worth-while settlers' boys of that era—strong and vigorous, self-reliant,

industrious and determined to progress. He was not content to pass his life on the ancestral acres, but looked ahead to carving out his own future, anxiously awaiting his opportunity. He expected to remain a farmer, but he wished a farm of his own. Many of his dominant characteristics were repeated in his grandson, Arthur R. Gould.

Samuel made his own opportunity. He learned that a survey was planned to locate a straight, direct route from Bangor to Moosehead Lake. He determined to join the party, and so one fine spring morning he started his walk to Bangor.

Upon his arrival there, he found the future metropolis of eastern Maine a small town of less than three hundred inhabitants, yet it may have been impressive to Samuel. The young man lost no time in seeking the head of the surveying party, and asked him for employment with his crew. Then came disappointment, for the surveyor told him that he already had all the men he needed, that the party was full.

Samuel persisted. He was possessed of one of the leading traits of the Gould family—that of persistence. He explained that he had walked days to obtain the job, that he was strong and husky, and believed that he would be of value to the party.

The surveying chief thought it over, and probably was impressed by the earnestness of the applicant.

Finally he asked, "Have you ever used an axe?"

"I have never used much of anything else," returned Samuel, who had cleared many acres on his father's farm.

"Well, we might arrange," said the surveyor, "but if you work for me, you will not get any money. You will have to take your pay out of the wangan. You can draw tea, groceries, clothing, anything we have, but you will not be paid in money."

That did not daunt Samuel. He would be assured of food and clothing and would not require money in the woods. He

accepted the job gladly, and very soon proved his value to the party, being placed at the head of the swamping crew.

There were many weeks of hard toil as the party cleared its way through the wilderness. It was the practice to place a stake to mark each mile of progress, and one day, when the Twenty Mile Stake was placed, Samuel decided that he had gone far enough.

He was enchanted with the attractions of the location at Twenty Mile Stake, believed that an excellent farm could be cleared there on the level country, that the soil would prove fertile.

He was a man of decision and once his mind was made up he did not hesitate. So the young man went to the head of the party and told him that he was taking his time, that he wished to stay right here. "Right on this Twenty Mile Stake," he declared.

The boss again told him that he could have no money, but Samuel was satisfied with the goods that were coming to him from the wangan, which would supply his necessities. So he settled at Twenty Mile Stake and became the first settler of that section of Corinth, about three-quarters of a mile north of the present business center of the village of East Corinth.

The young man had chosen his location wisely. The surface of the section was level and well watered by what was later known as Kenduskeag Stream, which runs nearly through the center of the town. The growth of timber was dense and of great variety, pine, maple, birch, beech, oak, basswood, hemlock, spruce and cedar. Game was plentiful and there was an abundance of fish in the streams. For many years the early settlers obtained salmon from the Kenduskeag, at a distance of seventeen miles from the waters of the Penobscot River.

At that period one could take possession of land by clearing a certain number of acres and remaining on the soil, obtaining a deed from the government. Samuel staked out a plot of

fifty-four acres and went to work to clear his land, after building himself a camp. He stayed until well into the fall, when he returned to the home of his parents for the winter months.

The second year Samuel came back to East Corinth to stay, and brought a wife with him, Rachel Dyer of Sidney, who was not afraid of the privations of the wilderness. His father gave him a pair of oxen and a sled, and Samuel brought these back with him to Twenty Mile Stake as well as a bride.

They were about ten days making the journey from the Kennebec, coming from Bangor to their home over the new road which had just been swamped out.

Samuel soon had two acres of land cleared. He planted corn and other crops, bringing the seed from Bangor on his back, for farming was conducted in the hard way, those days. Samuel and Rachel lived the next winter in the open-front camp, but, as Samuel told his son Robinson in later years, they did not suffer from the cold. He had prepared a great pile of logs, and they did not lack for fuel or for bedding.

With the aid of the oxen, the clearing of the farm proceeded rapidly. The soil was rich and fertile, and Samuel made buckwheat his principal crop.

During the third summer, Sam built a snug log cabin, in which he and Rachel brought up a family of nine boys and two girls, of whom only one, the second child, Asa, died young, a rather remarkable record in a wilderness community, and demonstrating wise paternal and maternal care.

These children were, Alvin, Asa, Samuel, Aaron, another Asa, Mahala, Hiram, Irene, Bethuel, Perry, and Robinson, who was born October 8, 1820.

The Goulds remained well satisfied with their East Corinth location and after three or four years, either wishing company or because he desired to aid his friends, Sam wrote back to the Kennebec, urging some of his old neighbors to come and join him, an invitation that was accepted by several families.

That made quite a little community, and, as one old resident recalled hearing a much older man say, "They could get a pail of fire from a neighbor." And that meant considerable in the old days.

Samuel Gould was a thrifty and successful farmer, achieving a good living from his acres and his stock, and was one of the leaders of the neighborhood. The late George W. Spratt, who was a native of Corinth and for many years a widely known livery stable keeper in Bangor, while chatting with Arthur Gould on one occasion, spoke of the latter's grandfather Samuel as a prosperous farmer, recalling that he remembered hearing his father say, "Sam Gould was a farmer who got ahead. Why, he could kill a pig every month if he wanted to do so." That was a colloquial expression denoting financial stability.

George W. Spratt was the youngest child of William Spratt who came to Corinth from China, and settled near the center of the town. There were seven children in the William Spratt family. Arthur R. Gould gained much of his knowledge of the early history of the town from G. W. Spratt, who recalled much information received from his father.

When Rachel Gould died in middle life, Samuel married again, in December, 1838, his second wife being Hannah Fairchild Dyer, widow of William Dyer who was the brother of Rachel.

In his later years, Samuel Gould gave his farm to his son Robinson. When he told Robinson of his intention, the son demurred slightly, and said that he would accept the gift of the farm only if his father would agree not to do any more work on the land, perhaps having his own ideas as to management.

Samuel assented, and kept his promise; but afterward remarked on more than one occasion that he had made a mighty poor trade. Undoubtedly it was difficult for one who had had

so vigorous a life to relapse into idleness, and after Samuel's death it was remarked that he had died for lack of work.

Robinson Gould maintained his home in East Corinth throughout his entire life. He was a farmer, and a competent one, and a butcher, wise in his business methods, thrifty and successful.

The period of his life, from 1820 to 1872, witnessed the growth of Corinth from a tiny community to a very active and thriving village, with East Corinth as the more important section both in business and population.

Corinth was first called Ohio Plantation, and in 1810 contained 189 people. In the year that Robinson Gould was born, the population of the town (it was incorporated in 1811) was 296, and in the next four decades the increase was rapid. In 1830 there were 712 residents; 1,308 in 1840; 1,600 in 1850; and 1,790 in 1860.

Then came the years of the Civil War, when most communities suffered in business and lost in population. When the railroads came, the village was not helped. The traffic from Bangor north that had come through the town then went through Old Town.

When the trolley line, built by F. O. Beal of Bangor and others, came, early in the present century, there were hopes that the town would experience a new era of prosperity; but the road did not prove the success that was anticipated. The population of Corinth is now less than a thousand people, but the town remains a happy and self-sustaining community of satisfied people.

During Robinson Gould's span of life, most of the residents engaged in agriculture, although the early settlers had their saw, shingle, stave and grist mills. For many years the farmers occupied their winters in making shingles for which there was great demand.

The pioneers had to satisfy their own needs, for transporta-

tion was difficult and expensive. The Penobscot County History notes that Abner Tibbetts made the woodwork; John Goodhue, the ironwork of earlier homes. Joshua C. Thompson framed and finished dwelling houses and barns, while Mason Skinner, from straight-grained trees standing within sight of his shop, manufactured tubs, boxes, kegs, chairs and almost every article wanted for use.

Rufus Inman, according to the History, "a master of all trades in wood, iron and steel, manufactured spinning wheels of every description, made surgical instruments and used them with wondrous skill, extracted teeth for six and one-fourth cents singly and ten cents for two at one sitting, and would let blood, when deemed necessary, with a lancet of his own making, as keen of edge as his own wit."

Notable residents of the town in its earlier days included Dr. William Peabody, the first physician with a medical education to practice in Corinth. He was born in Boxford, Massachusetts, and was a surgeon in the War of 1812, came to Corinth after leaving the service, and died in 1857. He was a successful practitioner and respected resident.

Dr. Jared Fuller came to East Corinth in 1832 to commence practice, and commanded respect and popularity. He was elected to the Maine Legislature and also served two terms in the Executive Council.

Major Ora Oakman was born in Bangor in 1809, and in his early boyhood moved to East Corinth with his father's family, in later years taking a prominent position in the community. He was a teacher as well as a practical farmer, and taught for many years in the town schools. Also he was a well-versed musician and conducted sixty singing schools. He died in 1872.

Hon. Mason S. Palmer, born in Corinth in 1803, had an active business life. In his early life he was a teacher and superintendent of schools. He served as assistant postmaster

of Bangor, and for many years was Register of Probate for Penobscot County. He held other important positions in Massachusetts, where he served a term in the Legislature. Mr. Palmer returned to his home town to pass his later days on the farm on which he was born.

Later prominent in the affairs of the town was Dr. Jason Huckins, who commenced practice there in 1860, but shortly entered war service as a surgeon, returning after a year to re-open his office in the town.

Daniel F. Davis, Governor of Maine in 1880, was a resident of East Corinth when he was chosen as Maine's Chief Executive. He was born in Freedom in 1843, and moved to Stetson with his family in 1854. He entered East Corinth Academy in 1863, but left school in a few weeks to enlist in the Union Army, serving until January, 1865, when he returned to the Academy for a year, then was a student for a while at Kents Hill.

He studied law with Hon. Lewis Barker of Stetson, was admitted to the Bar, and began practicing at East Corinth in August, 1869. Mr. Davis early evinced an active interest in politics, and his advance in that field was extremely rapid. Five years after he began to practice law, he was elected to the Maine House of Representatives, in 1874, then represented Penobscot County in the Senate for four years, and was nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor in 1879.

This was the election that was so bitterly contested and later called "The Count Out" by the Democratic Party. That was in the days when the Greenback Party was flourishing, and Solon Chase was driving his politically celebrated pair of steers about the state.

Mr. Davis received 68,967 votes to 47,643 for Joseph L. Smith, Greenback candidate, and 21,851 for Alonzo Garcelon, Democrat, and retiring Governor. Neither candidate received a majority, although Mr. Davis lacked but a few hundred

votes of achieving that end, so it became the duty of the Legislature to select the governor. The Greenback and Democratic members joined in the attempt to defeat Mr. Davis, but were unsuccessful.

In the election of 1880 (at that period the state election was held annually), the Democrats and Greenbackers joined in what was called the Fusion Party, nominating General Harris M. Plaisted of Bangor, who was elected over Governor Davis by the exceedingly close decision of 73,713 to 73,544.

Senator Gould tells an interesting and historic story of the first nomination of Mr. Davis.

"I remember very well the events surrounding the nomination of Mr. Davis," remarked the Senator reflectively. "I was living in Bangor at the time of the convention, and there was great astonishment there when the news flashed over the wires that Daniel Frank Davis of East Corinth had been named as the Republican nominee for Governor of Maine, for such a development had not been thought of and was entirely unexpected.

"Indeed, there was real amazement, for Mr. Davis had not even been mentioned in connection with the nomination. If Davis himself had held any such ambition, he had kept the thought entirely to himself.

"The surprise, however, was accompanied with pleasure and satisfaction, for Mr. Davis was well-known and popular in Bangor. By his friends he was generally known as 'Frank' Davis, his middle name being used.

"The choice of Davis came very suddenly. The convention was deadlocked. For two days efforts to decide upon a candidate had been unavailing, the delegates had become thoroughly wearied, anxious to get the business concluded and return to their homes. There were several aspirants, and the voting strength in the convention was so divided that none of them could gain the required number of votes.

"Suddenly a delegate sitting in the Penobscot County section, Ham of East Corinth, arose to his feet and demanded attention.

" 'Let us get this over,' he shouted. 'This convention has been here two days, and we are getting nowhere. It is very evident that there will not be any choice among the present candidates. Why not wipe the slate, set them all aside, and get to business?' Then Ham reached his climax. In penetrating tones, he cried, 'I nominate Honest Frank Davis of Corinth Village as our candidate!'

"Shouts of approval and assent filled the hall. It was a popular suggestion. Davis had a good record. He had enlisted as a private in the Civil War, and had served with distinction in both branches of the Legislature. It had been twenty years since Penobscot had furnished a governor.

"The convention proceeded to ballot, and county delegations rapidly swung into line, Daniel Frank Davis being triumphantly nominated. He was elected and made a good executive, but failed of re-election as the Fusionists nosed him out at the polls the second time he ran."

The political episode so graphically depicted by Senator Gould was somewhat paralleled nearly half a century later when Mr. Gould was forced by his friends to run for the United States Senate, a surprise primary candidate greatly against his wishes. Then, again, the little village of East Corinth was honored by the selection of a favorite son.

"I remember Frank Davis very well," continued Senator Gould reminiscently. "He was older than I, a young man when I was a small boy, but I knew him well in later days. He was a fine man, very upright and just as clean as they come. During his younger days he never used liquor or tobacco. He was able, had practical common sense and was a good lawyer."

Senator Gould chuckled as he recalled the past. "I had a

reserve seat when the future Governor was in his courting days. Laura Goodwin, who later became Mrs. Davis, was teaching in the little schoolhouse about half way between my home and the village, and I was attending. So was Mr. Davis, after school. He came regularly and walked to the village with Laura. He was also walking into matrimony, and we young scholars were not blind to the situation."

After he concluded his term as Governor, Mr. Davis removed to Bangor, forming the law firm of Davis and Bailey, with Judge Charles A. Bailey as his associate.

Hon. Noah Barker was one of the prominent residents of the town in the earlier part of his life. He was born in Exeter, then Blaisdell Plantation, in 1807, and educated at Hampden and Foxcroft Academies. He was a surveyor and a well-known one, one of his achievements being the surveying of the northern wilderness of the state, and division into townships.

Mr. Barker served in the Maine House of Representatives, and, after moving to Corinth to reside in 1856, was chosen State Land Agent in 1859 and 1867. He was a member of the Maine Senate in 1878 and 1879.

John Morrison was one of the well-known citizens in Senator Gould's youth at East Corinth. He had a large farm, was interested in the stage routes and other enterprises, and highly respected. He served two terms in the Legislature and two terms as a member of the State Senate. His son Frank followed in his father's footsteps and served in both branches of the Legislature.

George Chandler, although four years older than Senator Gould, was one of his schoolmates who has had an interesting life. He became a photographer and one of marked ability. He learned his business in Bangor, but spent many years in Buenos Aires, Argentina, where he had a fine studio and did a large business. He was homesick for Maine in his later years, and came back to Bangor, where he still practises his vocation.

Ira W. Davis, a brother of Governor Davis, was one of the leading figures in East Corinth for many years. He was educated at Wesleyan Seminary in the class of 1870, and studied law with Lewis Barker, Esq., and W. P. Thompson of Vassalboro. For four years he was teacher and superintendent of schools in California, and upon his return to Maine in 1879 commenced practice at East Corinth.

In comparison to its population, the town sent many soldiers to the Civil War. Most of the men enlisted in the Corinth Company, which became Company H of the Sixth Maine. The regiment served in the Army of the Potomac until it was mustered out, August 15, 1864.

CHAPTER THREE

EARLY DAYS AT EAST CORINTH

*My dear, my native soil:
For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent;
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!*

Robert Burns

Senator Gould retains vivid recollection of the days of his youth and young manhood spent at East Corinth. In a chat with the writer, he glanced verbally at some of those early scenes and activities.

"I was born," he recalled, "in a hewn timber house that was built by my grandfather Gould. When he decided to locate in the wilderness that East Corinth then was, he built himself an open camp. That was replaced by a log cabin and later by the house in which my parents brought up their family. That house was on the original location at Twenty Mile Stake, but was surrounded by cleared acres, rather than by forest.

"The chambers in which we boys slept had not been finished off, and the rafters were four or five inches in diameter, and were not peeled. We had straw ticks on our beds.

"I have acute remembrance of the long ears of seed corn that were suspended from the rafters, and many a time, while in bed, I listened to the mice trying to get the corn. We had spring wire traps and used to catch the mice when they came for corn. The cheese with which the traps were baited was even more alluring to the mice than was the corn, but also more fatal.

"My boyhood, I think, was about the same as that of other

boys of the period who were brought up on farms. There was something to do most of the time, a job for about every minute of the working day, and that was of long duration.

“When I was old enough, I helped my father both on the farm and in the butcher business, and often accompanied him when he bought cattle and when he went to market. Because of this constant association, my relations with my father were closer than were those of my brothers, although the whole family were closely knit by affection, and formed a very happy household. My brother Charles, who was two years older than I, was a mechanical genius and could do anything with tools, but he had little interest in farming.

“We were not driven by our parents, but it was the habit of the times for everybody on the farm to do his or her share of the work. That was the way the children were brought up. When they finished one job, they sought another.

“We played when we could, and I went hunting and fishing when I had a chance. There was plenty of small game, lots of partridges, but the deer had been pretty well killed off or driven back. I remember my father telling of the years when the game was more plentiful and of one occasion when a big black bear came along and poked his head right over the hedge that was close to the house.

“I recall that we frequently went down to the village to see the stage come in from Bangor. It was drawn by four big horses, and its arrival around six o'clock in the evening was quite an event.

“The departure was at six o'clock in the morning, and there was one round trip a day. The stopping point was the hotel conducted by James Knowles, which was built by Lemuel Nichols, who went to Bangor and carried on a livery business. In my boyhood the stage line was operated by John Morrison and Elbridge Hunting, and passengers were carried to Charles-

ton as well as to Bangor. Originally the line had gone through to Dover.

"We young people used to have a lot of fun at dances in the hall over the carriage house that was connected with the hotel. I attended many of them in my early teens.

"The dances then were quite different from those of the present day. They were less individualistic then, because we danced mostly square dances, with the whole group participating. With the orchestra making us move fast, we used to step through the quadrilles, Boston Fancy, Portland Fancy, Virginia Reel, Hull's Victory and Lady of the Lake.

"You did not stay off the floor because you did not know the figures, just got a partner, went on and learned them. You soon knew the Ladies' Chain, Grand Right and Left, and Swing Partners, and that was about all that was necessary. All you had to do was to follow the calling off.

"Once in a while the orchestra would play for a round dance, a waltz, polka or schottische, but I think the young people enjoyed the square dances much better, there was so much more action and companionability.

"We were fortunate in that we had excellent music for our dancing, furnished by the Oakman brothers, who were unusually good musicians. Marion played the bass viol, Charles the violin, and the third brother was a competent pianist. They came naturally by their talent as their father taught many terms of singing school.

"I remember well," Senator Gould continued, "when Charles, then but a boy, teased his father to buy him a fiddle, and finally Mr. Oakman purchased one for him in Bangor. Charles was eagerly waiting in the yard when his father returned. The lad took the instrument into the house, and when Mr. Oakman came in from the barn, perhaps an hour later, the boy, who never had handled a violin before, picked out 'Old Grimes' with commendable accuracy, to the astonish-

ment of his musical father. The third son of the family afterward went to Bangor, where he sold and tuned pianos. Yes, they were a musical lot.

“There were plenty of boys in the town in those days, four of them in many of the families. That was the case in my family, and there were four Fuller boys, and four McDonald boys; four boys in the Herrick house, and the four Savage brothers, Tom, Walter, Warren and Charles. I cannot recall how many other male quartets there were in town.

“Timothy McDonald, father of the four boys mentioned, was a partner of H. K. Dexter, who carried on the big variety store in East Corinth where you could find anything you asked for, from a toothpick to a cask of lime. In later years Tim McDonald came to Presque Isle and was in my employ, keeping books for the Aroostook Lumber Company. He died in 1898, and there never was a more honest, square-dealing man than he was, a fine employee and a loyal friend.

“Tom and Walter Savage went to Bangor as young men and became among the leading citizens of the Queen City. They engaged in the grocery business, and made T. R. Savage Company one of the most prominent wholesale concerns in Maine.

“As I sit in the twilight, some of those scenes of my boyhood days in East Corinth come very clearly to my mind. It is easy to picture the Academy, where, for almost one hundred years, the boys and girls of the town, as well as many from the adjoining sections, have received their education—but not in the same building. The Academy was a comparatively new building when I was a scholar there, but later burned and was replaced.

“As the Academy was organized in 1843, it soon can celebrate its centennial of usefulness.

“I remember the studies that held particular interest for me were mathematics and geography. Figures came naturally,

never bothered me, but geography opened a new world, especially the maps that I studied with absorbed interest."

That Senator Gould retains the world picture formed in his youthful mind, and that the changes of the years since have been carefully followed, was shown in discussion of recent events in Europe.

Although, because of failing eyesight, he has not been able to study maps for many years, he can trace European developments with clear understanding. His remarkably retentive and penetrating mind holds a wealth of knowledge of foreign conditions, physical, industrial, agricultural and administrative, their strength and their weaknesses. His mass of information in this line is due in great part to his interest in geography acquired in his youth and steadily maintained over the years.

"One clear boyhood memory," recalled Senator Gould, "is that of Mr. Nathan Huse passing our house Sundays, going to ring the church bell. He was a very religious man, a deacon of the Baptist Church. For about forty years he rang the bell to summon to services, and I doubt if he ever was late. Many a time I watched him go by and almost at the same minute. He was so punctual, one could almost set one's watch by his appearance.

"One of the farm chores that I liked was working with the horses. Father was fond of horses and very particular about them. He would not have a poor one, wished them mettlesome and able to step out. They were usually too high-lived for the other boys to drive, but I managed to handle them. I fed them apples, petted them and got acquainted. Soon I was able to control them all right. Knowledge of horses was very useful to me in later years.

"I recall one time, when I was on the road selling goods, I wanted a horse to drive from Bangor to Kenduskeag. I went to George W. Spratt's livery stable and explained my needs. Spratt hesitated and then said that he had a horse in, but the

animal was very high-spirited and hard-bitted, and he did not like to let him out. He doubted if I could handle him.

"I replied that I thought I could manage, and finally persuaded Mr. Spratt to let me have the horse. He was fast and full of pep, but I brought him back all right, and thereafter I drove that horse many times.

"Our East Corinth household was a very busy one. My mother was extremely active and industrious, and there was plenty of work to keep her busy, as well as the girls when they were old enough to assist. Mother bore the brunt of the indoor work, although generally she had a woman to help her. Preparing the food was one person's job, for we had a large family. There were nine of us Goulds, two hired men and mother's helper, a round dozen to feed.

"We lived well, for Father was a good provider. There was always plenty of meat in the freeze-house, vegetables, fruit and berries from the farm, fresh in season, preserved and canned for winter use.

"Preparing the food was but one of Mother's many tasks. She made the clothes for all the children, and I can picture her now as she sat at her spinning wheel. Alert and vigorous, she set a fine example of industry and accomplishment for her household.

"Father had a good farm, but he adopted the vocation of butcher and drover as his special interest. He often drove cattle and sheep to Bangor for shipment to Brighton Market, and he maintained his own slaughter house, which was located back of our home.

"He bought cattle, sheep and hogs over an extended area, and these he would winter-freeze and later sell in Bangor. The cattle pen with its admixture of manure and blood produced a black muck that was of much assistance to the productivity of the farm, yielding a rich dressing in days when commercial fertilizer was unknown.

"I was pretty thrifty as a boy. I had to work hard for my money, and I soon realized its value. Before I was twelve years old, I had found a number of ways to turn a few dollars. I picked up wool from the fragments and saved the tongues of lambs. When Father was buying lambs, I'd buy chickens, and I had a little compartment under the seat of the lamb rack where I could keep them.

"When Father went to market, I would go with him, and I would have something to sell of my own. Sometimes it would be a bucket of eggs, or a bucket of tongues, and then it might be chickens. I was doing pretty well and was learning.

"Generally I sold my products to Jones and Trickey, who had a stall in the old Norumbega Market in Bangor. Amos Jones was a fine old man, a friendly spirit who found pleasure in obliging people. He was so averse to saying 'No' that it became rather a joke to his friends.

"One day in Charlie Buzzell's restaurant there was some pleasant comment about the kindness of Mr. Jones, and one of the group declared that no one could get the old gentleman to say 'No.' Another thought that he could draw a negative, so he went to the stall and asked Mr. Jones to loan him five dollars.

" 'Yes, yes,' was the instant reply. Then in a moment, 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but Mr. Trickey has just gone to the bank with all our money.'

"I always went with Father on the rack whenever I could, and when I was twelve years old I knew every man he dealt with in Corinth, Charleston, Bradford, Exeter, Sebec, and everywhere Father went. At this time, just before I entered my teens, Father suffered a shock, and never fully recovered his physical strength.

"That created quite a difficult situation. Father always bought a lot of cattle, hogs and sheep when winter approached. Generally we had animals scattered all over the place, waiting

until they could be slaughtered and placed in the freeze-house without danger of the meat thawing.

"The cold storage house would be filled in December, and then the meat would be taken to market in Bangor, usually the latter part of February or early in March.

"When Father was taken ill, the freeze-house was filled, and it was time to move the meat. To delay might mean a heavy loss. He did not care to trust the hired men, and so asked me if I thought I could take the meat into Bangor and sell it. That was quite a contract for a boy who had not reached his thirteenth birthday, but I had a lot of confidence and was glad to undertake the mission.

"I remember that I was some proud as I rode into Bangor with a two-horse load of meat, felt that my boyhood days were over, that I had reached man's estate, and I was determined to justify my father's confidence in me.

"I had my plans all made when I reached Bangor. I knew I could sell the meat because there was a big demand for it. The great shipments of meat from the West had not then begun. But there was more than disposing of my load. I wished to get fair prices, and to have everything shipshape and clear. I sold my meat all right, and I kept in separate parcels the money I received from each purchaser, and knew what I had sold to each buyer.

"I sold to Jones and Trickey, to Henry Parker, who had a shop at the entrance of the Bangor-Brewer bridge, and others. Parker sold a lot of poultry, and he had a big sign with the painting of a hen and then his name, 'Parker.' He was known everywhere as 'Hen' Parker.

"When I got home, Father counted the money and then figured what I should have brought back. I was a proud boy when he said, 'That is all right to the penny. You are a good financier.' After that I had a regular job of going to the Ban-

gor market, and Father soon sent me out to buy from the farmers.

"I was soon doing a man's job on the farm. I got up at five o'clock or earlier, fed the horses and cattle, and sometimes I would do some slaughtering for the neighbors before I went to school. After school I would deliver the hogs or sheep and collect a dollar for my work.

"Our main farm crop was corn, which we would take to the mill and have ground. It certainly was tasty when it came to the table in the form of hot johnnycake, or as griddle cakes with maple syrup that we made ourselves, always enough to last from one spring round to the next, and we children were not parsimonious in our use of it.

"We had a little grove of maple trees and maple syrup never has tasted as good to me as it did in those boyhood days. It was delicious and pure when it came on our table, not weakened by brown sugar or anything else.

"Corn and its products were staple foods in the early days. Besides the johnnycake, we had it served to us in the Indian pudding, and then there was the hasty pudding, with lavish sweetening by maple syrup or molasses.

"If any of the pudding, or mush, as we called it, was left over, it reappeared at breakfast, nicely browned. Then there were those old standbys, hulled corn, succotash, old-fashioned baked beans, and plenty of pies, healthy and nourishing food, and also appetizing. We did not know anything about Vitamin A or Vitamin B in those days, and housewives did not use a can opener to prepare the meals.

"We were plenty busy all the time, but haying season was a particularly strenuous time on the farm. All the haying had to be done by hand, for the mowing machines had not arrived. We carried three or four hired men for the haying, and had to pay them \$1.75 a day, for they were the elite of farm labor then. In planting time, the same men received a dollar a day.

The mowers knew they had been somewhere when they swung a scythe all day, and certainly earned their money. We mowed about twenty-two acres, and averaged about two tons to an acre."

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At the age of fourteen years, Arthur Gould made his first start into the world of business outside his home village; indeed, he received his first taste of the railroad industry. The job that he secured was in the humble capacity of water boy for a construction crew on the European and North American Railroad. It is a far cry from water boy to railroad president, but Mr. Gould in later years bridged the gap.

Unfortunately the future railroad president did not stay on his first job long enough to learn much of the intricacies of the business. The operation was at Tomah Stream, and Arthur, always forehanded, had brought along a hook and line, the only one in the party. With his water-carrying task temporarily completed, the lad could take a few minutes off to pull some delicious trout from the waters of Tomah, and those went large at mess time.

There was another boy at the camp who was designated as flagman. His job was to watch the proceedings of the gravel train operating on the siding, and see that there was no collision with the regular passenger and freight trains coming from Vanceboro.

Envious of the trout catches made by Arthur, the flagman wished to try his luck, and asked the loan of Arthur's hook and line and alder pole rod. So Arthur swapped jobs.

All went well until the flagman caught the hook in an alder bush and tugged to free it. Arthur, fearing catastrophe, rushed to rescue his hook and line. And as he left his post, the gravel train came onto the siding while the Vanceboro train was approaching on the main track. A collision was avoided by a few feet while Arthur and the flagman looked on in distress.

That was the end of their railroad jobs for both. The explanation of a caught fishhook did not weigh heavily with the boss. Arthur had worked about a week.

Arthur, however, had another try at juvenile railroading, as his brother John gave him a chance to act for a short time as his substitute. John was a news agent on the European and North American, and his run was between Bangor and Vanceboro.

The other business interlude was of longer duration. In the fall of 1871 Arthur was in Bangor with his father, and they went to a store owned by D. P. Wood to get a pair of boots for Arthur.

They had decided upon a long-legged pair of stout boots. Mr. Page, who was manager of the store, got in conversation with Arthur, and after a minute or two asked Mr. Gould if he would like to have the boy work in the store and learn the business.

"Ask him," said Mr. Gould. "He is his own man."

Arthur responded that might be all right, and asked the very direct question, "What would you pay?"

"Oh, three or four dollars a week."

After a moment's thought, Arthur assented.

"When can you come?" asked Page.

"Well," the boy answered, "I am going to my brother's for dinner. I'll be here at one o'clock if that will do."

Mr. Page was both amused and impressed by the prompt decision of the lad, so the bargain was made. Arthur, whose reactions always were up to the minute, then said that he wished to change his boots; he did not wish such a heavy pair as he had bought, when he would be indoors most of the time.

Arthur enjoyed his stay of several months at the store. He liked Mr. Page and Fred Carlisle, the head clerk, and also formed a friendship with Manley Morgan, who was head clerk in the store next door. He also came into considerable atten-

tion from the owner, Mr. Wood, who lived on Third Street, and was driven to and from the store.

One day Mr. Wood's driver was called home by the illness of his wife, and the old gentleman asked Arthur if he could drive him home and take care of the horse. The boy said he could, and he drove Mr. Wood home and took the horse to the stable.

Mr. Wood was waiting for Arthur when he returned from the barn. "I want to see how good a job you can do with horses," said the old gentleman. "Now how much bedding did you use? How did you bed him down?"

"Just right," returned the lad, and explained fully how he had made the animal comfortable without waste.

"How long is his halter?" was the query.

"Not long enough for him to get his hind hoof over it," answered the lad.

Mr. Wood was well satisfied, as well as surprised, and told Arthur he qualified to handle horses. After that Arthur drove his employer many times.

The next spring, Robinson Gould was sick, and told Arthur that he was really unable to look after the cattle, and that the hired men were not satisfactory in handling the stock without supervision.

Arthur was very prompt to say that he would come home and look after the farm, which was what his father wished; so with some reluctance, but no hesitation, Arthur left the store and went back to East Corinth. He had enjoyed the work in Bangor.

Then life on the farm began again for Arthur Gould, and it was no easy task that was performed by the boy, then fifteen years old. The hired hands took no responsibility. The boy had to furnish the brains to operate the farm. There were about a hundred sheep, a barn full of cattle, six horses, besides the hogs and poultry.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE OHIO VENTURE

In the lexicon of youth which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as Fail.

Edward Bulwer Lytton

The illness of Robinson Gould resulted fatally, death coming May 5, 1872, and ending a devoted companionship between the father and his son Arthur. After the passage of nearly seventy years, Arthur Gould retains a very intimate memory of the father to whom he was so devoted that he always has observed the anniversaries of Robinson Gould's death as sacred days.

Arthur Gould continued to operate the farm until his mother decided to lease it on shares, relieving Arthur of the responsibility.

A year and a half after the death of his father, Arthur Gould decided to go west—to the Ohio country. Today Ohio is regarded as east by westerners, but three-quarters of a century ago it was considered as a far pilgrimage by New England folks. However, it was seen as a land of promise; yes, and of kindred, for many New England families had gone to the Ohio. Some had returned, lonesome for their rock-bound coast, but many had remained and constantly beckoned their New England relatives, picturing their new home as a land of milk and honey.

The young Arthur Gould perhaps felt a bit adrift in the world. He had lost his bulwark and anchor—that understanding and wise father who by his encouragement and inspiring example had brought the young boy to very early

maturity, had taught him to accept responsibility and enter man's estate when yet a boy in years.

He had heard of the many opportunities in Ohio and its neighboring states, heard from the lips of a greatly loved relative, his uncle Bethuel, who had settled and prospered in Ohio. Bethuel had come east when Robinson Gould died, and at that time suggested to Arthur that he come to Ohio and grow up with the country, said he would give a helping hand.

When the young man decided to follow the advice, so often given by Horace Greeley, "Go West, Young Man," he expected to remain in Ohio. If he did not stay he would have an opportunity to see the section and learn something.

The Arthur Gould of later years always grasped eagerly a chance to travel, went to Europe, to Hawaii several times, to Mexico and every state in the Union but one. The rare vacations he took from his large business enterprises were given to travel. "I combined pleasure with business," he told the writer, "I enjoyed travel and I learned much that I could not gain from books. The information acquired by travel was very helpful to me, particularly when I was in the United States Senate."

So with a trip to Ohio began the Odyssey of Arthur Gould. He did not go alone, his companion being a young man, Arthur Rogers, five years older by the calendar, but the boy of sixteen was the real leader. The plans had been made—a visit to Uncle Bethuel at Wauseon, Ohio, and then an entrance to business, preferably by purchase of a harness shop, as Rogers had some experience in that line.

That was a real undertaking for a boy of sixteen years, to leave the small rural community in which he always had resided and go far afield, but young Gould had no anxiety as to the outcome. The world was his oyster, all he had to do was to crack the shell. He was certain that he would succeed. Did he not have \$1,000 that he had earned and saved? Had

earned in a country village, earned by his own efforts, money that was not given him, although the opportunity had been afforded in part by a wise and sagacious father.

The money earned had not been spent. He had gone without many things that he would have liked, but he saved his dollars for a business stake. One thousand dollars in his pocket, his own money acquired by his own efforts, and he yet five years away from his majority! Was not his confidence justified?

So the young lad started for Ohio to open his oyster. He had undaunted courage, perseverance, a thoroughly active and alert mind, and surprising maturity relative to financial matters. That was due largely to the wisdom of his father who aided greatly in developing the habits of industry and thrift that were to be vital factors in the career of Arthur Gould. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." The habits of boyhood often persevere through life.

So Gould and Rogers started to seek their fortunes. Arthur sent money to his brother Walter in Bangor to buy tickets. Walter thought it too much of a venture, and sought to dissuade Arthur; told him he better stay at home.

"That's all right," said Arthur, "but I am going."

"How much money have you?" inquired Walter.

"I have \$1,000," was the answer.

Walter was surprised. "Where did you get it?"

"Well, I didn't steal it," Arthur replied.

"I know you are prudent, but I did not suppose you had anything like that. I will get you the tickets."

Blake, Barrows & Brown, of Bangor, routed the young men to Portland by boat, then to Toledo, Ohio, by way of Montreal. Recalling the journey, Senator Gould remarked, "We were a week getting from Portland to Montreal, and that was rather a hard experience. The railroads of the country had been of different gauge which necessitated much loading and

unloading of freight. At the time of our journey, the railroad companies had just adopted a standard gauge, four feet, eight and a half inches, and the change was being made between Portland and Montreal, and we were often held up while rails were being laid.

"The train was crowded, and we had but one double seat for the pair of us, and in this seat we had to sleep. I can remember now how we took turns sitting next to the window. Finally we reached Montreal and then Toledo. There we went out some thirty miles on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to Wauseon where my uncle lived. We walked about three miles from the town to Uncle Bethuel's, and we received such a cordial welcome from my uncle and aunt that the fatigue of the journey was soon forgotten."

Brought up on a farm, Arthur was able to appreciate the excellence of his uncle's holdings. Bethuel Gould was a thrifty and competent farmer, and prosperous. It was in September, and the large fields of corn and grain were pleasing to the eye of the farm-bred boy. There were several hundred sheep, a barn full of excellent cattle, and a number of good horses.

Arthur stayed with his uncle for about a month and then bought a ticket for Chicago. He had read about the big fire caused by Mrs. O'Leary's cow two years before, and wished to see the great city. He learned that there was an exposition on, and followed the crowd to the lake front where the exposition building was set on piles. "It was still there the last time I was in Chicago," Senator Gould remarked.

That was a great show for the lad, and a liberal education. "I was most impressed by the Bohemian glass blowers," said Senator Gould. "I thought they were wonderful."

The young Gould had not abandoned his idea of entering business, and on the way back to Wauseon he made inquiries of the station agents, asking if there were a harness shop in

town. If the answer was in the affirmative, he would move along to the next town. Finally one station agent told him that there was a harness shop there, but he understood that the man who operated it wished to sell out.

Thinking this might be his opportunity, Arthur concluded to make further inquiries. He found the shop over a drug store, and his knock was answered by a woman who told him, in answer to his inquiry, that her husband did not wish to sell his business.

Arthur returned to the depot and told the agent that the man did not desire to sell the shop; that he had been so informed by his wife. The agent said if he really wished to buy he had better see the man himself or talk with the druggist who owned the building.

Arthur went back to the drug store and learned that the harness shop man and his wife had rather disturbed family relations, that the man wished to sell and go back to his home in New York, but his wife held another view. Arthur asked if it would be all right for him to buy the place and the druggist told him that it would be. The druggist, who was a rascal, did not tell the boy that he held a mortgage on the property in the harness shop, but was willing to allow a boy to walk into trouble.

While Arthur was talking with the druggist about the possibilities, a man came in who proved to be the operator of the harness shop, and asked Arthur if he wished to buy his business. Arthur answered that he would like to look it over, and found a fairly well-stocked and equipped shop.

"How much money have you got?" asked the harness man.

"Enough to buy the kind of a shop I want," was the answer.

"Well," said the man, "I have about \$3,000 in here. It is worth \$2,500."

"No use for us to talk," returned Arthur, "that is far beyond my means."

"Wait a minute," came the reply, "let us talk this over. How much money have you?"

"I have \$780," said the boy.

The shop man thought a moment, then said, "It is a terrible discount, but I wish to go home. I will pack up my things, and you can take a walk around and see the town. If I am not here when you get back, you can get the key of the druggist."

Arthur handed over \$780, took a receipt, and went for a walk. He returned about one o'clock, and asked the druggist for the key, as the harness man had gone.

The druggist handed over the key with the remark, "I suppose he told you I have a mortgage of \$2,500 on that property."

"No."

"Well, I have."

"But you told me that it was all right for me to buy," said the young man, who began to realize that he had been trimmed by a sharper.

The druggist admitted that, but declared that he had acted within his rights. Arthur told the druggist what he thought of him in a few pointed words, and then sought to find the swindler, but it was too late.

He was soon accosted by a man who asked him if he had just bought the shop, adding that the harness man had left town very hurriedly, had hired a rig and driven to another town to catch a train. "You will not see him again, and neither will I," said his informant, who added that he also was among the mourners, as the fugitive owed him for much of the leather that was in the shop.

That was a hard blow to Arthur Gould, who had not been in the habit of dealing with rogues, and who believed others were as honest as he, but the young man did not give up. He went immediately to Wauseon and asked his uncle to loan him money enough to enable him to prosecute the old druggist.

Uncle Bethuel said it was no use to throw good money after bad. That he knew the old rogue, who had had a store in Wauseon until he was driven out of town for his frauds. He finally persuaded Arthur that he must charge the loss to experience. So there disappeared most of the money that the boy had worked so hard to gain.

Rogers went to Texas, but was back in Corinth when Arthur returned home, but that was not for several months. Remaining in Wauseon, Arthur went to work husking corn for one of the neighbors at the rate of five cents a shook, but, as he relates the incident, there was quite a trick to it, and he could not make more than twenty-five cents a day. So he hired to work for one of the neighbors.

Uncle Bethuel evidently realized that Arthur was willing and anxious to work, and one day made him a proposition. As his sons grew to man's estate and married, it was Bethuel's custom to give them a good start including the gift of \$1,000. In chatting with Arthur, Bethuel said that his son Charlie, four years older than Arthur, wished to get married, and that he had \$1,000 ready for Charlie, but was a little hesitant about the gift.

"I think it would last Charlie about as long as your \$1,000 did you," he remarked with a twinkling smile. "I doubt if he has acquired enough responsibility yet."

Uncle Bethuel proposed that Arthur and Charlie clear a strip of wood behind the farm, where there was a heavy growth of red oak. He explained that it could be cut up for stave bolts, and would bring them \$4.50 a cord, and that the waste could be piled up along the nearby railroad line. The engines burned wood, and the train crews would pick up the wood and later a check would be sent them. He would let them use some of his farm horses for hauling the wood.

The plan looked good to the boys, and they eagerly accepted. But the lads soon realized that there were difficulties, for the

work was too heavy for them. The cutting was very arduous, more fitted for mature and experienced woodmen. To begin, they had tackled a good sized tree, three and a half feet through on the stump, and they spent two days in felling it, cutting it up in required lengths, and swamping it out.

The boys were rather discouraged; it seemed to them that years would be required to finish the job. Charlie wanted to quit, while Arthur sought to find a way to lessen the manual labor. Arthur was not a quitter, but saw that the task was too hard for their years and strength. A solution came to him.

“Why not hire some hardy experienced cutters, and then we can do the hauling?”

Charlie assented. In an hour they had engaged a neighboring farmer and his son at \$1.25 a day, a figure that would leave them a fair profit. That arrangement continued the next day, and the boys took their shotguns when they went to the strip. At supper they did not tell Bethuel they had sublet part of their contract. But Uncle Bethuel was informed, for after supper he remarked to the boys, “I see you are speculating a little in your wood business.”

Charlie left Arthur to answer, and Arthur replied that the statement was correct, explaining that they had made a favorable arrangement and would make money while avoiding the heavier labor.

“Letting your brain save your muscle, eh?” said Uncle.

Arthur admitted the fact.

“That was your plan, Arthur?”

Another agreement from Arthur.

“I was sure of it,” smiled Uncle Bethuel, “now isn’t that Bob Gould’s son right out!” Then Uncle Bethuel put a good natured but firm veto on the arrangement. He had given the job to the boys because he wished them to work, not to employ hired men and remain at ease watching the labors of their substitutes, or passing their time shooting squirrels. So the next

day the boys discharged their workers, who accepted the dismissal in good part, saying that they had not expected the plan to stand after Uncle Bethuel heard of it.

The boys rather gloomily resumed work, felling the trees, but Arthur's alert brain was still at work with their problem. Again he thought he saw a way out. "I don't blame Uncle," he said to Charlie. "He thought up this job because he wanted us to work, not to shoot squirrels, but I think he would be willing to let us swap work with the neighbors."

That evening Arthur explained to Bethuel, and Uncle assented, remarking, "Bob Gould's son again. No one but you would have thought that up, Arthur."

The boys found neighbors willing, so threshed and did various chores, while the older men brought down the red oaks, glad to exchange the farm routine for a day or two in the woods. The boys cleaned up the trees, did the hauling, and passed a profitable winter. Arthur was happy, for he rapidly was regaining the money that had been stolen from him.

In the spring Arthur received a letter from his mother. She had leased the farm on halves and the plan was not working very well. Arthur thought it over and decided he ought to go home. He put the problem before Uncle Bethuel, whose response was prompt. He said he had a better idea.

"I think you will do better here," he said. "I will buy that little farm nearby that you fancy so much, and you bring your mother and sisters out here. I have a plan all arranged. You are a born dickerer. It is a good road from here to Toledo, and I think you would do well if you establish a route and buy and sell produce, eggs and dairy products. I do not believe you will make a fortune as a farmer."

The plan appealed to Arthur. He had received the money for the stave bolts and had a tidy nest egg, in fact much tidier than he had expected, thanks to the kindness of his uncle. After getting the money, he told Charlie that they must square

up with his father, whom they owed for the stumpage, use of the horses and their board. Charlie said he would leave the adjustment to Arthur, but suggested that he talk with his mother about the board.

Arthur recalled the episode. "We just could not pay them. I tackled Aunt Mary first, and said we wished to pay our board. She said that did not amount to anything, but I persisted and finally she told me to speak to Uncle Bethuel about it. I did, and he promptly told me to forget it."

"Well, we owe you for stumpage. We wish to settle that up."

"Nothing to pay there," was the reply. "I wanted to get the strip cleared and that has been done."

"We owe you for the use of the horses," persisted Arthur, but again came a negative. Uncle Bethuel declared that the exercise had done the horses good, that had the boys not used them the animals would have been eating their heads off in the stalls and become fat and lazy.

"That was just like them," Mr. Gould remarked. "Uncle Bethuel and Aunt Mary were the kindest and most thoughtful people you can imagine. They were awfully nice to me, and I passed a happy winter with them."

So Arthur and Charlie divided the money they had earned during the fall and winter and, thanks to the generosity of Uncle Bethuel, they found themselves with \$980 apiece. That left Arthur just about square on his Ohio venture.

Arthur went home to East Corinth intending to stay two or three months, then take his mother and sisters back to Wauseon and settle on the farm as Uncle Bethuel had planned for him. There is no doubt that he would have done well, with his acute trading instincts and very pleasing personality. But Fate had a more important career in store for Arthur Gould.

So Arthur returned to Maine. He finished his train jour-

ney at Bangor and walked to his brother's store. Walter knew about his unfortunate business deal, and probably thought that Arthur now realized that he had been unwise in not accepting the advice given, not to go west.

After greetings had been exchanged Walter asked, "How much have you left of that one thousand dollars you went out there with?"

"Not any," was the reply.

Walter then wished to know how much money he had, but Arthur declined to tell him.

Driving through the Bangor streets from the depot, Arthur related afterward, he felt a sudden homesickness for Ohio and his uncle's farm, and his intention to return promptly as possible was strengthened. But that was one of the plans that "gang agley."

When Arthur arrived back at East Corinth he was welcomed most lovingly by his mother and sisters, for there existed very warm bonds of affection among the members of the Gould family. Always it was a singularly united household, father, mother, sons and daughters exemplifying the motto of the Three Musketeers of Alexandre Dumas, "One for all and all for one."

Affairs had not gone too well for Mrs. Gould. The letting of the farm on shares had not proven satisfactory. After a survey of the situation, Arthur saw that he must remain at home for a while and work out his problem. His older brothers had established themselves elsewhere and Arthur did not hesitate to accept his responsibility. He was thoroughly versed in buying and selling meat. His knowledge had been broadened by his Ohio experiences. He was a large and powerful young man, mature far beyond his years. So he resumed the meat business, carried on for many years by his father.

Arthur did not realize it then, but finis had been written to his Ohio adventure. He never returned to Wauseon, but re-

calls that half a century later, on a train journey through Ohio, he clearly located the place where, with his cousin Charlie, he worked in the strip of red oaks when on his memorable visit with Uncle Bethuel and Aunt Mary.

The young man did well in his meat trade. He was a shrewd buyer and as a salesman was of the best. He knew the people along his route, always was courteous and jolly, and scrupulous in his dealings, at that early age following the belief that a satisfied customer paid good dividends. He was never too busy to undertake little commissions for the people along his way, and delighted to perform kindly actions, an inborn characteristic that he has consistently maintained throughout his life.

So the business prospered and was extended. Arthur took in a partner, and they kept broadening their territory. He centered his efforts at Kenduskeag, and his associate at East Corinth. In the fall came trouble, for Arthur fell ill from typhoid fever, and was taken home seriously sick.

Arthur Gould to this day retains a vivid memory of that illness. The fever did not turn at fourteen days, nor at twenty-one, nor at twenty-eight. The patient wasted to a shadow and the doctors and relatives had given up hope. There did not appear to be any chance of recovery. Then came a slight change for the better, and on the thirty-first day the fever turned. The strong constitution and sturdy physique of Arthur Gould had won the battle.

The young man was anxious about his meat business, which he had established by hard work and long hours, and as soon as he returned to normal thought he asked his brother John to see his partner and find out how the business was progressing.

The information that John brought back was most discouraging. With the doctors and the relatives, the partner had been certain that Arthur would not recover, so he had taken all the money of the firm that he could get his hands on and departed

for parts unknown. And with him went another thousand dollars that Arthur Gould had earned and saved. The partner left word that he would return shortly, but he has not been seen nor heard of by Arthur Gould to this day.

John Gould passed along the information of his partner's departure very tersely: "All you have left of your business is that old saddle-backed horse."

Arthur took this stroke of misfortune with a shrug. His temperament was never despondent. He did not return to peddling meat, but after his recovery he resumed butchering for several months.

Then came another misfortune. He invested the \$1,000 he had saved in Ohio in the copper mine development at Blue Hill. This was an investment that looked very promising at the time, and the young man was urged to take stock. Many shrewd business men were among the investors, but the venture did not pan out. The copper was there, all right, but the cost of mining was too great for profits. Arthur's mining stock was soon of no value.

Recalling that experience, Mr. Gould remarked, "That was my third financial washout. I saved \$1,000 three times before I was twenty-one, and each time lost it. I was always a good earner, but I guess I was not so good an investor. I was a loser plenty of times in later life, but I never failed to pay one hundred cents on the dollar and it is worth a good deal to an old man to remember that."

Walter Gould, Arthur's brother, went to Bangor about 1866 and entered the employ of A. L. and R. C. Boyd, who had a candy and fruit store on Hammond Street, just below the City Hall. In 1869, Walter went into business for himself on the ground floor of the old Kenduskeag block. Later he removed to the Veazie Bank building, buying out H. G. Thaxter. Walter Gould sold confectionery, tobacco and fruit, both wholesale and retail, and built up a thriving business.

CHAPTER FIVE

IN BUSINESS IN BANGOR

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.

Proverbs xxii. 24

In 1875, Arthur went to work for his brother. At first he worked in the store and put up orders, but in 1877, Walter, who recognized the industry, reliability and keenness of his younger brother, sent him out as a traveling salesman to drum up trade in the towns north of Bangor along the Penobscot River, or, as then expressed, "up river." Arthur's route was to Lincoln, Lee, Springfield, Kingman and Molunkus, then to Mattawamkeag and back home.

Arthur was a success on the road from the start. He was a born salesman and did not miss a trick. A good mixer, indeed one of the best, he made friends quickly and retained them. The storekeepers soon learned that they received fair treatment from him, and Arthur did many favors for them. He never attempted to oversell them, aided them in every way he could toward success. He entered the social life of the villages he visited, for he understood that the formation of friendships is a vital and decided asset for a salesman.

Arthur was on the modern side, far-sighted and understanding. He encouraged the merchants to branch out and take full advantage of their opportunities, his advice and counsel often being of material assistance in increasing their incomes. The merchants relied upon him and in consequence his business constantly increased.

The young salesman early recognized the possibility of lucra-

tive transactions with the lumber camps, and was highly successful in cultivating that business, obtaining large orders from the operators.

Finding that his brother was an extremely competent salesman, Walter Gould extended his route and in 1878, 1879 and 1880, Arthur travelled in Aroostook as well as in Penobscot, and soon was selling his goods to every storekeeper from Old Town to Fort Kent.

That was a lot of territory to cover, and modern means of transportation were entirely lacking in those days. Arthur had a peddle cart and a big horse, and it took him five weeks to go over his route. That was no easy journey, especially in the cold weather months, and many a time the young salesman was obliged to shovel his way through the snow drifts.

In 1880, Walter Gould's business was improved greatly due to the failure of two of his large Bangor competitors, A. E. Pote and Company, and A. L. and R. C. Boyd. Walter bought out the Boyd business and was selling a lot of goods, but he was a bit on the conservative side, and learning that new competition was being planned, as some of the grocery wholesale houses were contemplating expansion into Walter's lines, decided to clean up while business remained good.

In the fall a man named Okell, representing the Drummond Tobacco Company of St. Louis, which handled some excellent lines of tobacco, came to Bangor and wished Walter Gould to take the agency for the company, but Walter declined, saying that his brother was even then in Aroostook County cleaning up the business.

Okell asked him if his brother could sell a good line. "He can sell anything," was Walter's response. Okell told Walter he would pay half of Arthur's salary, and expenses if he could carry the Drummond line.

So Arthur began to sell the new goods. He informed his friendly customers that if he made a good showing he might

gain an excellent position. Glad to help the young man, they all placed orders with him, told him they would order whether the tobacco was good or not, for they were anxious to help him. It was easier for Arthur, because the orders were placed with any wholesale house at the preference of the customer.

Most of the storekeepers bought "butts" as the thirty pound packages of tobacco were termed, while George Dunn, who had many lumber camps, and other woods operators purchased by the "bundle," such weighing 150 pounds. Arthur sent in a bunch of orders every night.

Okell was surprised, then amazed, and finally became very nervous. He could not believe that any salesman could drum up so much business, and finally went to Bangor and asked Walter where his "wonderful brother" was. Walter gave him directions and Okell overtook Arthur at Molunkus.

Arthur was surprised to see Okell, asked him why he was chasing him. "Haven't I sent enough orders?" he asked.

"You have sent me too many. You have made me nervous, and set me wondering if these are regular or just sidewalk orders."

The young salesman laughed and reassured Okell, showing him a bundle of orders representing that day's business. Okell saw that they were all right. He was relieved as well as amazed. He told Arthur that he was wasting his time down in a rural district, and wanted him to come to Boston.

"You should get into the real money," Okell told him. "You can earn it. I will start you at \$1,200 a year, and your expenses in and out of Boston."

That proposal sounded good to Arthur. He made up his mind to accept, and about Christmas time told his brother that he was planning to leave him and go to Boston.

"What are you talking about?" said Walter. "I am going to take you into partnership with me the first of the year."

The brothers talked over the situation. Arthur did not care

about entering the business unless he was to have a free hand. He was fond of Walter and appreciative of his offer, but the brothers differed in their business ideas. Arthur was more progressive and had more initiative. Walter was conservative and not inclined to change methods of business while he was enjoying good profits.

The outcome was that Walter went to California, content with a passive interest, and the style of the firm became A. R. Gould and Company. Arthur gave notes to his brother, and these were promptly paid when due, as the business prospered finely under the new manager. Okell sent Arthur a big stock and the business arrangement made by the two men was profitable to both.

In the spring of 1881, A. R. Gould and Company moved to the former Babb and Lancaster store at 100 Exchange Street. There were a number of empty business rentals in the city at the time, and Arthur got an extremely low rate, \$300 a year. There were three floors. The first was occupied by the candy department, the second for storage and the third for the manufacture of candy.

The business was conducted with excellent profits until 1884, when Mr. Gould learned that Files and Jones were planning to engage in the candy business. He sold them his candy department at a good profit, and devoted his energies to his tobacco trade and to the sale of fruits and nuts. He took the agency for showcases for A. E. Huse of Boston. That was a good house and the sales in the new lines were soon large and lucrative.

Up to that time merchants had had small choice in the selection of showcases, which had been of the flat pattern with small opportunity for display. The Huse line was new and modern. Arthur Gould was in the field early, and sold the first nickel-plated, round front case that was used east of Boston.

Business in all his lines was so good that Arthur found the



ARTHUR R. GOULD
At time of marriage



MRS. ARTHUR R. GOULD
From photograph of early nineties

need of assistance. He had three men on the road, and he was handling the Aroostook trade himself. He took in as a limited partner a man from Boston who was a bookkeeper, but that arrangement did not prove out.

The man was a good accountant, but fell far short of understanding wise business methods. In spite of his absences from the store on his Aroostook trips, Arthur kept a keen watch on the office business, and soon found that instead of discounting his bills, the bookkeeper was giving notes and making other unwise moves, so that connection terminated speedily, and the short-time partner returned to Boston.

During his business years in Bangor occurred a great event in Arthur Gould's life, his marriage to Miss Mary Frances Donovan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Donovan of Bangor.

The young man first met Miss Donovan, an exceedingly attractive young woman, at a series of assemblies, known by the young people who attended as the Pastime Dances. These were held in Music Hall, located on the top floor of Adams block, Main Street.

Glancing back over the years, Mr. Gould remarked, "I was much attracted by the young lady, and our first meeting was followed by many others until we became engaged and were married the next year when she was nineteen years of age, Rev. John W. Murphy of St. Mary's Church officiating. I was a very fortunate man, as I obtained a wife who was devoted to her home, a truly good woman, kind, generous and gracious, never failing in her duty to her religion and her family, and consistently observing her high standards of life."

Mr. and Mrs. Gould started housekeeping in a house on Essex Street, rented from George Ladd, but soon bought half of the W. P. Dickey house on Fourth Street, at a price of \$2,700, where they lived until the fall of 1886, when they moved to Presque Isle.

"We had very pleasant neighbors in the Fourth Street house," recalled Mr. Gould, "as Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Hennessey and family lived in the other half. Nice people they were, and I well remember often playing with Wilfrid, then a young boy, for many years now the efficient and popular secretary of the Bangor Chamber of Commerce."

Shortly after moving to Presque Isle, Mr. Gould sold his Fourth Street home for \$4,000, receiving an excellent profit on the transaction.

Arthur Gould continued in the tobacco and fruit business in Bangor until his good friend Harry Merrill, experienced in the banking business, proposed to him that they should go into banking in Iowa. Merrill had studied the matter, and was convinced that there was a good opportunity for money making. The two young men discussed the suggestion a number of times, and finally Mr. Gould was partially persuaded. He was willing to join with Merrill in a banking venture, but did not desire to go to Iowa.

"There is no need for us to go west," Mr. Gould told his friend. "I like the general idea, but I think we should go to Presque Isle. Aroostook County is suffering for a bank, and I believe that we could do well up there. Presque Isle is the coming big town of the county."

Mr. Merrill asked some questions, found that Arthur Gould was intimately informed about Aroostook County, and came into agreement. It was determined that the young men should go to Presque Isle and establish a bank. At that time there was no bank north of Houlton.

The project was attractive to Mr. Gould. He had prospered finely in his store business, and accumulated a tidy nest egg, much larger probably than his competitors realized, but he wished to widen his activities. His alert mind had grasped the opportunities existing in Aroostook County. He thoroughly

understood the needs of that section and the chances for advancement.

Following his agreement with Merrill, Mr. Gould sold part of his stock to his brother John, having concluded to take the remainder to Presque Isle to keep him busy while the definite arrangements for the banking project were worked out. He then informed Mr. Merrill that he was all ready to start for Presque Isle.

Then came a shock that left him rather upset, for Merrill shook his head, remarking with evident reluctance, "I am sorry, Arthur, but I cannot go to Aroostook County with you. I have had to change my plans. I am to be married and must remain in Bangor."

That was quite a setback! The proposition had been made by Merrill. He was the one who had banking experience. The plans had been carefully formed. Now a real problem was presented to Arthur Gould who had disposed of his business.

Throughout his life, Arthur Gould has been a difficult man to move from a decision once made. He never jumps at conclusions, but weighs pros and cons most carefully. When his mind is made up, he does not hesitate. So it was with the Aroostook venture. He had determined to go north, believing that Aroostook County had a great future. So he went to Presque Isle in accordance with his plans, but he did not open a bank. He arrived there November 20, 1886, to open a new era in his life.

CHAPTER SIX

ARTHUR GOULD GOES NORTH

*In the land of fair Aroostook,
Like a gem within a crown,
Men have worked and toiled and suffered
As they built this splendid town.*

Ida M. Folsom

In the City of Presque Isle edition of the Presque Isle Star-Herald under the caption "Important Data in the History of Presque Isle" appears this notation: "1886—Arthur R. Gould comes to Presque Isle." That, truly, was an important date both to Arthur R. Gould and to the town. It opened the gates of opportunity to Mr. Gould; to the future city it brought a man of enterprise and vision, who was to render great public service in the upbuilding and development both of the community and the county.

The Presque Isle of November 20, 1886, the day that Arthur R. Gould arrived to become a permanent resident of the town, was very different from the busy and fast-growing city of today, which has become the metropolis of Aroostook County. The county had not been much developed then, but Presque Isle was commencing to show symptoms of real growth. In 1880 the town had a population of 1,305, which had increased to 3,048 in 1890, part of the advance being due to the addition of Maysville to Presque Isle.

In its issue of November 23, 1916, the Presque Isle Star-Herald in a column editorial notes the passage of thirty years since the advent of Arthur Gould, and congratulates the town

on its good fortune that Mr. Gould decided to bring his energy, his vision and his enterprise to Presque Isle, and speaks of the great development of the town in that fateful thirty years. In this connection the editorial remarks:

“It has been a veritable fairy tale change in this span, but there has been no business magic in the whole development like that which has had A. R. Gould as its center. Let us congratulate ourselves heartily that he dropped down here thirty years ago to cut out a program of enterprise that has been so fruitful of benefit to his town and county. Let us hope that he may round as nearly as possible another span of equal length and equal usefulness as a citizen.”

The Star-Herald, then and for many years ably edited by the late George H. Collins, notes that there was from one to two feet of snow on the ground the day that Mr. Gould arrived in Presque Isle, and that the winter following brought snowstorm after snowstorm, until the total amounted to some twenty feet.

Mr. Gould well recalls the heavy snows of that winter. “I was living,” said he, “in the house next to the Baptist Church, and the snow came way up to the eaves. I remember that I got out of an upper story window, went around the house on snowshoes and tunnelled through the drifts to the front door. We were obliged to use that tunnel for several days.”

In that editorial, looking backward to the coming of Mr. Gould, Editor Collins drew a pen picture of the Presque Isle of 1886, saying, “When he (Mr. Gould) settled down modestly in what is now the Robinson building on Main Street, as he stood on the front steps of that building and looked northward, on the east side the only building that intercepted his view was the Presque Isle Hotel, and from there it was all clear space away down past the Square, as far as the then residence of Hon. J. B. Hall, editor of the Herald, which is

now snugly tucked away on Hall Avenue in the rear of the Greenlaw block.

"There were no banks and no money to deposit if banks had then been in existence. Not a single light in town except the solitary kerosene beacon maintained in front of G. H. Freeman and Company's hardware store; no water supply for the business part of the village nearer than the Dudley well on Second Street; no fire company, no telephone, no potato houses, no fluctuations of flush and tight times because there wasn't currency enough in the county to get up a fluctuation with.

"The whole village lived as one happy and contented family out of the one small meat shop on Bridge Street, and all that people had learned in regard to the good and evil of drugs and medicines was confined to H. B. Thayer's and Billy Ryan's drug stores. In the entertainment line, except for amateur efforts, it was an arid gap of unbroken monotony between the annual visits of Price Webber's Comedy Company, then fresh and in the bloom of youth.

"Where Gouldville now is was a pasture where gaunt and hollow-eyed cows of mongrel breeds were turned loose to get a precarious living among the stones, stumps and cradle knolls, and all above the Canadian Pacific Railroad was a cow pasture."

Reviewing this pen picture of the days of his coming to Presque Isle, Mr. Gould chuckled and remarked, "That was just about the way the town looked. George Collins was speaking from personal knowledge, for he came to town less than a month after I did. He owned and published the Star-Herald for many years, combining what had been the Aroostook Herald and the North Star. He was an excellent writer and a good citizen. Mr. and Mrs. Collins were delightful people, and very frequently dropped in at our home on Sunday afternoons. Mrs. Gould and I greatly enjoyed their little visits.

"Sidney Cook was one of the well-known citizens in those early days. He was in Florida when I came here, but I soon heard of him. He had gone to California in his younger years and when a vessel carrying gold sank outside the Golden Gate, Cook volunteered his services as a diver.

"He must have been well paid for when he came home he stopped in Bangor and bought two gold-trimmed harnesses that created a real stir in Presque Isle. Cook invested in a Florida orange grove, but lost all his trees the first year. He had originally been in the mill business, and after losing his orange grove, he went to the Middle West and was put in charge of a big lumber mill.

"I think some of the three Perry boys were with him in the west. They were brothers-in-law of Cook, and they built a lumber mill four miles above Caribou Village, but it was an unfortunate venture. Before they got to sawing, their boom gave way and all their logs went down the river. The mill had been built western style and was not adapted to northern Maine conditions. It was never operated. Sidney Cook finally returned from the west, and in his latter days made and repaired shoes. He was well versed in the history of the town and regarded as an authority.

"David Richardson died the first year I was in town. He was a well-known character. His language at times was rather shocking, and he was not a teetotaler by any stretch of the imagination. These characteristics gave him rather a bad name with some people, but that was not really deserved. He was very kindly and generous, befriending many young people, and absolutely honest and square in his dealings. But what a voice he had! Why, when he whispered, he could be heard from one end of the village to the other.

"Fred Barker was then conducting a livery stable. There was a square shooter, an absolutely honest man, a loyal friend and fine citizen. I was associated with him in business for

many years, and I could not ask a better partner. We never had the least misunderstanding.

"I recall an occasion when some people from out of the state came to town. They thought they would like to buy the Aroostook Lumber Company. I was away and they talked to Fred Barker. They asked him if the property was for sale.

" 'You will have to talk to Mr. Gould,' was the reply.

" 'Aren't you the treasurer of the company?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Can't you tell us if the business is for sale?'

" 'No.'

" 'How can we find out?'

" 'Talk to Mr. Gould.'

" 'But he is not here.'

" 'No.'

" 'Why can't you at least tell us if the business can be bought? You are an officer and partner. Now tell us and save our time.'

" 'Talk to Mr. Gould.'

"The prospective customers boiled over. They suggested that Mr. Barker seemed to be very ignorant of the affairs of the company, and made other uncomplimentary remarks which Mr. Barker accepted with a smile. And when they finished their tirade with a question if he was afraid of trouble with Mr. Gould if he talked with them, he remarked:

" 'Well, I will tell you something. Mr. Gould and I have been in business together for years with never an argument. He knows the business, does all the work, makes money for both of us, why should I interfere?'

"That ended the discussion.

"George F. Whitney owned and operated the hotel. As he weighed better than three hundred pounds, it is not surprising that he was generally addressed as 'Tub' by his associates. He set a good table and was a prodigious consumer of food.

“For its size at the time, Presque Isle had a large number of stores and business and professional men. Transportation was difficult and it was necessary for us to be self-sustaining. I can recall most of the merchants of that day.

“Dr. G. H. Freeman had a hardware business where the present Woolworth store is. He was a graduate physician and had intended to practice medicine in town, but he had a patient slip out when he had just told relatives that the young man was coming along all right, and he turned from physic to hardware.

“David Dudley had a variety store on the corner of Main and Bridge, and ‘Billy’ (W. H.) Ryan carried on a drug store on the opposite corner to Dudley. H. D. Thayer also kept a drug store, located where the Thompson drug store now is. Dr. Boone and I later bought the Thayer business.

“I was in a good many kinds of business off and on,” soliloquized Mr. Gould, “but that drug store experience was not very long. We carried it on for two or three years and then sold to John Henry, our chief clerk. He is still living in Boston.

“W. R. Pipes conducted a dry goods store on the same location that the present Pipes store is. L. S. Judd also had a dry goods store. Mr. Judd was first selectman for many years and a good, honest man. George Mosher had a blacksmith shop at the corner of State and Second Streets on the location on which I later erected the Gould block.

“Galen Chandler had a variety store below Dudley’s, and the town supported two barber shops, conducted by Frank Whitney and Deck Howland. Each barber shop was equipped with a pool table and had tobacco counters. Maurice White was a boy in Whitney’s shop where he tended the tobacco counter and pool table. Mr. White followed barbering. He still is a good barber and a good citizen.

“Grocery and meat shops were carried on by Laselle Munson

and Ramie Michaud, and Black and Cline had a clothing store. Cline dabbled a bit in the potato business, having a potato house near the C. P. R. station. Fred Barker had one there, too, and I remember Fred telling me of one occasion when the thermometer had dropped rather suddenly, and he went up to see if his potatoes were all right.

"He met Cline who had been up to his house. 'How cold is it?' asked Barker.

" 'Oh, it is all right,' answered Cline cheerfully. 'Just down to zero, just to freezing.'

"Harrison Robinson was proprietor of a jewelry store on Bridge Street, and he handled variety goods, newspapers and magazines. He was a religious man and went to church every Sunday forenoon, but in order not to disappoint his customers he left the papers outside the door. The customers threw down their coins and helped themselves to their papers. It is recorded that Robinson never lost a single penny by his trustfulness in the honesty of Presque Isle people.

"Johnson and Phair were then running their lumber mill that was considered the best business property in town; while Sam Cox, who carried on a grist mill, was considered to have the second best. Later I bought the Johnson mill, and then I purchased the grist mill for the water power, of which Cox and Johnson had each owned half.

"J. B. Blanchard was one of the early business men, and he carried on a brick yard at the end of the present State Street. It extended over the land now occupied by the Aroostook Valley Railroad station. I bought the yard in 1892, and operated it for about ten years. I had to suspend the brick yard when the land was needed for the A. V. R. The brick yard paid fairly good returns, and I handled some fairly big contracts. I sold my product for a cent for a first quality brick, and one-half cent for second quality.

"I also had a little dip in the shoe business with Louis Ver-



Top, Gould Block, Presque Isle ; left center, residence of Arthur R. Gould, Presque Isle ; right center, power house, Aroostook Falls ; lower, A. V. R. R. passenger terminal, Presque Isle.

plast, but I soon found my other lines too pressing, and disposed of that business.

“Among other business men who were in some line of trade when I came to Presque Isle were N. Perry and Company, dry goods and general merchandise; Jim Bolton and Gus Cooke, who handled groceries and provisions; A. M. Smith and Company, stoves, tinware and hardware, a concern that is still doing business at the old stand; Walter H. Bean, who carried stoves, tinware and groceries; J. H. Oak and Company, groceries, hay and potatoes, as well as railroad ties; T. H. Lowrey, harnesses; D. S. McGuire, blacksmith, and a popular resident; Goodhue and Lane, who manufactured furniture, caskets and coffins; and David White, a successful tailor.

“Storey Duff was carrying on a livery stable that he had purchased from Fred Barker, who had entered the employ of a Portland wholesale grocery house. I bought the stable when I built the Gould block and the old building is still extant.

“Professor W. S. Knowlton is well remembered by the old residents. He taught the St. John’s English and Classical School, which later was taken over by the state when the Presque Isle Normal School was established. He was a graduate of Colby College and a good teacher.

“Charles M. Brundage was conducting a grocery and provision store when I came here. He later went to work for me when the Aroostook Lumber Company was formed. The Aroostook Lumber Company also handled a grocery store for a while, and Brundage worked in that. Fred Barker and Tim McDonald, my partners in the company, handled the grocery store, and I looked after the lumber business.

“The leading professional men in town at the time were C. F. Daggett and C. P. Allen, attorneys; Dr. F. Kilburn and Dr. L. Hathaway, physicians; and Dr. D. Merryman, dentist. Dr. Kilburn had a large practice, as a little later did Dr. S. W. Boone, who came to Presque Isle about a year after I did.

"He built his house next to mine, and we were warm friends until his death. Presque Isle was fortunate to have had so competent a practitioner as Dr. Boone, who was of the old school and never was too tired to answer a night call many miles distant. One of the best of neighbors, and a fine citizen was Dr. Boone.

"Columbus Hayford was one of the prominent residents. He lived some miles out of the village and was a farmer. When the farmers of this section commenced to devote their efforts particularly to growing potatoes, Columbus was one of the pioneers. He generally participated quite freely in the debates at town meetings, and had quite a following.

"After I had established myself at Presque Isle, I frequently took a try at potato growing, but I never felt I was much of a success. I seemed to pick the years when the crop was poor or the potatoes were poor or the price was low. Gradually I realized that Clum Hayford recognized my poor guessing, for he used to meet me and ask, 'Are you planting potatoes this spring?' If my reply was in the negative, he would smile and say, 'Well, then, I guess I will.'

"In the first or second winter that I resided in Presque Isle, there was some local agitation for a direct railroad line to Bangor, and Dr. Freeman and others sent a petition to Payson Tucker of the Maine Central. George Westcott and some other Portland men came up and there was a meeting to talk over the matter.

"At that time the growing of potatoes was on a very small scale in the county. The discussion at the meeting was principally regarding timber and lumber possibilities, until finally Dr. Freeman remarked rather plaintively that no one had mentioned potatoes. He expressed belief that the shipment of potatoes might be a considerable part of the freight revenue if a railroad should come through.

"Everybody laughed at Freeman, thought his idea was a

good joke. Mr. Westcott, laughing with the rest, asked Dr. Freeman how many potatoes he thought could be shipped out of this town. Freeman stuck to his guns and replied that he thought the amount might finally reach 200,000 bushels. And there was more laughter.

“Well, Freeman had something on the ball. The laugh today would be at the modesty of his estimate rather than the contrary. Nowadays if a man wishes a siding, we ask him how many potatoes will be taken from there. If his answer is not up to 200,000 bushels, his request would not be likely to be given favorable consideration.”

Mr. Gould arrived at Presque Isle unheralded, but not unknown, for he had many friends in the town, particularly among the merchants. He brought with him a carload of goods from his Bangor store, and immediately began business, renting the Stickney store in the only brick block then existing in the town. The second floor was occupied by the office of the newspaper, “North Star.”

Mr. Gould continued in the tobacco business about a year. He had a good trade, the local business being augmented by large sales to lumber operators at Fort Kent, Ashland, Mada-waska and other centers. In the meantime he was developing another line, engaging in a private banking business.

In those days there was a sharp demand for money from traders who accepted notes from many customers. These notes bore a ten per cent interest, the customary rate at that time, were all written for a year, and dated November 1.

Mr. Gould found his banking venture prospered from the start, and made up his mind to dispose of the tobacco store. That he did, and took an office at the back of Fred Barker’s grocery store on the location now occupied by the Northern National Bank.

Mr. Gould was now scanning the local business horizon for an opportunity for expansion of his business interests. Pos-

sessed of vision and willingness to venture, he was not content with an office business in one line, however lucrative. Then came the awaited opportunity.

CHAPTER SEVEN

STARTS AROOSTOOK LUMBER CO.

*When, with sounds of smothered thunder,
On some night of rain,
Lake and river break asunder
Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear them
To the saw-mill's wheel,
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them
With his teeth of steel.*

John G. Whittier

In the spring of 1888, Mr. Gould was accosted one day as he was leaving his office, by Charles F. A. Johnson, who asked him if he would not like to buy a lumber mill. Mr. Johnson meant his own mill on the east bank of Presque Isle Stream, north of the present concrete bridge, State Street.

This mill had been operated by Johnson and Phair, who also conducted a mill at Washburn. A short time before, the partners had divided their property, Mr. Johnson continuing with the Presque Isle mill and Mr. Phair taking over the Washburn property.

Mr. Gould had learned that Mr. Johnson was contemplating retiring from business, had secured some information relative to the mill, and concluded that there was an opportunity for development. He was willing to acquire the property at what he regarded as a reasonable price, but was not anxious to buy.

The overture having been made by Mr. Johnson, Mr. Gould replied that he was willing to talk the matter over, and the men went to the mill and, after a short inspection, sat down on a log and Mr. Johnson made his proposal. He would sell

the mill for a certain amount, reserving some logs that had been driven down, and some sawed lumber.

The proposal was not satisfactory to Mr. Gould. The mill was not in good condition, many repairs and improvements were needed. "All right," said Mr. Johnson, "you make me a proposal. What are you willing to pay?"

Mr. Gould made an offer. It was some thousands of dollars under the Johnson proposal, and without reservations, including the logs in the boom and the prepared lumber on hand.

Mr. Johnson wished to dicker between the two prices, but Mr. Gould said that he had made an offer at Mr. Johnson's request; that offer represented his last word. Johnson said he would think it over, but Mr. Gould responded that the offer stood only while they were sitting on the log.

"When I get up from this log," said Mr. Gould, "the offer is withdrawn."

Mr. Johnson was lost in thought for a few minutes, then asked what terms of payment Mr. Gould would require.

"No terms," was the response. "This will be a cash transaction and if you sell you will receive your cash tomorrow."

Johnson was astonished. "You mean you will pay in cash and immediately?"

"Certainly. This is a cash transaction."

Mr. Johnson accepted the offer, and in a day or two Mr. Gould owned a saw mill. Mr. Johnson later told a friend that he had not believed he had made a sale, because he did not think that Gould had the cash. He had expected to do some more dickering.

The mill when bought by Mr. Gould was equipped with rotary, planer, lath, clapboard, and two shingle machines. It had a capacity of 10,000 to 12,000 of long lumber, and was operated by water power. The shingles, laths and clapboards were shipped to Boston, while the long lumber was sold locally.

Mr. Gould operated the mill as it was for about a year, then put in new trimmers and rip saws, increasing his output.

Mr. Gould was now decided that what he most required was a steam plant. The water power was neither certain nor steady. The sawdust and waste caused a considerable problem. He studied the situation carefully and believed he saw a solution.

The Presque Isle Electric Light Company had been formed in 1887, and had been losing money each year. Mr. Gould suggested to the directors that they move across the stream to his mill and put in a steam plant; that the mill would furnish the fuel and that there would be advantage to both the electric company and the mill.

The company moved in 1891, accepting Mr. Gould's proposal, and put in another boiler to run the mill when they did not wish power for lights. Even with fuel furnished, the electric company could not make money. The consumers were charged ninety cents a month per light, and the company's revenue was small. The company had two direct current dynamos and these were about up to capacity in furnishing six hundred lights. It was operating on too small a scale, and the charges were too high to permit increased custom.

Mr. Gould was handling the fuel problem easily. He had put in Dutch ovens, and arranged carriers.

The stockholders of the electric company were getting discouraged at the absence of profits, and asked Mr. Gould's advice. He told them they should put in another alternator to furnish 1,000 lights, and reduce the rates.

The company directors suggested that Mr. Gould take over the electric plant, but he answered that he did not know the lighting business. The directors, however, thought they knew their man, and elected him general manager. He accepted on condition that he be allowed to make the changes that he felt

necessary. He increased the capacity of the plant and cut the rates in half.

Some of the stockholders in the company became worried and feared they might meet more losses. There were twenty of them, and they had put in \$500 each. Shortly after Mr. Gould became manager, one of the owners of stock came to him and wished to sell him his stock.

At that time Mr. Gould was building some small houses for his employees on lots that were purchased for fifty dollars. He furnished the lots and the frames of houses, and the purchasers did the rest of the construction. Mr. Gould offered to swap one of his partially completed houses for the stock, and the offer was accepted.

The stockholder picked out his house and went away well satisfied. In fact, he was so pleased at the bargain that he told another stockholder that he would do well to trade with Gould on similar terms.

The next day the second stockholder came to Mr. Gould and another bargain was made. Most of the other discouraged stockholders came to trade their stock for houses, lots and lumber; and soon Mr. Gould owned nine-tenths of the stock.

Now the question was if Mr. Gould could make the lighting company pay. If he could, he would have a good profit, because the lots, labor and lumber that he had swapped for the shares stood him between \$250 and \$300 for each \$500 in stock.

The steps taken by Mr. Gould to improve the lighting business were successful, and in two years the company, now almost wholly owned by Mr. Gould, was paying dividends.

The business of the lumber mill continued to prosper. There was a local demand for all the lumber that could be produced, but the nearby timber supply was growing short. Mr. Gould considered the situation, and believed that he saw a solution that would yield good financial results. This was

by shipping long lumber to Boston by rail, something that never had been attempted by Aroostook mill operators. It would be a decided innovation, and, Mr. Gould thought, one that could pay good profits.

The first step was to provide for the needed timber. In the course of his cruising in the woods, Mr. Gould had discovered that many hemlock trees along the Presque Isle Stream had been thrown aside after the bark had been removed. The land was owned by Parker P. Burleigh of Linneus who came to Mr. Gould and suggested that they might arrange a permit for timberland on the stream. Mr. Gould took Mr. Burleigh up the stream, and showed him the stripped hemlocks, said he could use them, float them down the stream and manufacture into long lumber. Mr. Burleigh was willing to permit these trees at the rate of 25 cents a thousand feet.

That was the first step in the plan for the new venture. The logs were available; the mill was ready to handle them. The next necessary item was a freight rate that would allow a fair profit.

Mr. Gould went to St. John, New Brunswick, and called upon F. W. Cram, who was then operating the old New Brunswick Railroad. The men were intimate friends of long acquaintance. Mr. Gould told Mr. Cram that he wanted a rate for the shipment of long lumber to Boston. Cram was incredulous, did not believe that it could be done with profit. It had never been done, he said, and Mr. Gould would lose his shirt and perhaps other apparel if he attempted it. That skepticism did not daunt Mr. Gould.

"Yes, I know it never has been done," he answered, "but that does not mean that it cannot be. All I am asking you is for a fair rate. This business would mean good revenue for your road."

Mr. Cram remained doubtful, but said he was soon to meet

with the superintendents of the Maine Central and Boston and Maine, and would take the matter up with them.

Mr. Gould later heard particulars of the meeting. Mr. Cram told the others, Mr. Donovan of the Boston and Maine and Mr. Sanderson of the Maine Central, that Mr. Gould, a small lumber manufacturer, had a dream of shipping long lumber from Presque Isle to Boston, and had asked for a rate.

Much to the surprise of Mr. Cram, Mr. Sanderson remarked that he thought Gould had something, and suggested that he be given a favorable rate, that it might mean a good revenue for all three roads. The railroad men finally decided to join in a rate of \$51 a car for long lumber from Presque Isle to Boston points.

In response to a wire, Mr. Gould went to St. John, and learned from Mr. Cram that he could have a rate of \$51 a car. His prospects looked better when Mr. Cram suggested that he could use some big cars of 40,000 pounds capacity that the New Brunswick Railroad had recently had built. That would be much more advantageous than the freight cars of 24,000 capacity, then generally in use. Mr. Cram even suggested that the big cars could handle more than 40,000 pounds, and remarked with a smile, "It would be a very discourteous action if the cars were weighed on the other roads."

Mr. Gould soon started shipments and sent the first long lumber to Boston by rail from Aroostook County in that year, 1890. His mill soon cleaned up all the hemlock available, and he received \$13.50 a thousand, selling his product to Stetson, Cutler Company of Boston. Recalling the episode, Mr. Gould remarked that he made more money on that transaction than on many larger ones that he had undertaken.

Now a new arrangement was necessary. Mr. Gould went to Boston and told George Cutler that the hemlock was played out. He said he had a few carloads of spruce.

"Can you make spruce frames?" asked Cutler.

Mr. Gould replied that he thought he could all right, and Cutler told him there was a good market. Spruce frames were being brought from the St. John mills, but the expense of transportation was considerable. It cost about two dollars for freight from St. John, and the buyers had to pay about as much more for the handling and reshipment to their customers in the cities adjacent to Boston. Mr. Gould looked over the situation, decided that he could save a little money for the wholesalers and make some for himself.

Some alterations at the mill were necessary for the new venture. These increased the capacity of the mill, stepped it up from 12,000 to 22,000 a day, and eventually to 40,000. Mr. Gould got his spruce up the Presque Isle Stream, buying stumpage of Albert Burleigh and Llewellyn Powers, and sold to Stetson, Cutler Company at a good profit.

The electric light company was doing very well, its business having expanded rapidly with revenue from Houlton, Mars Hill, Fort Fairfield, Bridgewater and Monticello, as well as from Presque Isle. Later, power was furnished to Perth and Andover, and a company was organized in Woodstock.

Realizing the success of Mr. Gould's Aroostook Lumber Company in reaching the Boston market, other mills were built in Aroostook County to compete for the Boston trade, but none of them made money and several of them failed.

Then came disaster, striking suddenly, for in April, 1904, the mill property of the Aroostook Lumber Company was destroyed by fire. Mr. Gould was in Bangor, about to leave for Presque Isle, when he picked up a Bangor newspaper and saw a big heading on the first page: "Big Fire at Presque Isle, Aroostook Lumber Company Burned Out."

Mr. Gould called up Presque Isle and found that the mill was entirely destroyed. He did not go home on the train that day, but instead, with characteristic promptness, started plans for restoration of the plant. He went to the Union Iron

Works, purchased a rotary sawing machine and such other machinery as was available, and arranged for supply of other equipment.

Then he returned home, next day had the steam pipes in order, and that night was furnishing steam to the merchants on Main Street. In thirty days electricity was being furnished all over town.

In record time the new mill was constructed, and the sawing of lumber was renewed the first of August.

Mr. Gould bought the Stevens mill at Fort Fairfield in 1903. This mill, which was established by Hiram Stevens was the largest and best known shingle mill in Aroostook county, being equipped with fifteen shingle machines.

Mr. Gould operated the mill until 1905 when it was burned. He built a new mill and carried it on until 1912 when the mill was leased to H. B. Stebbins with the Presque Isle mill of the Aroostook Lumber Co.

CHAPTER EIGHT

AROOSTOOK FALLS DEVELOPMENT

Let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us."

John Ruskin

One of the greatest undertakings of Arthur Gould's life was the development of the power plant at Aroostook Falls, a project that called for a vast amount of vision, courage and steady persistence that persevered despite countless difficulties and discouragements.

For many years the thought had maintained that sometime some enterprising person would harness Aroostook Falls for a mighty power development. That idea had long been held, and it is of interest that in a book, published in London in 1854, the author, Charles Lanman, described some of his wanderings in the wilds of North America.

One chapter, entitled "The Hermit of Aroostook," told of a visit to the lonely abode of Robert Egger, who had lived alone in the wilderness for many years. In his younger days Egger had been employed by the British government, and eventually was awarded a tract of five hundred acres in New Brunswick, near and touching the American border, with the Aroostook Falls the center of his domain.

The visit of Mr. Lanman to the Hermit of Aroostook was made about a century ago, and the Hermit was a far-seeing man, for he told Mr. Lanman that the time would come when a canal would be dug at the Falls. In that Mr. Egger

was correct, but it was not for the purpose of sending vessels to market loaded with grain, as Mr. Egger foretold, but for a mightier purpose—the sending of power and light to far-away communities to turn the wheels of industry and light the business houses, the streets and the homes of Aroostook County. Arthur R. Gould was the “enterprising Yankee” whose coming the Aroostook Hermit forecast.

Mr. Gould had his thoughts directly focused upon Aroostook Falls by a conversation held with John Stuart of Andover, New Brunswick, who held a charter from the New Brunswick Legislature for a development at the Falls, but had not done anything with it. The charter called for a capitalization of \$40,000 and Stuart was in difficulties, for, unless he soon made an expenditure to the amount of 25 per cent of the capitalization, the charter would be cancelled. Mr. Gould was not much interested and told Stuart that he was busy.

Stuart came back to Presque Isle in a day or two and told Mr. Gould that he had organized his company and was ready to go ahead. He lacked only one thing, but that was rather a vital one. His company had no money to expend in a survey.

This time Mr. Gould became interested.

“I’ll tell you what I will do,” he said. “You have your company vote to turn the charter over to me. I’ll put on a survey. If I develop the Falls, I will pay you what I think you ought to have.” That decision by Mr. Gould marked the real beginning of a great project that has brought inestimable benefit to the county of Aroostook and adjacent sections of New Brunswick.

Mr. Stuart soon returned with the information that the Gould proposal had been accepted. The company was reorganized as The Maine and New Brunswick Electrical Power Company, Limited, with the following officers: N. M. Jones, Lincoln, Maine, president; A. R. Gould, Presque Isle, man-

aging director; L. G. Crosby, St. John, New Brunswick, treasurer; James D. Seely, St. John, secretary; C. F. Bragg, Bangor, H. T. Powers, Fort Fairfield, and George W. Irving, Caribou, directors.

Mr. Jones, a man of acute business sagacity and foresight, placed high trust in the vision and acumen of Mr. Gould. His first knowledge of the project came in a letter from Mr. Gould, an old friend, notifying him that he was now president of a project to develop Aroostook Falls, and asking him to send \$400 for five shares in the company.

Mr. Jones sent the money, and later accepted an invitation from Mr. Gould to come up and look over the scene of the proposed development. Mr. Jones soon turned up, remarking in his whimsical way, "I thought, Arthur, I had better come up and find out what this company is, as long as I am president of it."

Mr. Gould already had started a survey, having secured the services of B. D. Whitney and two sons of Gardiner. In fact it was not until Whitney had reported that there was the opportunity for development that he wrote Mr. Jones for money. Mr. Jones was interested; and, after a careful examination of the site, expressed belief that the valley below the proposed dam site should be considered for a canal, which coincided with the views of Mr. Gould, who had the valley cleared so that levels could be placed.

It was planned to place the dam half way down the Falls, and estimated that it should be twenty-six feet high to throw the water into the canal.

An undertaking surrounded by enormous difficulties faced Mr. Gould. These difficulties were three-fold: legislative, financial and physical. The legislative perplexities were enhanced by the fact that the water power was located in Canada, outside the jurisdiction of the State of Maine. Mr. Gould, who was the promoter as well as the originator of the

project, had before him the real task of securing necessary legislation from the New Brunswick Legislature, the Maine Legislature, and supplementary enactments from the Dominion Parliament; the raising of the necessary funds for the construction; and the personal supervision of the erection of the plant.

First came the legislation, and for some years, with discouragements that would have stopped most men, Arthur Gould travelled to Augusta, to Fredericton and to Ottawa. One obstacle would be overcome only to be succeeded by another. It seemed an endless task, but perseverance, ingenuity and unyielding courage won the day; all the requisite legislation finally was secured.

Next came the work of financing. Here Mr. Gould had been forehanded, for, before he sought to place the preferred stock and his bonds, he succeeded in making an excellent start in gaining public confidence in the investment by securing a fifteen year contract to furnish light and power to the town of Houlton. Also he had been successful in obtaining stock subscriptions for about \$50,000 in Aroostook County and in Bangor.

When Arthur R. Gould commenced the work of constructing the great power plant, he faced many physical difficulties and many engineering problems. He was not unaware of these, for he had given years of study and had consulted many experts. By his energy and sagacity he had surmounted the legislative and financial difficulties to enable the start of the construction work. He now turned his attention to the perplexing building problems.

Glance at the situation as it presented itself to the enterprising man who was determined to develop for the benefit of industry the possibilities of Aroostook Falls. These were a turbulent stretch of water extending for about a mile along

the Aroostook River in New Brunswick territory, and about a mile from the Maine border.

The drop was gradual, in a succession of falls and rapids, the height of the largest fall being but a little more than ten feet. Along this sector the current took on vastly increased energy as it cut its way through a steep and narrow gorge.

Actual work of development was begun in the early spring of 1906, and it was pushed with amazing vigor, until, on October 17, 1907, the electric power was turned on for the beginning of the use of a great development that brought a remarkable impetus to industry on both sides of the border.

The speed with which construction had been pushed was extraordinary, and another vital factor toward eventual success was the low cost of the plant, these advantages being due to the driving energy and financial shrewdness and ability of Mr. Gould, the presiding genius of the enterprise, who did not spare himself in those busy months of construction. He was determined that there should be no waste, no false movements, no loafing. He paid fair wages, but he saw to it that those wages were earned.

At one stage in the proceedings Mr. Gould came to the scene and found a large portion of the construction crew sitting around doing nothing. He could not see the construction engineer, and finally found that he had gone across the river to select a tree to be used for a certain purpose. That was too much, for it confirmed an opinion that he had held for some weeks that the engineer, competent otherwise, was not wise in handling men.

In this case some forty or fifty men had sat around for half an hour or more awaiting the return of the engineer, absent on an errand that could have been done at any time, without holding up the work. That did not happen again, for Mr. Gould paid the engineer off and dismissed him then and there. The contractor objected, and he followed the engineer, Mr. Gould

deciding to take definite charge himself. With the assistance of a young engineer to take care of technical details, the work went forward rapidly, and was thoroughly done in every particular.

One important feature of actual construction was clearing out the ravine from the dam to the site of the power house, and the excavation for the canal. The main features of the work as completed in 1907 were the dam, the canal and the power plant with its hydraulic and electrical equipment. The dam was constructed of solid concrete, 246 feet long on the crest, 27 feet high, 28 feet wide at the base, and 6 feet wide at the top. The power house above the floor was constructed of brick.

The dam diverts the water from the river into the canal through a gateway of cement. The canal is 2,200 feet long, 21 feet wide, and in some places a ledge excavation, 20 feet in depth, was necessary. A cut-off dam, some 30 feet high, was erected at the lower end. The engineer's description of the dam gave the following details:

"From the crest of what is called the forebay wall at the foot of the canal there is a drop of 73 feet to the wheel pits in the basement of the power house, and the water makes descent from the canal to the wheels through two wrought iron penstocks seven feet in diameter. In each casing there are installed two wheels. These wheels with a diameter of 21 inches each develop 900 horse power, or a total of 1,800 horse power. To provide for prospective needs the forebay wall is fitted with a thimble 11 feet in diameter representing 1,500 additional horse power. The power of the wheels is augmented by an 18 foot draft tube leading downward from each, these tubes being the equivalent of an equal head above in the way of power development. The wheels in each casing are directly connected with two 500 K. W. G. E. generators. These two machines and a very elaborate switch board are the

principal and conspicuous features of the interior of the power house. This switch board registers the electrical output of the generators, and is fitted with an automatic voltage regulator securing a constant and even current."

The completed plant received extremely high commendation from persons conversant with power plant construction and engineers. Among the latter was A. W. Ives, an expert of the General Electric Company, who declared the whole plant to be first-class in every particular, and built upon honor in all details of construction from dam to power house, and from power house to every rod of pole line in its entire mileage.

Willis B. Goodwin of Bangor was the engineer in charge at the completion of the work, but the real construction genius was Mr. Gould who spent almost his entire time at the plant from the beginning to the finish of the work.

Arthur Gould had been quick to grasp the possibilities of harnessing Aroostook Falls to turn the wheels of industry. With sagacity and courage he had met the problems of construction, assuming supervision when others failed him.

Perhaps even greater achievements were the astonishing low costs of high class construction, and the extraordinary fact that he started the erection of the plant before he had financed it. He may have heard that Steve Brodie took a chance, but Mr. Gould did not think there was any chance about his venture. He was absolutely convinced that he could handle his problem and he was right.

Herbert M. Heath of Augusta, one of Maine's most prominent attorneys, was Mr. Gould's lawyer, and he warned Mr. Gould not to start construction until he had the matter thoroughly financed. When Mr. Gould told him he was starting construction, and would let the financing come later, Heath was horrified, and told him he would be headed for disaster.

Mr. Gould smiled and replied, "You are a fine lawyer, Heath, but I think I will handle the financial end."

Mr. Gould did that. He raised \$150,000 from first mortgage bonds to handle the first building costs, and then sold \$150,000 worth of stock for \$80 a share. He had little difficulty in placing the stock, mostly in Aroostook and Penobscot Counties, where people knew his accomplishments and had every confidence in his honesty and his ability.

Later Mr. Heath came to view the plant, admitted its excellence, and asked the cost of construction.

"The cost was \$275,000," replied Mr. Gould, "and that includes everything, power house, equipment, dam, sixteen miles of high tension line to Presque Isle, and fifty miles to Houlton."

Mr. Heath was incredulous. He said he just could not believe it. "Why," said he, "Libby has just put in a similar plant above Lewiston, and I know all about that. The concrete dam is about the same size as yours, and the equipment similar, and the plant has the same capacity. I know for a fact that the Libby plant cost nearly \$800,000. I am afraid there is some serious mistake, Arthur."

"No, there is no mistake," returned Mr. Gould. "The work is completed and the bills are paid. I have handled the financing and we soon will be collecting profits."

Mr. Heath remained unconvinced, so Mr. Gould called his bookkeeper, Mr. Eaton, and asked him to show the Augusta attorney the books. Mr. Heath spent some time over the figures, and finally said that Mr. Gould's statement was absolutely correct.

"You are right, Arthur," he said. "You have performed this amazing thing. You started construction before financing, contrary to all accepted methods, and you have put over this great project at not much more than a third of the cost of the similar Libby plant. I accept the suggestion that you made

me a year or two ago. Hereafter I will give you such legal advice as you may wish, but I shall leave the financial problems in your hands absolutely without interference. You have performed a veritable miracle."

However, a little later Mr. Heath did turn to the financial side. He asked Mr. Gould what he was getting for promoting the power development of the Maine and New Brunswick Power Company, the title of the company operating the Aroostook Falls plant.

"I have received only my expenses," responded Mr. Gould. "I have not received a cent for promoting. We have a meeting at Bangor soon to complete the formation of the company."

Mr. Heath attended, and offered the motion that Mr. Gould for his services in promoting the company and superintending erection of the power plant be voted the \$30,000 in stock remaining in the treasury. "And that is not enough," said Mr. Heath. The motion carried by unanimous vote.

The Presque Isle Electric Company was merged with the Maine and New Brunswick Electric Power Company, Mr. Gould placing the matter before the directors. He told them to take the books of the former, and decide what the Maine and New Brunswick should pay, saying he would accept whatever they decided and would take his pay in stock. The directors voted to pay for the Presque Isle Electric Company \$50,000 in stock of the Maine and New Brunswick, which was then selling at \$80 a share.

Mr. Gould continued to handle the Maine and New Brunswick Company for several years, during which the stockholders received \$8 a share annually. In 1926 the property was sold to E. A. Peirce of Chicago, representing a group of capitalists.

The sale came about unexpectedly. Mr. Gould was at work in his office when a stranger came in, introduced himself as Mr. Peirce, said he was interested in power plants. He had learned

of the Aroostook Falls plant from Mr. Gould's son-in-law, William H. Wildes of Chicago, at that time a director in E. H. Rollins and Company, and asked Mr. Gould if he could look over the plant.

Mr. Gould sent a man with him to show the property. Peirce returned to the office after a day or two and said he was much impressed by the entire set-up and operation of the power company. He declared the plant a very complete and modern one, far above his expectations.

"Will you sell?" he asked Mr. Gould.

"Yes," was the response.

"Can you answer for the directors?"

The reply was in the affirmative.

"Can you deliver all the stock?"

Another affirmative.

"What is the price?"

"Two million dollars," was the answer.

Mr. Peirce hesitated, evidently rather surprised. "That is somewhat beyond what I expected," he said.

"That is the price," Mr. Gould responded. "I am not anxious to sell and I will not dicker."

After some thought, Mr. Peirce said he would buy, and asked an option which Mr. Gould gave him on deposit of \$100,000. Peirce had a little trouble in securing the purchase money, but the check came through after a few months. The sales price represented a value of \$400 a share. There was a \$400,000 mortgage on the plant which was assumed by the purchaser and subtracted from the purchase price.

Mr. Gould in the meantime had notified the stockholders that a sale was imminent, and succeeded in securing all the stock, the holders receiving \$400 a share. They would have been glad to sell their holdings for half that sum, which would have given a large profit, and a less scrupulous man than Mr. Gould might easily have bought in much of the stock at a far less figure.

CHAPTER NINE

BUILDS AROOSTOOK VALLEY RAILROAD

*Hail to the man of vision clear,
Who harnesses electric force;
To bring the distant hamlets near,
That calls for courage and resource.*

Anon

After the completion of the power plant at Aroostook Falls, Mr. Gould went to work on another long-cherished plan—the construction of an electric railroad from Presque Isle to Washburn, although he did not intend to stop with that construction. He planned to go farther afield. He had negotiated previously with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and found the officials of that company willing to aid the financing if he developed the power. With the Aroostook Falls plant in operation, Mr. Gould obtained a charter from the Maine Railroad Commission for the Aroostook Valley Railroad, and then made an agreement whereby the Canadian Pacific promised to guarantee the interest on the bonds.

In 1908 Mr. Gould floated the bonds; F. J. Lisman and Company of New York sold the issue, but Mr. Gould built the road before the bonds were sold. In 1911 he went to the Legislature and obtained authority to extend the Aroostook Valley Railroad to Caribou and New Sweden. He completed the additions in 1913.

Then Mr. Gould started on a plan of greater magnitude, the building of an electric railroad across the top of Maine, 111 miles long, right through the great forests, to tap millions of virgin timber and make available the great store of hard-

wood in the area. He had the co-operation of the Canadian Pacific, which was willing to guarantee the interest on the bonds, and of many landowners who were ready to give the right-of-way.

The route was planned from Washburn to Lac Frontiere, where connection would be made with the Quebec Central. The survey was made at an expense of \$110,000 and negotiations made for the sale of the bonds in London. The total expense of the project was estimated at about \$5,000,000.

The work was about to be launched in earnest, when the World War started. The uncertain conditions prevailing ended all possibility of construction for the time, as no new enterprises were being undertaken.

Mr. Gould sold his controlling interest in the Aroostook Valley Railroad to the Canadian Pacific at a price of \$225 a share. The purchaser insisted that Mr. Gould should continue as president, and said it was wished that he retain the position for life. He remains president of the road today, and is proud of the fact that it never has failed to pay a dividend in its many years of operation.

Washburn's greatest day is recorded in the history of the town as Friday, July 1, 1910. That was the date selected for the formal celebration of the opening of the Aroostook Valley Railroad. Presque Isle sent a delegation of 1,400 people to join in the festivities, and many came from other localities.

Mr. Gould had extended a general invitation to the public, and all who wished rode over the new road without expense. The trip in the well-equipped cars, for much of the way along the picturesque Aroostook River, was highly enjoyed, as was also the generous hospitality of the Washburn people.

Flags and bunting abounded, the cars being gaily decorated as were also many stores and residences. Music was not lacking as the Presque Isle, Washburn and Caribou bands were in attendance. Following the exercises, hundreds of guests re-

paired to the Odd Fellows Hall, where refreshments were served by the ladies of Washburn. Barrels of lemonade were available for all.

The chairman of the day was George R. Umphrey, who presided competently as the well-arranged program was conducted.

In an address of welcome, Rev. G. A. Osman eulogized Arthur R. Gould for his enterprise and energy in connecting Washburn with the outside world. Declaring that while the community was crying out for better facilities in marketing the products of its fertile farms, and its people, in the cold winter days, were patiently driving over the hills to Presque Isle and Caribou, the situation had been ignored.

"Then came another scene," the speaker declared, "a quiet, unassuming gentleman is observing the situation, a man who long ago banished from his vocabulary the phrase, 'it cannot be done.' Your long rides over the hills are over, and the man who, against almost unsurmountable obstacles, has mastered the situation is none other than Arthur R. Gould."

Turning to Mr. Gould, the speaker continued, "Mr. Gould, we recognize in you a man of unequalled qualities, both of ability and personality. We seek to show you by this demonstration our heartfelt appreciation, and it is my great pleasure to extend to you, in behalf of the townspeople of Washburn, a warm and hearty welcome to the exercises of this day.

"I assure you that whatever honors may be bestowed upon you here are but slight token of the respect and goodwill which the people of our community feel toward you."

Following the address of welcome, D. A. Pratt of Washburn spoke in most appreciative manner of the energy and ability of Mr. Gould, and the blessings brought to the community by the coming of the electric road. In concluding he said, "We, as citizens of Washburn, pledge to Mr. Gould on our sacred honor, that when the history of this town shall come

to be written, his name and what he has done for us shall be found in golden letters never to be erased."

Dr. G. D. McManus spoke appreciatively of the services of Mr. Gould, and was followed by Humphrey Clark, an old and highly respected citizen, who recalled many of his experiences as a pioneer settler, and closed with a tribute to Mr. Gould.

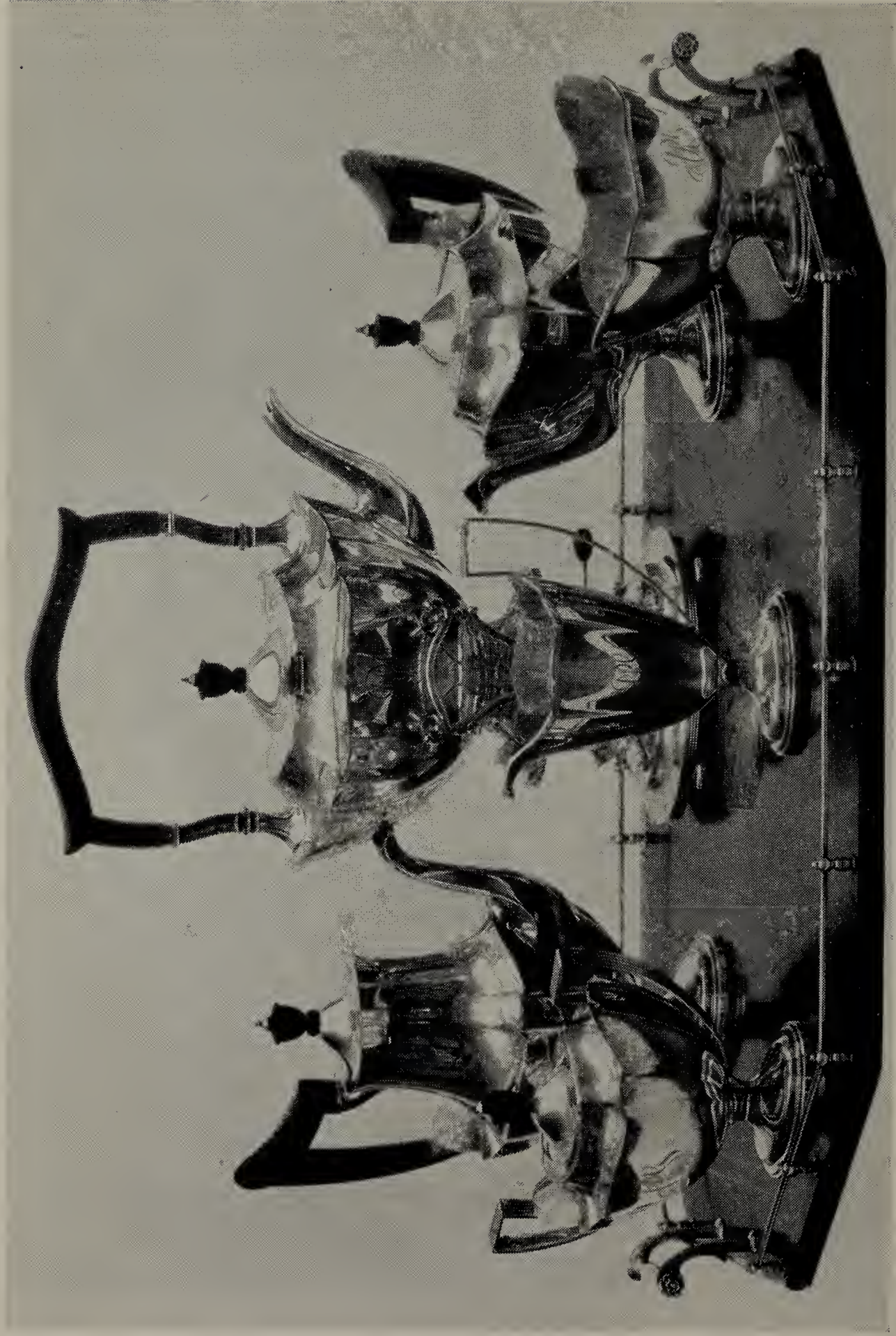
Rev. S. E. Smith reviewed progress in the field of electricity and declared Mr. Gould had exemplified qualities that commanded respect and admiration.

Henry C. Randall of Washburn, and W. T. Ashby of Parkhurst spoke briefly, and were followed by L. G. Crosby of St. John, treasurer of the Maine and New Brunswick Electrical Power Company, who remarked that in the early days, when Arthur Gould and some associates were considering the Aroostook Falls project, he asked W. H. Murray, a well-known lumberman, his views relative to Aroostook Falls and the Gould plan. Murray replied, the speaker said, "You and Gould are fools, there isn't water enough there to run a sewing machine."

Charles Pierce of Boston, of the General Electric Company, paid high tribute. "I think that I am well qualified to say that you have as fine an electric development here as there is in the whole United States, and you have something else. You have a man here of noble stature, who has had the energy and the vigor and the foresight to make this fight for you people and to bring this great benefit to you."

At this point, Principal R. J. Libby of Washburn High School, in well chosen words, presented Mr. Gould with a handsome solid silver service, the gift of the citizens of Washburn and vicinity, "as a token of high regard and appreciation." In concluding his remarks, Mr. Libby said, "And now, Mr. Gould, we beg you to accept this token of our appreciation with the assurance that the givers are true and loyal, and with the hope that whenever your eyes shall rest upon it, there may





SILVER SERVICE

Presented to Arthur R. Gould by citizens of Washburn and vicinity July, 1910

come to you some measure of the satisfaction which is ours in the giving."

As Mr. Libby concluded, ten young ladies, daintily clad in white, came forward bearing a silver tea and coffee service, which they placed upon a stand in front of Mr. Gould, then grouped around him and rendered an original song of tribute, the words of which were written by Miss Ethelyn D. Rouse. We quote briefly:

"You've won where others must have failed,
You've worked with patient care;
"You've struggled long and hard for us,
You've fought for our welfare.

To him that hath there shall be given,
And thus we give to you,
This token of our town's esteem
And our regard for you."

The central piece of the service carried the following inscription:

A token of esteem and appreciation
Presented to
Arthur R. Gould
Founder and President
of the
Aroostook Valley Electric Railroad
by citizens of
Washburn and vicinity

Mr. Gould in response said that his surprise was only equalled by his gratification at being the recipient of such a magnificent gift, which he valued the more because it came from the hearts of the donors. Both the demonstration and the gift he felt to be beyond the merit of any achievement on his part, although that did not detract from his sense of gratitude.

Mr. Gould then commented very clearly and intelligently

upon the use of electric power in its application to railroad transportation. He remarked that during the delays in the construction of the road to Washburn his interest and courage had been strengthened by the fact that such vast improvements had been made in the development of electric power to railroads.

"This very system that we adopted," continued Mr. Gould, "was not thought of when we obtained our charter to build this road, and today there are but eleven roads in the world that are equipped with this 1200 volt system, which already has passed the experimental stage."

In conclusion Mr. Gould said, "I believe now as I always have, that this village is destined to be one of the largest in Aroostook and you can depend on the loyal friends you have in Presque Isle to stand by you. I shall always feel that I am one of you."

With three hearty cheers for Mr. Gould the happy gathering was concluded.

In the spring of 1912 Mr. Gould went to Boston to make the usual arrangements for lumber deliveries with the Stebbins Lumber Company. During the talk, H. B. Stebbins said he was cleaned up in his mill business in New Hampshire, and intimated that he might be interested in leasing a good mill, with lumbering conditions favorable.

Mr. Gould was willing to discuss this suggestion. He had done well with his mill, but in the past few years he had embarked on larger enterprises, with the construction of the power plant at Aroostook Falls and of the Aroostook Valley Railroad. He was finding the number of hours in the day insufficient for close attention to his manifold interests. He was willing to listen to a proposal to lease the mill. His associates in the Aroostook Lumber Company left the matter entirely in his hands.

Mr. Stebbins came very soon to Presque Isle. He was

pleased with the mill, which was an extremely efficient one, arranged to save all surplus effort, to handle the work problem most economically as well as efficiently. He also was surprised at the excellence of the logs in the pond and wanted to know the quantity.

"I told him about 5,000,000 feet," said Mr. Gould, "and he asked where I got the figure. I told him that Messrs. Powers and Burleigh, from whom I permitted, were both fair men, and I was willing to take the stumpage scale. Apparently he thought I was rather too trusting, for he did not care to accept the figure, so I said for him to take the logs in the pool and pay me in accordance with the amount of lumber that he sawed. He accepted and also agreed to pay a dollar a thousand for the use of the mill.

"Mike Donahue operated the mill for Stebbins, and in the fall the latter came down from Boston and went over the books. In the evening he came to my office. I asked him how much he had sawed, and rather ruefully he replied, 'Just 400,000 feet more than the figure you were willing to give me last spring.' "

Mr. Stebbins continued to operate the mill for four years, and then made a pulp wood contract with some western concern. In 1920 the mill burned down again. It was not rebuilt.

Shortly after Mr. Gould purchased the Johnson saw mill, he began to plan for development on the west side of the stream. The first requisite was the purchase of land, which at the time was owned by Frank Dyer, father-in-law of Charles F. Daggett.

The land consisted of 120 acres. It was cleared along the bank of the stream and this clearing was then used as a pasture for cows, but was very rocky and so boggy that often the cows became mired. The tract was generally referred to as Dyer's Bog and was unattractive, but the keen mind of

Mr. Gould discerned possibilities, particularly in the disposal of the timber.

Mr. Gould asked Mr. Dyer if he would sell some of his land. Mr. Dyer replied that he was willing to sell—but all, not a part—and added that first he would have to give the opportunity to his son-in-law, Mr. Daggett. If Mr. Daggett did not care to have the land, he would sell to Mr. Gould, provided the latter would carry out a stumpage agreement that he had made with Jarvis Hayward.

Asked the price of the land, Mr. Dyer said that he would sell to Mr. Gould for just what he had paid for it, \$1,800, that he already had some profit in some timber he had taken off. Mr. Gould had intended to purchase only part of the land, but the price was so favorable that he gladly bought it all, after Mr. Daggett decided not to buy, although later he told Mr. Gould he had made a mistake.

The stumpage agreement made no bother, as when Mr. Gould mentioned it to Mr. Hayward, the latter promptly said, "That's all right, Arthur, don't let it worry you. You have a mill and naturally wish the lumber. You forget my arrangement with Dyer and I will."

As the transaction concluded, Mr. Dyer told the purchaser he was glad to sell to him, for he felt there was a chance for development, and he knew that Mr. Gould would make improvements. Mr. Dyer soon found out how correct he was.

The investment was extremely profitable to Mr. Gould, and proved his business foresight. He cut fully half a million feet of lumber from the tract as well as hundreds of cords used for fuel in his brick yard. He had a surveyor lay out lots in 1890, and began to sell them. He built more than fifty houses in the early nineties, selling his lots and lumber in the process. He gave employment and added many thousands of dollars' worth to the taxable property of the town. The development was of vast value to Presque Isle.

In 1890 in the spring Mr. Gould started the construction of the fine residence that he has since occupied, and opened it in the fall. The Gould house is most attractive, and thoroughly built in every particular, with its beauty enhanced by wide lawns and well-cared for trees. In the earlier years before the adjacent territory was used for dwellings, Mr. Gould maintained a deer park between his house and the stream, from which visitors as well as the family gained great pleasure.

As the Gould development proceeded, Dyer's Bog vanished, giving place to Gouldville, one of the most delightful residential sections of the present city of Presque Isle.

CHAPTER TEN

PRESQUE ISLE HONORS ARTHUR GOULD

*The wine of Love is music
And the feast of Love is song,
And when Love sits down to the banquet
Love sits long.*

James Thomson

The most notable public expression of esteem ever known for a resident of Presque Isle was the testimonial banquet extended Hon. Arthur R. Gould at the Perry Theatre on the evening of February 9, 1912, when 128 leading citizens of Aroostook County and of New Brunswick gathered to do honor to one who had contributed so largely to the industrial progress of the section.

At the head table surrounding the guest of honor were the invited guests: Hon. Norman Winslow, postmaster of Woodstock; Sheriff Tompkins, Carleton County; J. C. Hartley, Esquire, Woodstock; Dr. V. E. Lagerson, New Sweden; Hon. C. F. Chestnut, ex-Mayor of Fredericton; Hon. Andrew P. Havey, State Commissioner of Insurance, Augusta; Hon. Harry McLeod, Provincial Secretary, Fredericton; Hon. Charles F. Daggett, Presque Isle; Hon. Albert A. Burleigh, Houlton; Hon. George E. Belmain, Woodstock; G. F. Dibble, President of Woodstock Board of Trade; M. H. Milliken, Stockholm; Mayor Ketchum, Woodstock; A. W. Ives, General Electric Company, Lynn; George E. Bartlett, Mr. Gould's brother-in-law, Fort Fairfield.

The committee of arrangements for the affair comprised Leon S. Howe, Dr. F. Kilburn, R. H. McDonald, Frank Higgins and Ben Franklin.

W. S. Thompson, George P. Larrabee, H. R. Pipes, Nathan Perry, H. B. Holmes, V. E. Howe, J. C. Hanson, Wilmot Dow and Albert A. Joy served as ushers. The catering for the appetizing banquet was by E. L. Osborn of the Presque Isle House, and excellent musical numbers were offered by Bryson's Orchestra.

Judge George H. Smith had been requested by the committee to officiate as toastmaster, and the selection was a most happy one, for Judge Smith, bright and witty as usual, presented the speakers with appropriate introductions. In assuming the chair, Judge Smith remarked that through the ages men have been doing things which have brought great results, and the world, as it were, has made a beaten path to their doors.

"We have here," said Judge Smith, "in this town of Presque Isle, a citizen who came to us some twenty-five years ago from the city of Bangor, a man energetic, forceful and resourceful, and of great capacity. We little dreamed when he came here that he had locked up within him the capacity to bring about the great results he has been so instrumental in achieving."

Judge Smith then spoke of the development at Aroostook Falls and the construction of the Aroostook Valley Railroad, and recalled that saying of the Saviour, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's."

"Thus," said Judge Smith, "was established and laid down the doctrine and principle that it is lawful and right for men to pay tribute where tribute is due, and to give credit when credit is due. You ask us whose image and superscription does this power plant and this electric railroad bear, and we say to you, that of our fellow citizen, Arthur R. Gould."

The chairman then introduced as the first speaker Hon. Charles F. Daggett, who remarked that Mr. Gould's achieve-

ments had been such that even had he built his house in the woods, the citizens of Presque Isle and Aroostook County would make a beaten path to his door.

Mr. Gould, the speaker continued, has built monuments for himself—monuments that stand out as shining examples of what he has accomplished for his town, his county and his state. Mr. Daggett summarized some of these achievements; the acquisition of a lumber mill and its development to the benefit of the town; the purchase and development of the residential section of Gouldville; the construction of the great power plant at Aroostook Falls; the construction of the Aroostook Valley Railroad.

“Now,” remarked Mr. Daggett, “while Mr. Gould has accomplished all these things, in some respects he is an ignorant man. He never learned that there is a personal pronoun ‘I’. It is not ‘I did this’ or ‘I did that.’ He is a man who has acquired friends, and he has held his friends, and when he has an enterprise to put through, those friends have rallied about him, and when that enterprise was accomplished, he divided credit, not with A. R. Gould, but with his friends.”

In conclusion, Mr. Daggett said, “At this time it seems fitting that the host of the evening should be presented with something that will remind him of the esteem of his fellow citizens, of their warm and true friendship. On behalf of the citizens of this town, it is my pleasure to present to you, Arthur, this watch, which I trust will mark to you many prosperous and happy years, and as you wear it from day to day I trust that you will be reminded of the friendship and of the esteem in which you are held by your fellow citizens.”

Visibly affected by the splendid tribute of affection by his neighbors, Mr. Gould began his response in a typical manner, modestly disclaiming personal credit, a characteristic acquired in his sturdy boyhood and steadily maintained through a life of distinct achievement. “The only exception I can take,”

said he, "to this manifestation of your friendship and good will is that I think you are overdoing it, as I do not feel myself to be worthy of the praise you are bestowing upon me. In fact, I know I am not.

"You have recited a list of things I have done, but it should be borne in mind that I have not done them alone. Neither I nor any other man could have succeeded in some of the different undertakings mentioned, without help, and help of the best sort.

"I have had the support of all you gentlemen here. I have had the best support a man could have—not altogether in cash, but what is fully as needful, the support of good words, good wishes and friendly good will. Your good will and confidence were an endorsement which helped to bring me substantial backing in financial circles, and I think I appreciate it and am glad to say that I regard it as the secret largely of whatever success I have had."

With that feeling recognition of the kindness of his friends, Mr. Gould dropped into humorous vein, recalling a town meeting called at the suggestion of Hon. T. H. Phair for the purpose of raising \$500 to aid the construction of a bridge across Presque Isle Stream on North Main Street. This was at the time when Mr. Gould was commencing the development of Gouldville.

The banqueters laughed heartily as Mr. Gould in recalling that meeting remarked, "When the matter of voting \$500 came before the meeting, an old gentleman, well-known to you all and now dead, arose and said that he had known me prior to my settling here and thought I would prove an addition to the community, but he regretted very much to find that I was calling on the town the first thing."

Continuing in his droll way, Mr. Gould narrated some of his amusing experiences. One anecdote that drew a hearty laugh was of a trip he took over the route proposed for the

St. John Valley Railroad that he was engaged in promoting. He had employed a young man to drive him from Fredericton to Woodstock.

"As we drove along," recalled Mr. Gould, "I asked him where the railroad survey was located. The young man answered that I needn't trouble about that, there never would be a railroad.

" 'Oh,' says I, 'I thought they were working it up in the Legislature.'

" 'Yes,' said the young man, 'just a new stunt.'

" 'What do you mean,' says I, 'just a new stunt?'

" 'Well,' says my driver, 'that Hazen is a pretty crafty fellow, but he can't fool the people. What do you suppose he is trying to do now? Why, he has sent across the line and got a blooming Yankee and every time this railroad scheme comes up he just presses the button and up jumps the Yankee ready to say just whatever Hazen tells him to say. But don't you think that Yankee ain't getting paid for his jumping jack business.' "

Mr. Gould spoke very appreciatively of the assistance that he had received from Mr. McLeod, the Provincial Secretary, and other friends on both sides of the border. He concluded with acknowledgment of the gift of the watch, declaring, "I shall keep it as long as I live. I am not sure I shall know exactly how to care for it, as I never have had a watch before that cost more than six dollars."

Mr. Gould still retains the beautiful gift watch as one of his most cherished possessions.

The other speakers of the evening were Mr. McLeod of Fredericton; Hon. Andrew P. Havey, of Augusta, representing Governor Plaisted; Hon. C. F. Chestnut, ex-Mayor of Fredericton; Hon. Albert A. Burleigh of Houlton, who declared that all parts of the county had shared in the benefits which followed from Mr. Gould's enterprise and his capacity

to accomplish things; Mayor Ketchum of Woodstock; J. H. O'Donnell; Rev. Father Renaud and Representative Roy M. Thompson of Presque Isle; and Hon. J. C. Hartley of Woodstock.

The remarks of Secretary McLeod were particularly felicitous. "To have friendships and to enjoy them," said he, "as the manifestation of the human quality that unites men, and makes them love one another, is the sweetest gift that is given to man, and I see from the enthusiasm with which his name is greeted, that you esteem Mr. Gould on account of his worth as a man. He has come to have deserved distinction as a man of affairs, but you esteem him most, after all, as a man possessing those human qualities that kindle the heart into warm regard.

"Arthur Gould chose courage as his distinctive endowment. In his struggles in the last few years he needed persistence; he needed dogged perseverance; he needed undaunted courage. May your state always produce such men, for, my good friends, it is not the production of material wealth that is the most important thing, but the production of brains and manhood."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

ST. JOHN VALLEY RAILROAD

It is a bitter disappointment when you have sown benefits, to reap injuries.

Plautus

Mr. Gould's next railroad experience was an exceedingly unpleasant one. This was in connection with the St. John Valley Railroad which Mr. Gould and associates attempted to build, only to find themselves caught in the maelstrom of New Brunswick politics. In later years Mr. Gould remarked that our people cannot imagine the bitterness and virulence of political warfare as waged on the other side of the border. Changes of government meant sharp changes of policy. In these political clashes Mr. Gould and his associates were the victims, losing money as well as years of effort.

In undertaking rail construction in New Brunswick, Mr. Gould was looking ahead, for he had not abandoned his plan of building a railroad across the top of the State of Maine, from Washburn to Lac Frontiere on the Quebec boundary, a distance of 111 miles. That would open a vast area of virgin timberland. Mr. Gould planned to connect the Valley Railroad with the more ambitious project which he hoped to build a little later, and for which he had been formulating plans and negotiating with the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Residents on the New Brunswick side, along the St. John River, had long been pressing for a railroad, but without success; and in 1910 H. E. Macdonel, divisional freight agent of the Canadian Pacific in St. John, suggested to Mr. Gould that a railroad might be built down the St. John River and

operated at a profit. Premier Hazen of New Brunswick held a similar view, and told Mr. Gould that he thought the railroad might be built to connect St. John and Quebec to better advantage.

After consultation with a number of prominent residents of St. John Valley and New Brunswick officials, Mr. Gould formed a company, and Premier Hazen assisted in securing the charter for the new organization. Legislation also provided for a Provincial guarantee of the bonds of the road, to extend from the Parish of Andover to St. John city, to the extent of \$25,000 a mile. The length of the road would be nearly 200 miles.

Later the company was authorized to issue additional bonds to the extent of \$10,000 a mile. Mr. Gould hoped to build the road on the \$25,000 government guarantee, but the additional \$10,000 a mile was arranged as a further assurance. Actual construction of the road was begun in the spring of 1912.

The next year it became evident that more money would be required, and Mr. Gould made arrangements with F. J. Lisman and Company of New York to buy the additional bonds for \$10,000 per mile issue, and matters were proceeding well until in December, 1913, Lisman and Company, because of financial difficulties, could not carry out its contract. At Mr. Gould's request, Mr. Lisman came to New Brunswick, met the members of the executive branch of the government, and explained the situation, expressing his humiliation at his failure to carry out his promises.

Mr. Gould thought that ended the work for his company, but later Mr. Flemming, then Premier, suggested to Mr. Gould that the company might continue with the work, and invited Mr. Gould to meet the executive and talk over the matter. The outcome was that the council expressed its willingness to have the Legislature authorize the guarantee of the

\$10,000 a mile four per cent bonds. Mr. Gould continued the work on that understanding.

In the spring of 1914 arrangements were made for the sale of the second mortgage bonds at 97 with Brent and Oxton of Montreal. The government objected to some clauses in the bonds, and desired changes were made; but there was a delay that was fatal to the company, for the World War suddenly began, and Brent and Oxton declared they would not handle the bonds under any consideration. But for the delays caused by the government, the bond sale would have been carried out.

A little later there came a change of government in New Brunswick, with the opposition party coming into power; and shortly after the government took over the stock of the railroad on the ground that the company had not made satisfactory arrangements in financing. Litigation followed as the government retained securities that had been deposited by Mr. Gould to assure payment of interest on the bonds which had been paid, and in the effort of Mr. Gould and his associates to recover payment for services as contractor. The government was too firmly entrenched and Mr. Gould lost. That ended the St. John Valley Railroad experience for Mr. Gould.

Mr. Gould and his associates were also victimized on the political side, as after the charter of the road had been granted by the New Brunswick Legislature, and the arrangements negotiated and signed by the government, and Mr. Gould had commenced the construction work, some of his associates were notified that a political contribution of \$100,000 to the government party was expected.

Previously Mr. Gould had been asked for \$50,000, but had refused. Now the sum increased to \$100,000 with intimation that unless it were paid the final contract would not be signed. The company had sold bonds in London and expended several hundred thousands of dollars in preliminary work.

Mr. Gould's associates saw no way out of financial disaster

except by making the contribution demanded. They knew it was sheer blackmail, but they agreed to make the gift to the government party. The demand was made by Premier Flemming, and Mr. Gould did not know of the agreement until after it was made. He was not approached because he had refused to yield to a previous demand. The payment was made, but not by Mr. Gould.

When the Provincial government changed and Clark succeeded Mr. Flemming as Premier, there was another attempt to levy political contributions, and Mr. Gould, then constructing the railroad, was asked for \$50,000 which he refused to give. Then came many difficulties made by the government until the road was taken over.

The new government sponsored an investigation into the conduct of affairs by ex-Premier Flemming, including the Valley Railroad. In the decision rendered by the Royal Commission, Mr. Gould and his associates were exonerated, the verdict being that they were compelled to pay the political contribution demanded or submit to great financial loss.

When Mr. Gould brought suit against the Clark government for losses sustained because of the government's action in taking over the stock of the railroad company, the matter was left to a commission of which Judge McKeown, brother-in-law of Premier Clark, was chairman. Evidence given showed clearly that it was customary at that time for contractors with the government to be assessed for political contributions.

CHAPTER TWELVE

PROFITABLE PULP

Behold the whole huge earth sent to me hebdomadally in a brown paper wrapper.

James Russell Lowell

The writer heard that at one time Mr. Gould operated a pulp mill at Van Buren, and asked him about it. "Yes, Harry Stebbins and I bought a pulp mill up there," replied Mr. Gould, "but we only operated it a short time. I don't know that was important."

"What luck did you have in that business?"

"Well, we made a little better than \$300,000," was the answer.

That seemed reasonably important to the writer, and Mr. Gould was asked for the particulars.

"We heard that the large pulp mill at Van Buren was for sale, and when we made inquiry, it was offered to us for \$550,000. It was almost a new mill and we knew that it cost, when ready to operate, one million dollars. It seemed to us a good trade, so we bought the mill in 1920. We operated for a short time and made some money manufacturing pulp to be used for making Kraft paper. It was, I guess, the largest mill in the country so employed. The pulp was costing us \$60 a ton to make, and we were selling it at \$80 a ton. This was shortly after the conclusion of the World War and the pulp mills were very busy.

"In 1921 I had a meeting with President Dodge of the International Paper Company in connection with the railroad across the top of Maine I was then planning, and I drove him

out along the line planned. As we were riding he remarked that Stebbins and I had grabbed the Aroostook Pulp Company property right under the noses of the International. 'We thought we had the trade all made,' he said. 'We were ready to pay the \$650,000 that you paid.'

"That was not the correct figure, but I said nothing. He asked if we would sell and I told him that we were doing very well with the property, which was the fact. Finally Dodge said that the International would give us \$800,000 for the Van Buren property. I told him I would talk with my partner Stebbins.

"I found that Stebbins did not wish to sell. He thought we had a good thing and had better keep it. I had the other view, saw a big profit by sale, and knew that there was nothing certain about pulp conditions, and that the price might drop at any time.

"Finally Stebbins said he would agree if I wished to sell, and we went to New York and talked it over with Dodge, ultimately making the sale for \$850,000, as we succeeded in stepping the price up \$50,000. We also received some land in the trade which we later disposed of for about \$20,000.

"There was a hereafter, for in February, 1922, Stebbins asked me if I had noticed that the price of pulp was up to \$150 a ton. I told him I was still glad that we sold, that we had made a good thing and should be willing to let the other fellows get some profit.

"However, the wheel soon turned in the other direction. As I had anticipated, pulp shipments to the United States began again from Russia and other European countries, and within a year the price of pulp delivered in New York was \$45 a ton, which caused Stebbins to remark to me that it was very lucky that we sold the mill. The change in conditions resulted in the stopping of operations at the mill in 1923, and it never started again, being dismantled a year or two ago."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ELECTED TO MAINE SENATE

Of the various executive abilities, no one excited more anxious concern than that of placing the interests of our fellow-citizens in the hands of honest men!

Thomas Jefferson

Arthur Gould made his first personal excursion into political pastures in the spring of 1920, when he became a primary candidate for Republican nomination for state senator. He had no yearning for passing a winter at Augusta, but he allowed himself to be persuaded. Always a strong Republican, he had until that time frowned upon suggestions that he seek political office.

There was a candidate for nomination who was not favored by some of Mr. Gould's friends, and in looking around for somebody to beat the undesired one they selected Arthur Gould. To this day Mr. Gould wonders how he could have been persuaded. He does remember that he made no effort whatever for either nomination or election.

At that time Aroostook had three senators, as it does today; and in the Republican primary Mr. Gould, Delmont Emerson of Island Falls, and Leander E. Tuttle of Caribou were nominated. That was equivalent to election in Aroostook County, a very strongly Republican county.

Mr. Gould led the ticket in September with 11,295. Mr. Emerson was just behind with 11,281 votes; and Mr. Tuttle had 11,038. The Democratic candidates each polled a little over 2,000 votes.

Percival P. Baxter of Portland was President of the Senate,

but did not retain the position very long, as in about a month he became Governor because of the death of Governor Frederick H. Parkhurst of Bangor, who was taken ill right after delivering his inaugural address and died in a month, being succeeded in office by the President of the Senate, Mr. Baxter.

There were two aspirants for the Senate presidency to follow Mr. Baxter, Senator Charles E. Gurney of Portland and Senator P. H. Gillin of Bangor. Senator Gould gave his support to the former who was chosen, Mr. Gillin withdrawing from the ballot. The Senate of 1921 was an able body. Mr. Gurney, a prominent Portland attorney, was an admirable presiding officer, who was highly esteemed by Senator Gould.

Frank G. Farrington of Augusta, later to run for the Republican nomination for Governor, afterward a member of the Maine Supreme Court; Herman G. Allen, LeRoy R. Folsom of Somerset, P. H. Gillin, Frank P. Morrison and George M. Thombs of Penobscot, Rupert H. Baxter of Sagadahoc, brother of Governor Baxter, Varney A. Putnam of Washington County, Frederic Eaton of Oxford and John F. Sprague of Piscataquis were prominent members of the upper branch.

Senator Gould was glad of the opportunity to renew his boyhood and continued friendship with Senator Morrison, like Senator Gould a native of East Corinth. Another old friend was John F. Sprague, attorney and historian.

When the committee appointments were made shortly after the organization of the Senate, Senator Gould was astounded to find himself named to several of the more important committees. That was unusual treatment for a new member, and Senator Gould hastened to President Baxter and expressed his astonishment.

"That is all right, Senator," was the response. "I think you are entirely competent to handle those committee assignments."

"I do not wish to be so tied down," rejoined Mr. Gould. "I have been given far more than my share."

Argument continued, but Senator Gould flatly refused to carry so much committee work and finally was relieved of some of it. Not until afterward did he learn the reason for the many appointments, then the information came from a legislative friend.

"Yes, I know the reason why you were so honored in committee places," said the friend, "because Senator Baxter told me. He expected that water power questions would come up this session and that your views would not coincide with his, so he thought it would be a good step to keep you so busy in committees that you would not have time for much else."

The reference of Senator Baxter was to the matter of state ownership of public utilities, and also of prohibition of sending hydro-electric power out of the state.

Senator Gould did not agree with Mr. Baxter's views, in fact expressed himself quite forcibly at the time, when he said in a newspaper interview:

"Governor Baxter is a personal friend of mine. He is a conscientious, learned man and intends to do just what is right, but he and I do not agree on the subject of state ownership of public utilities. I do believe, however, that every municipality should own its own water works, its own sewerage, and in some cases its own lighting system, but so far as my observations and experience have gone, that is about the limit.

"I don't believe the government can operate railroads, steamboats, hydro-electric plants, saw mills, or raise potatoes as cheaply as the individual can.

"I can speak without personal interest in relation to the suggestion of prohibiting the sending of power out of the state as the only power plants in which I have a personal interest are in Canada; but it does seem to me that there would be just as

good reason for prohibiting power being brought in from Canada or any other state, as there would be for our developing our unused and unwanted powers and not sending the current out of the state so long as there is no use for the same within the state.

“The experience we have had with government operation of railroads would seem to be enough to convince most any practical business man that the scheme is a flat failure in every sense, and every citizen of this state today is paying through the nose for having been compelled to suffer on account of the experiment.

“It is not practical, feasible or business-like, in my opinion, for the state to take over water powers, railroads or any of the public utilities with the exception of those I mentioned in the earlier part of this statement.”

Senator Gould was not one of the talkative members of the Senate. He took the floor but seldom, and only when he felt the occasion demanded. He worked hard in his committee rooms and was recognized as an able man. His advice was sought on the business problems of the legislative winter, and his colleagues considered him sound, sensible and sagacious.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

BUILDS SCHOOLHOUSE FOR STATE WARDS

*And he who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street;
And he who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom Come.*

John Masefield

As Senate chairman of the Committee on the State School for Boys at South Portland, Senator Gould evinced deep interest. Always he has been interested in young people and these boys at the South Portland school found a real friend in him. He formed a warm and lasting friendship with Mr. Charles Dunn, the superintendent, and Mrs. Dunn, and they studied together to find ways to ease and improve the lot of the wards of the state at South Portland.

Senator Gould sponsored legislation for the benefit of the School and its inmates, and then he realized that a school building was vitally needed. So he introduced a legislative bill calling for the appropriation of \$20,000 for the erection of a schoolhouse at the State School for Boys.

The measure had a passage in both branches, and then came disappointment, for Governor Baxter, who had succeeded Governor Parkhurst, imposed an executive veto. Senator Gould tried to persuade the Governor, but without avail. Mr. Baxter declared that he had felt obliged to veto for reasons of economy.

Senator Gould did not give up. He waited until the last week of the session, put in a new bill for the school building, and secured its passage. He then went to Governor Baxter



—Photo courtesy of Philip K. Frye

Arthur R. Gould schoolhouse at State School for Boys, South Portland. Lower right, Supt. Dunn, Senator Gould and boys

and told him that he was ready to pay half of the expense for the school building if the state would sponsor the construction. He said, if necessary, he would take over the entire cost.

The Governor accepted the proposal of a division of the cost and refrained from another veto. As soon as possible the construction of the school building was commenced, with Senator Gould personally overseeing the work, and meeting half of the expense.

The building is of brick and the brick-laying was done by the boys of the State School under the direction of a competent mason, and therefore with a minimum of labor cost. The piping was generously provided by E. B. Winslow of Portland, and the other materials needed Mr. Gould secured either by gift or at a very low price. The result was a fine school building at an expense of \$20,000, a building that experts have stated represented a fair construction value of \$50,000.

Senator Gould was a frequent visitor to the School then and in later years, and always was requested by Superintendent Dunn to speak to the boys. He gave excellent advice, and many of the inmates later said that they were much influenced by the talks of Senator Gould, and profited by them.

The writer was deeply impressed in one respect. Senator Gould had said that the boys greatly appreciated the school building and had shown that fact by the care which they exercised to keep the schoolrooms spic and span.

When the writer visited the school he noticed particularly how free the desks were from knife or ink marks, for the boys have maintained the school tradition, that the Gould School House shall be treated with utmost respect.

The writer was told by Mr. Grube Cornish, the present very competent superintendent, that when Senator Gould, a few years ago, paid his last visit to the school building—he was then without sight—he touched many of the desks and was glad to note that they were free from disfiguring marks.

Senator Gould speaks in extremely high terms of Superintendent and Mrs. Dunn who gave fine and parental treatment to the inmates for many years. The writer talked with some of the former officers of the School and found them warm in their praise of the splendid service given the institution by Senator Gould, expressed in the school building that bears his name, and also in a helping hand given to many of the boys.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

DRAFTED FOR UNITED STATES SENATE

There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

William Shakespeare

When Arthur R. Gould assumed his seat in the United States Senate, he became a member of a select society, for Maine has had few senators over the years. In the more than a century since Maine became a state, to be exact in 106 years, but twenty-five men had represented it in the Senate of the United States, Arthur R. Gould becoming the twenty-sixth.

Our state has been rather notable for its habit of retaining its able senators in office. Hannibal Hamlin served for nineteen years, his incumbency of the senatorial office being twice interrupted, once to serve Maine as its governor, once to serve the United States as its war Vice President, the associate and friend of the immortal Lincoln.

William Pitt Fessenden was a senator from Maine for fifteen years, his service being interrupted by appointment as Secretary of the Treasury. Lot M. Morrill had a similar period of service, like Fessenden retiring from the Senate to accept the Treasury portfolio.

William P. Frye, first elected in 1881, served continuously until his death in 1911, and Eugene Hale was a Maine senator at Washington for the same years. One result of Maine's constancy to its leading men has been seen in the unusual influence that the Pine Tree State has long exerted in the United States Senate, an influence far beyond its relative importance as a state.

While some of the illustrious predecessors of Arthur R. Gould in the Senate may have yielded to the urging of their friends to enter the election lists, although that perhaps is open to doubt, we feel certain that none yielded to the importunities of party leaders and business men with greater reluctance than did Mr. Gould.

As a matter of fact, he had no intention, whatever, of becoming a candidate to fill the vacancy in the Maine delegation resulting from the death of Senator Bert M. Fernald in the summer of 1926. It was not until assured definitely by Hon. Frank E. Guernsey of Dover-Foxcroft that he would be a primary candidate that Mr. Gould gave his word to enter the primary if for any reason Mr. Guernsey changed his mind. The story is an interesting one, well-known to the older Republican leaders of the state.

Mr. Fernald had entered the Senate in 1917 to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Edwin C. Burleigh. He was re-elected in the election of 1918, and again in 1924, but died in the second year of his last term. To fill the vacancy there were three assured candidates in the Republican primary: Percival P. Baxter of Portland, who had concluded his service as Governor of Maine with the first week of January, 1925; Hodgdon C. Buzzell of Belfast, then president of the Maine Senate; and Louis A. Jack of Lisbon.

Republicans of eastern Maine took more than usual interest in this primary, for they had been restless and somewhat resentful for years because the eastern section of the state had been without direct representation in the United States Senate.

Since Eugene Hale of Ellsworth had retired in 1911, no eastern Maine man had sat in the upper body of Congress. When Edwin C. Burleigh of Augusta was succeeded by Senator Bert M. Fernald, there was chagrin in the east, not from any personal objection to Mr. Fernald, but because that

located the Maine senators in the southwestern portion of the state, their homes being but some thirty miles apart, Senator Frederick Hale in Portland, and Senator Fernald in Poland, Androscoggin County.

Following the passing of Senator Fernald, ex-Governor Baxter of Portland promptly entered the contest for primary nomination of the Republican party, and President Buzzell of the Maine Senate and Mr. Jack of Lisbon followed later.

The party leaders of the east were not satisfied with that field. Admittedly Mr. Buzzell of Belfast could be regarded as of the eastern section, but there was slight belief that he could win the nomination from ex-Governor Baxter, who had a considerable political machine, while the Androscoggin aspirant was practically unknown and regarded as negligible, obviously without a chance of winning.

So it was that eastern Maine Republican leaders were combining their field for a candidate. They thought that it would be wise to secure an able business man, well-known and highly regarded. Also they believed that the choice should go outside the lists of professional political seekers. Then suddenly the inspiration came—they thought of Arthur R. Gould of Presque Isle, one of the most successful business men of the state, prominent and popular.

The suggestion was passed along and was very warmly received. "Just the man," "an ideal candidate," "truly representative of Maine's great interests," such were the expressions heard.

Then came the question: how would Mr. Gould receive the idea? The group was hopeful but not too sanguine. The leaders knew Mr. Gould would prove a strong candidate if he could be persuaded to run. They also knew that he always had been a loyal Republican, had an extremely wide acquaintance, and was thoroughly conversant with Maine's power interests, its pulp and paper industry, the problems of the

potato business, of the timberlands and lumbering, of the railroads and of the wholesale and retail merchants. He had been a friend to labor and was financially independent. There was but one fly in the ointment—could he be persuaded?

Enlightenment soon came. It was left to Norman Towle, Bangor business man, publisher of the Bangor Daily News, to interview Mr. Gould. Meeting Mr. Gould in Bangor, Mr. Towle informed him that he was to be the next United States Senator from Maine. Mr. Gould just laughed. He thought the idea amusing, but then he saw that Mr. Towle was in earnest. The publisher told the gentleman from Presque Isle that the thought was not his alone, that Republican leaders of the section were anxious for him to run.

“And why?” queried Mr. Gould quizzically.

Mr. Towle had his argument ready. Eastern Maine had been long enough without direct representation in the United States Senate; he knew of no one else who could successfully challenge ex-Governor Baxter; if Baxter should be elected, both of Maine’s senators would hail from Portland; Gould could prevent that if he would say the word.

Mr. Gould was not acquiescent. Absolutely and flatly, he refused to give any further consideration to the proposal. He was fully appreciative of the kindness of the thought; he recognized the high honor of a seat in the Senate; but, he said, “I am a business man, not a politician; I am not fitted to be a senator, and I have no time to spare from my business affairs which keep me continually on the jump.”

Mr. Towle did not relinquish hope. From all over the state pressure was exerted upon Mr. Gould. A group of Bangor men visited him at his office, and then came another group from Portland and vicinity who promised fine support from Cumberland and York Counties if he would run. Gould remained firm in his decision. He was glad to see his friends, but any political campaign for him was “out.” “I just told

them they were talking nonsense and shooed them out of the office," he recalled when asked about the episode.

The pressure continued until one day Mr. Gould met Hon. Frank E. Guernsey in the lobby of the Bangor House. Mr. Guernsey had served five terms as a member of the national House of Representatives, retiring several years before when he had been unsuccessful in seeking a seat in the upper branch. Mr. Guernsey had been recently hospitalized, but in answer to a query declared he had made an excellent recovery.

"Fine," remarked Mr. Gould, "then now is the time for you to go to the United States Senate." Guernsey admitted his interest, and said he probably would have been an aspirant but for his illness.

"Well," said Mr. Gould, "it is not too late. There is strong opposition to Baxter, but he will win in the present field. Eastern Maine Republicans will support you, and you can pick up plenty of votes in the central and western sections."

Seeing that Guernsey was wavering, Gould struck while the iron was hot. "I want you to go with me and meet a group of Bangor men." Having secured consent, Mr. Gould hastened to a telephone, and calling up Norman Towle asked him if he could get a group of his political friends together pronto, saying he would like to talk to them.

"Certainly, I can and will," replied Towle joyfully, believing Mr. Gould had experienced a change of heart and intended to express his willingness to become a candidate. There had been no mention of Mr. Guernsey in this brief telephonic conversation.

Accompanied by Guernsey, Mr. Gould went to Towle's office, where an influential group of Republicans was assembled.

In his direct, forthright manner, Mr. Gould at once opened the conversation.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, "you have been searching for

a Republican primary candidate for the United States Senate from eastern Maine, and here is your man—Hon. Frank E. Guernsey of Dover-Foxcroft. He resides in our District in the loyal Republican county of Piscataquis which never has been directly represented in the Senate. He has had long experience in the lower chamber, he is able, of strict integrity, with wide acquaintance, and financially able to conduct a vigorous campaign. He has recovered from his illness and he can win. Why does not his selection solve your problem?"

The Bangor leaders looked around their circle. They liked Guernsey, yet it was Gould they really desired, but they were properly stymied. In his few words Gould had taken himself definitely out and had supplied a substitute.

They asked a few questions of Mr. Guernsey, relative to his health, and if he believed that he could defeat Baxter. Receiving satisfactory answers, they accepted the situation, although with inward reluctance, for they felt that Gould would have been a stronger candidate. They promised their support to Guernsey and dispersed, believing that the Fourth District candidate had been selected. Mr. Gould returned to the Bangor House, satisfied that he was relieved from the heavy pressure that had been placed upon him.

Mr. Towle was not entirely satisfied. He thought Guernsey might change his mind, and so called Mr. Gould by telephone and expressed his fears, that Guernsey might disappoint them.

"Do not worry, Norman," was the answer, "Guernsey is delighted at the developments of the situation. He is confident that with the support provided he can beat Baxter. He cannot be driven out. We will place him in the Senate. Now leave me alone and let me attend my own business."

Mr. Towle was not fully convinced. "We must have a candidate from eastern Maine," he argued. "Suppose Guernsey should back out?"

Gould laughed at him, told him he was borrowing trouble, not the least probability existed that Guernsey would not go through.

"Well, you certainly are positive," returned the publisher. "I suppose you are willing to give me your promise that you will be our candidate if Guernsey fails us?" He pressed for an answer until Gould, sure in his mind that the Dover man would stand, replied in the affirmative.

And that was a fateful moment in the life of Arthur R. Gould, a promise that changed the entire course of his career for the next five years, that removed him from his pursuit of big business and thrust him into the maelstrom of politics.

Recalling the incident in later years, Mr. Gould said that he was not in the least worried, his reaction was one of happiness that he had closed the door upon a pathway holding for him no attraction, and now would be able to devote himself to his affairs without being bothered by the importunities of his friends.

Leaving Bangor, Mr. Gould went to Boston. Arriving at the Parker House, where he had made his Boston home for many years, he was told that a telephone call from Bangor was awaiting him. Connection was made, and jubilantly the voice of Norman Towle came to him over the wire, "You are our eastern Maine candidate for the United States Senate, Arthur, and the announcement will be in all the newspapers in the morning."

Recalling that brief but vital conversation, Mr. Gould later remarked that he suggested that Towle was talking through his hat, that he, Gould, had no desire to go to the Senate and certainly would not be a candidate.

"But, Arthur, I have your pledge," came the words over the wire. "You promised that you would be a candidate if Guernsey did not run, and Frank has withdrawn. He drove down from Dover this afternoon and told me, with obvious

disappointment but positively, that he could not carry out his promise, for his physician and Mrs. Guernsey absolutely refused to allow him even to consider candidacy; that his health must come first, and he could not undergo the exertion and excitement of a personal political campaign. That means you, Arthur. We must have a proper candidate from this section, and you fill the bill to a T."

"I was hooked," soliloquized Senator Gould, "committed to an undertaking, entirely foreign to my activities and my desires, because of my certainty that Guernsey would go through. I tried to bluff it out and told Towle not to be absurd, but he hung on and the phone talk concluded with his remark that I would wake up in the morning to find my picture in all the newspapers.

"I continued to hope that in view of my strong objection Towle would keep the matter in abeyance for a while, but that hope was abandoned in the morning when I saw my picture on the first page of the Boston Herald, with the announcement of my candidacy for the Republican primary nomination for the United States Senate. Then telegrams and telephone calls became incessant."

There were few people in the state, probably, who felt that Mr. Gould had any real chance of winning the nomination from Governor Baxter. The odds in favor of the Portland aspirant seemed too overwhelming. He was a resident of the largest city and the most populous county in Maine; he had the advantage of four recent years as governor of the state, a political machine powerful by virtue of appointments made as executive, representatives in about every voting precinct, long experience as a politician, prestige, wealth and powerful family connections. To most prognosticators, the contest appeared an unequal one.

Not all essential factors were in favor of Governor Baxter. Persons well-acquainted with Arthur Gould recognized his

astuteness, his indomitable energy, thoroughness and industry. Another pronounced asset was the devoted zeal exercised in his behalf by a myriad of friends. Bound to him by affection, hundreds, yes, thousands, of men and women who never had interested themselves in politics became loyal adherents. Soon there was realization that the contest was between Baxter and Gould. Jack never was a factor, Buzzell was strong in his own county and in Klan centers, but few believed that he could gain the nomination.

Once the die was cast and the inevitable accepted, Arthur Gould acted with his customary promptness and vigor. An unwilling candidate, he was determined to win if victory could be achieved by energy and effort. He accepted the responsibility thrown upon him by his friends, and would do his part.

September 14 Mr. Gould issued the following statement:

To my fellow citizens of Maine:

Owing to the untimely death of Senator Bert M. Fernald, it now becomes the duty of the voters of the State of Maine to elect his successor. Any man must consider it a great honor to represent the State of Maine in the United States Senate, and in making this announcement I fully appreciate not only the honor but the responsibility.

It was plainly the intention of the framers of the Constitution that the two Senators should come from different sections of the state they represent, in order that there might be equality of representation; and that would be particularly true of a state of such extended territory as our State of Maine. It has now been 15 years since the eastern part of the State of Maine has had a United States Senator and it is owing to the request of many prominent citizens in the eastern sections of the state that I have reluctantly decided to become a candidate.

I come before the voters as a business man. Having been born in Penobscot county and having spent the greater part

of my life in Aroostook county in the development of its business and industrial interests, I feel that my qualifications as a Senator lie principally along the line of assistance in the business and industrial life of the nation in general and our own state in particular.

I believe there is a place in the United States Senate for a business man to work and not talk. I make no claims of being a public speaker, but I am a worker, and believe that I understand business.

I am a firm believer in the policies of economy as advocated by President Coolidge, and, if elected, will use my best efforts to assist him in carrying out these policies that the great burden of taxation may be lessened.

I am not a pacifist. I abhor war but believe that the only safe policy this country can pursue to prevent war is to properly prepare ourselves that other nations may know that we can defend ourselves.

I am a firm believer in the State of Maine and in its future industrial development. We should encourage every movement that tends to build up the State of Maine, a fine example of this being the Carlton bridge, which is now being constructed between Bath and Woolwich, in which project I was much interested from the beginning, and, although from the eastern part of the State, did what I could to bring it to pass.

I am opposed to the United States entering the World Court, or any other entangling alliances with foreign countries, and if elected shall vote against any proposition along this line.

I have always been a strong advocate of a fine highway system in Maine and if elected to the Senate will use my efforts to procure as much national aid as possible to assist in building our state roads.

I come from the foremost agricultural county in the

United States. I understand the problems of the farmer and will use my best endeavors to assist in solving these problems.

As a business man I fully appreciate the great blessings that prohibition has brought to the working men and their families, and if elected shall follow the traditional policy of the State of Maine in upholding national prohibition.

There are now five lawyers representing Maine in the Congress of the United States. If you believe that this number should be supplemented by a business man, and that business man should come from the eastern part of the state instead of giving two United States senators to the city of Portland, and if you further believe that I am qualified for the position, I will appreciate your active support.

(Signed) Arthur R. Gould.

When the first announcement of Mr. Gould's candidacy was made, many of the Maine newspapers manifested high approval.

Declaring that the people wanted a business man to take the place of the late Senator Fernald, the Bangor Daily News said, on September 17, "They (the people) believe no man is better qualified by far-sighted vision and actual business experience than Arthur R. Gould to carry out the policies of Senator Fernald."

Quoting from the same article: "From all reports the name of Arthur Gould inspires confidence among the farmers and laboring class; in fact, great confidence among all classes. A. R. Gould was born on a farm in humble circumstances and keenly knows by active experience the hardships endured by farmers and laboring people. His sympathy is with this class of laboring people. Arthur Gould knows what it is to be poor, raise a family and struggle to make both ends meet, so his sympathy for the common people is most genuine and not political or hypocritical. The nation

needs men of the Arthur Gould type to put a check on this wasteful extravagance. It needs real business men and less professional men in the halls of Congress."

Chandler Harvey, editor and publisher of the Fort Fairfield Review, and a leading Aroostook Democrat, had a good word for his Republican neighbor, remarking editorially: "We cannot see how any Republican in northern or eastern Maine will want to do otherwise next Monday than vote for Hon. Arthur R. Gould of Presque Isle for Republican candidate for United States Senator. Mr. Gould is a man who has done things, can do things. He would well represent Maine in the United States Senate, particularly looking after the welfare of northeastern Maine. Vote for him, nominate him."

In another issue Mr. Harvey wrote, "There is no keener business man or administrator in northern Maine than is Mr. Gould, and no more public-spirited man, either, or with a larger or more enthusiastic personal following. Mr. Gould is a business man who is accustomed to getting results. He is an able man and knows what Maine needs. Mr. Gould in the United States Senate would spend his time accomplishing things instead of talking too much.

"A keener politician and diplomatist and a sounder business man than Mr. Gould is not very often seen and we doubt very much if such a man is now to be found in the United States Senate. Would not such a man be a good one to have there?"

In another editorial Mr. Harvey portrayed Mr. Gould in a manner that was accurately borne out during the term of the Aroostook builder in the United States Senate, when he wrote: "Mr. Gould is an industrialist, a constructive operator, a natural diplomatist, and a born leader of men. What our Senate needs worse than anything else is a practical business man like Mr. Gould, a man that would go

straight toward his goal, having a purpose plainly in sight, and disposed to brush away all legal technicalities so far as possible and to do away with all unnecessary red tape,—such a man in the Senate would be like a fresh and invigorating breath of fresh air in a hot, musty and stifling room.”

From Oxford County came a word in support of Mr. Gould from that Oxford County Bible, the highly esteemed Norway Advertiser, which said, “Hon. Arthur Gould of Presque Isle is said by those who know him intimately to be a good business man and a fine gentleman. He is liberal minded and takes pride in the development of his splendid county and the state. Mr. Gould is popular with the people where he is known; he is the most like the late Senator Bert M. Fernald of any of the candidates in the field. It is good politics to give the senatorship at this time to the extreme Northeast.”

A sketch of Mr. Gould's life in The Lewiston Journal, September 17, 1926, bore this understanding two column caption:

Arthur Gould Has
Way Of Doing The
Impossible Thing

Candidate for Republican Nomination
for United States Senate is Aroos-
took's Biggest Man and Has Fought
His Way to That Distinction

A newspaper endorsement of Mr. Gould came from Somerset County when The Madison Bulletin editorially declared: “We wish to say a good word for Mr. Arthur R. Gould of Presque Isle and shall support him for nomination at the primary in November. Mr. Gould has risen from a poor boy to one of the big business men of the state and, so far as we are able to learn, honestly and fairly. We are informed by

present and former residents of Aroostook County that he is one of the most popular men in that section and with far fewer enemies than is usually the case when a man forges ahead of his fellows."

The Bridgton News, a Cumberland County paper, expressed belief that Mr. Gould "would best represent the interests of the State of Maine. He is not a politician and did not seek the office for which he is now a candidate. Gould is a business man, pure and simple, with no personal ambitions to promote. Mr. Gould is a self-made man, a man who has worked up from the ranks and a man who has done things to develop the State of Maine."

Mr. Gould must have been highly gratified by the warm public reaction to his candidacy, but he fully understood that the odds against him were great; that there were many sections of the state where he was not personally known. He had not wished the nomination, but now that he was in the race he was determined to win; to give less than his best would have been a lack of loyalty on his part to the friends who were supporting him, to the thousands of men and women who were championing his cause. It was not a part of the Gould creed to fail his friends or to support any project half-heartedly. Once enlisted, he was in the thick of battle until the end.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

WINNER IN THE PRIMARY

*Somebody said it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That "maybe it couldn't" but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.*

Edgar A. Guest

From boyhood Arthur Gould has been a disciple of earnest endeavor, honest and thorough effort and all-out action. He has met disappointments—what man of large affairs has not?—but he has never failed for lack of trying, because of inertia or inaction. In his lexicon it is written that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Diligence, effort and unremitting devotion to the cause in hand always have been cardinal virtues with him.

So Mr. Gould entered the campaign with characteristic vigor and energy. He realized that he must make contact with the voters, must introduce himself in the central and western counties. He had influential friends everywhere, men of prominence whom he had bound to him in his business life, but he was resolved to reach all classes of voters and that is just what he did.

For six weeks Mr. Gould abandoned his extensive business affairs and travelled the state, going into every county. His system was frank and direct. He met the voters in the mills and factories, the stores and offices, on the farms, in the woods

and on the wharves. He explained his wish to upbuild Maine industry, answered all questions freely and frankly. All who met him were impressed by his knowledge of Maine, his understanding of its industrial problems and his sincerity.

While Mr. Gould introduced himself to the voters, he steadily built up his organization. A master of detail, he kept his supporters inspired and earnestly at work. It soon became obvious that the methodical work and enthusiasm of the Gould adherents were gaining votes everywhere.

Mr. Gould had early declared against a speaking campaign; he said he was not an orator, disliked public speaking, and decidedly would not indulge in it. He meant what he said, and yet there were times in the campaign when he was forced upon the platform. Then, he acquitted himself very competently.

He attempted no graces of oratory—said he left the eloquence for his opponents—stated his aims and objectives clearly and concisely, left no doubt as to his views and attitude on important issues; but always his keynote was the development and benefit of the State of Maine. “MORE BUSINESS” was his slogan and he sounded it trenchantly. And those few but forceful speaking appearances paid voter dividends.

In his enforced platform addresses, that always were brief and to the point, Mr. Gould declared that he wished to speak simply; that his dealings “have been with the working man, and our exchange of messages has been in the simplest terms and our aim was to reach an understanding. This we did by talking horse sense—just business, man to man.”

He spoke of his life interests and demonstrated his thorough grasp of the problems of the potato industry, lumbering, pulp, paper, railroads, the textile business and the farms.

“We must strive,” he said, “to find a way to keep our mills, factories and shops active every day, to create new demand for the products we are capable of producing in Maine, and keep

that production to the highest standard. Along with the advertising of Maine we should urge upon the nation at large the fact that Maine is a production state, and that its products are among the best to be had."

One of the inspiring features of the Gould primary campaign was a notable get-together at Presque Isle, a rally of the home folks. The meeting was staged in the Perry Theatre by the Gould club of the town, and was a most enthusiastic gathering. The attendance included representative Republicans from all parts of the county, a veritable outpouring of prominent men and women from northern, central and southern Aroostook, all eager to do tribute to their leader of industrial development and perform their part toward his election.

That was no perfunctory affair with a community going through the motions for one of its own. No! that meeting was different, expressive as it was of genuine affection and regard for the candidate; of confidence that his life-time of success would be crowned by election to the United States Senate; and determination that Aroostook would leave no stone unturned to achieve that greatly desired end. Never before had such unrestrained and spontaneous enthusiasm been manifested at a political meeting in the county.

Following a buffet luncheon, the gathering was called to order by Andrew J. Beck, Esquire, of Washburn, who spoke with deep feeling of Mr. Gould's vast services to the town of Washburn, and declared that his election to the United States Senate would be a most proper and fitting reward for a fine public servant, and add to the Senate roll a business man of real accomplishment, with keen understanding of the vital problems of our state and section.

"Others will speak for other communities," concluded Mr. Beck, "I am bringing the word that Washburn recognizes with deep gratitude its tremendous obligation to Arthur R. Gould, and that it stands 200 per cent in support of his candidacy."

Chairman Beck then introduced as the first speaker a life-long friend of Mr. Gould, Hon. Charles F. Daggett of Presque Isle. A fine and convincing platform orator, Mr. Daggett made a feeling and stirring address, and with every mention of Mr. Gould's name, the hall rang and echoed with spontaneous applause.

"The choice of the Republican Party in this campaign," declared the speaker, "lies between Percival P. Baxter of Portland and Arthur R. Gould of this town. There are other aspirants, but they are simply decoys to attract a class of votes, the sidetracking of which appears to be one of the political schemes used in this campaign."

Mr. Daggett spoke of the unfairness and unwisdom of locating both Maine senators in one city. "The spirit of the law," asserted Mr. Daggett, "is for equal representation, and when you elect two senators from one city you violate the principle of equal representation, you violate the sense of justice."

Continuing, the speaker declared that it was not necessary to recount to that audience the achievements of Mr. Gould. "I am within my bounds when I say that no other man has done so much for the development of the county of Aroostook, and for the promoting of its industries, as the candidate we now present. Whether it be in the field of lumbering, of railroading, or promoting and building electric plants and generating electricity, it matters not what realm he has been laboring in, he has always and uniformly been a success.

"It is said that Mr. Gould has acquired wealth. Very true, he has acquired it, but he has acquired it by getting up against hard knocks, by labor, by overcoming almost insurmountable obstacles. The wealth he has gained he has acquired by honest and fair dealings. Mr. Gould is a business man, a man of large experience, a man of sound judgment and a man who

has made a success of every enterprise with which he has been connected."

Speakers following Mr. Daggett were Hon. Delmont Emerson of Island Falls; Hon. W. L. Hamilton of Caribou; Mrs. Good, Van Buren; C. C. Harvey of Fort Fairfield; O. C. Nowland of Stockholm; George Moores of Ashland; Hon. Bernard Archibald of Houlton; and Harold I. Goss of Portland; all of whom gave earnest, strong and convincing endorsement of Mr. Gould's candidacy.

Mr. Goss, a shrewd political forecaster, declared that many Republicans of his home city of Portland recognized the justice of the claims of eastern Maine, and predicted that in the coming primary the largest city in the state would cast a plurality for Arthur R. Gould. Very likely most of his hearers considered the speaker more enthusiastic than accurate in that forecast, but events proved that Mr. Goss was a true prophet and was speaking by the card.

The climax of the occasion came with the introduction of Mr. Gould as "Aroostook's choice and the next United States Senator from Maine." The applause was thundering as Mr. Gould greeted his neighbors and friends. The candidate was visibly affected by the warmth of his reception.

Mr. Gould talked to his neighbors calmly and dispassionately, simply placing before them the justice of the situation. He explained how he had reluctantly entered the primary, but having entered it, he was in to win. He remarked that it had been pleasantly represented to him by his Bangor friends that if they were permitted to announce him a candidate, and he agreed to carry Aroostook County handsomely, beyond that he could take it easy, as they would look after all the details of the campaign and be responsible for its success.

This assurance, Mr. Gould remarked, was no doubt well meant and sincere on their part, but he had found it necessary to mix in the scrap to a greater extent than in anything else

he had ever gotten into, and he had not yet found any chance to sit down.

The fact of the case, Mr. Gould declared, was that this was not a personal affair but a matter of purely public and party concern and consideration. He simply represented a political principle, not a personal ambition, and the concern of the public of a great state that its people should have equal treatment in the distribution of Congressional representation.

The speaker did not claim, in fact disclaimed, any pre-eminent qualifications for the office of Senator of the United States, but he did believe that he was in closer touch and more familiar with the great business and agricultural interests of Maine than a lawyer could be.

Mr. Gould added with a smile, "Of course I have no intent to discredit or disparage lawyers in any way. Their counsel and help often are needed in prosecuting large business enterprises, as I have found out. They are needed in the councils of legislatures and Congress, but we do not need an overdose of the profession there."

Mr. Beck, Mr. Daggett, Mr. Archibald and Mr. Goss, all members of the legal profession, chuckled their appreciation of the quip.

Mr. Gould was the final speaker, and the most successful rally concluded as the members of the audience came forward to congratulate the candidate and pledge all possible assistance, a pledge that Aroostook Republicans kept to the full.

The optimism with which friends of Governor Baxter viewed the situation is well illustrated by the attitude of some of Portland's society women who belonged to a small bridge club in the Forest City. There were nine ladies at the club meeting during the primary campaign, and the conversation turned to politics.

One of the members suggested that all express preference, and the result was: Baxter, eight; Gould, one. The club's

preferences were disclosed to Governor Baxter by one of his lady supporters. As he told the story later to Mr. Gould: "Of the nine members, but one went to the polling place on Primary Day. That was your lone supporter in the club. I later remarked to the lady who had told me of the club's sentiments that their aid was not of much assistance to me. She agreed rather ruefully, and said they all had been so certain that I would win that they did not bother to go to the polls."

Governor Baxter himself was equally optimistic, having the utmost confidence that he would be nominated by a large plurality. One day during the campaign he was in Bangor, and came upon some workmen who were stringing a big banner across Exchange and State Streets. Fred A. Gilbert, a staunch friend of Mr. Gould, had resurrected a Coolidge for President banner, changed the captions to "For United States Senator, Arthur R. Gould."

Mr. Baxter watched the proceedings for a minute or two, and greeted a well-known Bangor man whom he knew. The Bangor man mischievously alluded to the banner and asked the Portland candidate what he thought of that. Mr. Baxter smiled and replied, "Gould's candidacy amounts to nothing. He will not get any great number of votes."

The optimism of the Baxter supporters found no echo in the Gould ranks. In the interests of accuracy, it must be admitted that the Gould adherents were by no means sanguine of success. On one occasion Mr. Gould met a group of his workers in Portland. The late Fred Hinckley made a brief pep talk and urged that "We must all do what we can for we must make a showing."

"How many votes do you think I will get, Fred?" asked Mr. Gould.

"Perhaps one in three," was the answer.

Mr. Gould smiled and then repeated his question to Clarence

C. Stetson of Bangor who happened to be present. Mr. Stetson considered a moment and then answered in rather dubious tones, "Well, perhaps you will get one in three."

Was Mr. Gould downcast at this lack of confidence as manifested by some of his leading supporters? Not at all. He laughed, remarking, "You lads are about a lot and should know, but I am going to cross you up. I will be nominated, and I will carry this city in which we are talking." And the event proved the accuracy of his diagnosis as well as his courage.

A short time before the primary the late F. Marion Simpson of Bangor, veteran Republican leader, who was a most enthusiastic Gould supporter, came to Mr. Gould in some anxiety, asking if he felt certain about Aroostook.

"I have worried a little," said Mr. Simpson, "for a prominent man of Presque Isle told me the other day that you cannot carry Aroostook, in fact that you will not even carry Presque Isle. He said you have made no effort there."

Quite certain that he knew the source of this misinformation, Mr. Gould replied, "I suspect that with your informant the wish was father to the thought. I have made no campaign in Presque Isle nor in Aroostook. I am confident that my friends and neighbors will look out for my interests in our county. You need not worry about Aroostook nor Presque Isle."

Mr. Simpson continued to worry. "We must have a good lead in Aroostook. I hope it is not close up there."

"Well," remarked Mr. Gould in his slow, deliberate way, "I think I will have about ten votes for every one Governor Baxter picks up in our county, and the result will not be far different in my home town."

Mr. Gould overshot a trifle, but not much. His vote in Aroostook was 6,166 to 836 for Baxter; and in Presque Isle the tally stood Gould 879, Baxter 164. Shortly after the

counting of the ballots, Mr. Gould received a telegram of congratulations from Simpson, concluding with the remark, "Evidently you know your county."

While Mr. Baxter carried more counties than did Mr. Gould, the former's margins in Androscoggin, Franklin, Lincoln, Sagadahoc and Somerset were very small.

The primary vote by counties:

	Percival P. Baxter	Hodgdon C. Buzzell	Arthur R. Gould	Louis A. Jack
Androscoggin	1281	275	750	480
Aroostook	836	1049	6166	29
Cumberland	4854	1930	3845	185
Franklin	867	29	342	21
Hancock	526	411	1376	12
Kennebec	3364	1237	1635	62
Knox	433	481	320	12
Lincoln	501	395	211	14
Oxford	1428	328	557	97
Penobscot	1724	3046	5174	39
Piscataquis	434	588	761	3
Sagadahoc	690	319	409	80
Somerset	1237	371	926	17
Waldo	432	2764	243	4
Washington	953	86	1364	14
York	2584	1890	1821	105
	<hr/> 23,138	<hr/> 15,199	<hr/> 25,900	<hr/> 1,174

A glance at the results of the balloting shows that Baxter carried nine counties, Buzzell was ahead in two, while Gould topped the field in five. Androscoggin, Cumberland, Franklin, Kennebec, Lincoln, Oxford, Sagadahoc, Somerset and York returned pluralities for Governor Baxter. Buzzell was the leader in his own county of Waldo and its neighbor, Knox. Gould was the favorite of the Republican voters in Aroostook, Hancock, Penobscot, Piscataquis and Washington counties.

The advantage of the long-established Baxter machine was especially obvious in the small towns of the central and western counties. In the short period of the campaign, Mr. Gould had been unable to visit many of these unless very briefly. His chief effort, necessarily, was devoted to the cities and the larger towns, from which the voting response was extremely gratifying.

In determining Mr. Gould's great primary victory, most vital factors were the results attained in Aroostook and Penobscot, the two counties in which the candidate's life had been passed, and where he was best known, and, strangely enough, in Cumberland County, the home of Mr. Gould's chief primary opponent.

Aroostook Republicans, wildly enthusiastic, rolled up the extraordinary plurality of 5,330 for Gould over Baxter; while Penobscot, the county of his nativity, gave Gould 3,450 more votes than were thrown for the ex-Governor. But it was Cumberland County that was the pay-off.

One-sixth of the total primary vote was cast in Cumberland. Baxter was expected to record an enormous plurality over Gould in his home county, but when the votes were counted, he led by only 1,009, comparing very unfavorably with the splendid plurality of 5,117 that Aroostook compiled for its favorite son.

Mr. Gould developed most amazing strength in Governor Baxter's home city of Portland, which he carried, 2795 to

2675 for Baxter, and even defeated his opponent in the latter's home ward. Gould also carried the city of South Portland, Bridgton and Cape Elizabeth in Cumberland County.

Maine voters were amazed by the Gould primary victory. They had not given him an outside chance. His supporters were overjoyed, most of them probably were astounded. It was realized that he had thousands of friends, that eastern Maine had a legitimate claim for the nomination, that Mr. Gould had a remarkable record as a man of achievement; but he was without a political machine, whereas his chief opponent as Governor of Maine had been making political appointments for four years, and had proven himself a competent chief executive of the state.

The odds had appeared extremely heavy against Mr. Gould, whose personal political experience had been confined to a single term in the Maine Senate, a term that he had not sought nor desired. His Republicanism was life-long and unquestioned, but his active life had been given to business, not to politics.

What brought success to Arthur R. Gould in this campaign that he entered as a novice? His support by voters in his own Congressional District who wished direct representation in the United States Senate; the optimism of Baxter supporters who thought the former governor would win in a walk; and the intuitive wisdom and shrewdness with which Mr. Gould conducted his pursuit of votes. A vital factor also was the ease of Mr. Gould's approach, the rapidity with which he made friends, and accurate knowledge of Maine's great problems, gained by his experience in big business over the years.

No speaking campaign was made by Mr. Gould, but in the few weeks given him, he covered the state as completely as time permitted. From boyhood he had been making his own way. Brought up on a farm, he knew the problems of the farmer. He had been intimately and largely identified with

the lumber industry, with timberlands, with our railroads. He had learned to meet people in his earlier career as a clerk and then as a traveling man. He impressed people by his kindness, his sympathy, his frankness and his integrity. He knew the problems of labor, was reasonable and friendly in his relations with his many employees, and easily approachable. He spoke the language of the common man.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

SWEEPING ELECTION VICTORY

*Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course, and we are
grac'd with wreaths of victory.*

William Shakespeare

Following his victory in the Republican primary, Mr. Gould had to plunge at once into the campaign for election as the voting date was but a month ahead. His Democratic opponent was Fulton J. Redman, an attorney who lived most of the year in New York, in the summer months on Mt. Desert Island, and had his voting residence in Ellsworth.

The declaration was openly made in the state that Mr. Redman had the support of the Ku Klux Klan. In the primary campaign this organization was believed aligned behind Mr. Buzzell. At this time the Klan, later thoroughly discredited, had a considerable following in Maine.

The first movement, attributed to the Klan group, came about a week before the election, set for November 29, when a petition asking for an investigation of the primary expenses of Arthur R. Gould was filed with Frank W. Ball, Secretary of State. The complaint was signed by Rev. Arthur F. Leigh of Randolph, who was considered prominent in the hooded organization. The charge was made by Mr. Leigh that Mr. Gould in his primary expenditures had exceeded the legal limit.

At the same time another attack was launched with a demand that the United States Senate investigating committee concern itself with the Maine primary. It was claimed that Mr. Gould in 1912, some fourteen years previously, had given a bribe to the Premier of New Brunswick.

The Maine Republican organization acted promptly to refute these eleventh hour charges. Mr. Gould denied that he had made illegal expenditures, and referred to the bribe claim as "another cheap attempt to dig up some ghost in an effort to bring votes to the Democratic Party." The particulars of the blackmail forced from Mr. Gould and his railroad associates in New Brunswick have been fully given in a previous chapter.

In compliance with the request of Rev. Mr. Leigh, Secretary of State Ball ordered that hearing be held on November 26 to give Mr. Leigh an opportunity to be heard in connection with his charges against Mr. Gould.

There followed a political sensation that aroused the state, as Governor Ralph O. Brewster, on Thursday evening, November 25, the evening before the hearing and but three days before the election, declared that Mr. Gould had violated the primary law and therefore, he, Brewster, could not support the Republican nominee.

Maine Republicans were indignant at this action by a man who but a couple of months before had been elected as Governor by the Republican Party; the more extraordinary because Governor Brewster adduced no proof of his statement.

Republican leaders were prompt to hasten to the support of Mr. Gould, while many Maine newspapers declared the Brewster attack to be unfair, unsupported by proof and utterly unwarranted. Chairman Field of the Republican State Committee remarked, "This unholy alliance between the Democratic Party, the Klan and the Governor of Maine we believe will fail."

At the opening of the hearing before Secretary Ball, State Senator F. W. Hinckley declared that the open letter by the Governor prejudged the case. "If it had been made before trial in any court in the State of Maine, I am sure the Governor would have been held in contempt," said Mr. Hinckley.

The hearing lasted several hours and was marked by utter failure in the effort to substantiate the charges brought in the complaint. Rev. Mr. Leigh, the complainant, was placed on the stand by the respondent, and asked if he knew of one cent expended by Mr. Gould other than the sums set forth in Mr. Gould's statement.

"No," was the answer.

"Do you know of the promise of any such sums?"

"I do not."

"Do you know of any bill contracted in the course of the primaries?"

"I do not."

"Did you swear to the specifications and charges?"

"Yes."

These admissions by the complainant evidenced the flimsiness of the charges made, charges not substantiated by testimony.

Governor Brewster was called as a witness and asked if he knew of one cent spent by Mr. Gould or with his knowledge and consent, beyond the limit of the law, or of any promise to pay, and answered that he did not.

At the conclusion of the hearing, Secretary of State Ball promptly dismissed the charges, exonerating Mr. Gould of any expenditure beyond the legal limit.

On the following Monday, November 29, 1926, the special election was held, and resulted in a most sweeping victory for Arthur R. Gould, proving most conclusively the confidence of the Republicans of Maine in their candidate, and evincing their indignation at the last-minute and rejected charges brought against him.

Mr. Gould carried every county and every city in the state, a feat never achieved by any candidate in Maine, before or since. From Kittery to Quoddy, and from Fort Kent to the

sea, the Republicans rushed to the polls and rolled up a plurality of 48,273 in a total vote of 110,723.

The amazing extent of the Gould victory is clearly seen when it is compared with the results in other elections of that period. In 1926, Senator B. M. Fernald, in defeating Fulton J. Redman for the United States Senate, received 60 per cent of the total vote cast; in the same year Ralph O. Brewster, elected governor over Ernest L. McLean, received 55 per cent of the total vote. Mr. Gould, in his victory over Mr. Redman, received 72 per cent of the total vote, certainly a most remarkable victory.

TOTAL VOTE BY COUNTIES

	A. R. Gould	F. J. Redman
Androscoggin	4,677	2,739
Aroostook	8,943	948
Cumberland	16,163	6,757
Franklin	1,566	570
Hancock	2,564	1,627
Kennebec	7,337	3,106
Knox	2,225	1,505
Lincoln	1,688	559
Oxford	3,471	2,106
Penobscot	9,786	2,609
Piscataquis	1,919	726
Sagadahoc	1,930	794
Somerset	3,313	1,221
Waldo	1,485	779
Washington	4,111	1,085
York	8,820	4,094
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	79,498	31,225

Little more than a week after his election, Mr. Gould went to Washington to take his seat in the United States Senate

which convened December 6, 1926, and there he found that some of the Democratic senators, seeking party advantage, had prepared to renew the charge that had been made in the Maine election: that he had paid \$100,000 as a bribe to Premier Flemming of New Brunswick. That was the same old charge that had been twice repudiated, now renewed for political reasons.

When Mr. Gould stood to be sworn in before Vice President Dawes, acting as President of the Senate, Senator Walsh, Democratic member from Montana, arose and offered a resolution providing that while Mr. Gould be permitted to take the oath of office, in absence of any official information on the charges before the Senate, the Privileges and Elections Committee be directed to investigate.

The New York Times correspondent wrote to his newspaper that the incident apparently did not embarrass Mr. Gould in the least. "His natural features when set as they were," the Times man wrote, "formed a disdainful scorn."

The Republicans rallied around, and Senator Frederick Hale declared Mr. Gould had been completely vindicated by the people of Maine, that, after a thorough airing of the political charges, they had elected Mr. Gould by a vote of more than two to one.

Many of the Democratic Senate members did not agree with Senator Walsh. Senator George of Georgia, one of the leaders on the Democratic side of the chamber, took the floor and declared that Gould was all right and there was no need of a hearing. Others took a similar view, and it seemed probable that the resolution would not pass, but Mr. Gould did not wish the resolve to be killed.

After he had taken the oath and the Senate had convened for its next day's session, Senator Gould obtained the recognition of the presiding officer, the resolve being in abeyance. He

said that he was thoroughly appreciative of the courtesy and kindness of the Senator from Georgia, but that he did not wish a whitewash.

"If any reason exists why I should not be accepted as a member of this body," declared Senator Gould, "I wish to know it. I desire to come in here with clean hands. I do not wish any slander hanging over me. I exercise my right to ask a full and fair investigation of any charges that may be made against me." After this statement by Senator Gould, the Senate voted that a hearing be held, although a number of the senators refused to acquiesce in the vote.

The committee referred the matter to a sub-committee, with Senator Goff of West Virginia as chairman. The hearing lasted for several days, with Walsh of Montana presenting the charges. The sub-committee, after hearing the evidence, unanimously vindicated Senator Gould, and the entire committee accepted the report without a dissenting voice.

The committee report was presented to the Senate by Senator Ernst of Kentucky. Senator Caraway, one of the members of the Committee on Elections, gained the floor for a moment, and stated there never had been any question in the committee that Senator Gould was entitled to his seat, and said he had been completely vindicated by the evidence. Senator Walsh of Montana, instigator of the charges, acquiesced in the committee decision. The report exonerating Senator Gould was accepted by the Senate without a vote in opposition.

The testimony presented before the sub-committee followed the lines of the similar hearings in New Brunswick. The findings of the committee were that the \$100,000 was not paid to the New Brunswick Premier by Arthur R. Gould, but by one of his associates in the railroad company; that Mr. Gould objected to the payment of the money; that the money was de-

manded as a campaign contribution and was regarded by Mr. Gould and his associates as a hold-up. The report concluded:

“The committee is in entire agreement in the instant case in the following particulars:

A—The undertaking by the Honorable Arthur R. Gould and his associates to build the railroad was in the beginning free from any suspicion of dishonesty or fraud.

B—The transaction here inquired into had in fact no relation to the election of the Honorable Arthur R. Gould as a candidate of his party in the primary of 1926, or to his election to the Senate of the United States in the election held in the State of Maine in 1926.

C—The transaction occurred more than 14 years prior to said election.

D—It affirmatively appears that the Honorable Arthur R. Gould is a man of good character. Through a long life in which he has actively engaged in important enterprises he has borne the reputation of a man of character and integrity. The premises considered, your committee recommends that further action in the instant case be not taken, and that the right of the Honorable Arthur R. Gould to take a seat in the Senate be confirmed.”

The attorneys representing Mr. Gould were Frederick W. Hinckley of Portland, Martin Poseus of New York City, Charles F. Daggett of Presque Isle, Andrew J. Beck of Washburn, and J. J. F. Winslow.

After the report of the Committee on Elections was made and supported by the Senate, Senator Gould was heartily congratulated by many members. His attitude was highly commended as he had insisted on a full hearing, wished to avail himself of no technicalities, desiring only a decision based on the evidence.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

SEN. GOULD'S MAINE COLLEAGUES

*All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord.*

Henry W. Longfellow

In Washington

“When I arrived in Washington, I found the members of the Maine delegation very cordial and ready to help me in any way that they could. Senator Frederick Hale of Portland was the chairman of the delegation, and also he was the dean, as he had served longer than any of the others. In the House were Carroll L. Beedy of Portland, Wallace H. White, Jr., of Lewiston, John E. Nelson of Augusta, and Ira F. Hersey of Houlton.

“We could not match the ability of the Maine delegations of the days of James G. Blaine, Lot M. Morrill, William P. Fessenden and Hannibal Hamlin in the Senate, a little later William P. Frye and Eugene Hale; or of that famous House membership of many years standing of Thomas B. Reed, Nelson Dingley, Seth L. Milliken and Captain Charles A. Boutelle; but I think we were fully as devoted to the interests of our state and as earnest in our efforts as those former giants.

“In the Senate Frederick Hale, son and grandson of United States senators, carried on the family tradition. His office under Rodney Marshall, well-known Maine newspaper man, was thoroughly organized, and every request from a constituent was promptly, and generally effectively attended.

“Senator Hale, a pleasant, courteous gentleman, was popular with his colleagues in the Senate, and established in the highest

social circles of the capital. Mrs. Eugene Hale, his mother, a daughter of Senator Zachariah Chandler of Michigan, was a most charming hostess, as well as a woman of exceptionally acute political perception.

"In Washington it was often remarked that Mrs. Eugene Hale was a powerful factor toward the success of the three United States senators of her family, father, husband and son, a position, I think, attained by no other woman in our history as a nation. Mrs. Hale and her son entertained delightfully.

"The Maine members of the House were well regarded and competent. Carroll Beedy was one of the most able orators of the lower branch; John Nelson was an outstanding representative; Wallace White, one of the most highly regarded of the House group, sound and conservative in his views. Ira Hersey of Houlton, often called 'Uncle Ira,' was hard-working and conscientious. All of them were lawyers. The late Senator Fernald, my predecessor, was a sound business man who had been much esteemed by his colleagues.

"Our Maine members always worked nicely together on matters concerning vital interests of our state, were congenial and considerate. We had none of the cliques and quarrels that divided many delegations. We all were Republicans, and the group had an excellent standing in Congress.

"I was particularly attracted by Wallace White, who at that time was showing qualities that later were to make him one of the eminent members of the Senate. Senator White is not an orator, neither is he an advertiser, but he is a most industrious man, with a wide background of knowledge and a thorough understanding of legislative problems. His views and assistance are often sought by his colleagues, and he is one of the most sound and esteemed men in the upper branch of Congress. Today he is probably the best parliamentarian in that body.

"In the difficulties that I encountered in assuming my seat

in the Senate, I was greatly aided by Senator Fred Hale, who spared no effort in my assistance. I found him very likable and I respected him for his many excellent qualities, although our lives had been cast in very different lines. He was an aristocrat by birth, of a distinguished and wealthy family. I had come up the hard way, with scanty educational advantages, and my schooling was in the College of Hard Knocks. However, we got along well together, although we did not always agree in our views of legislative matters.

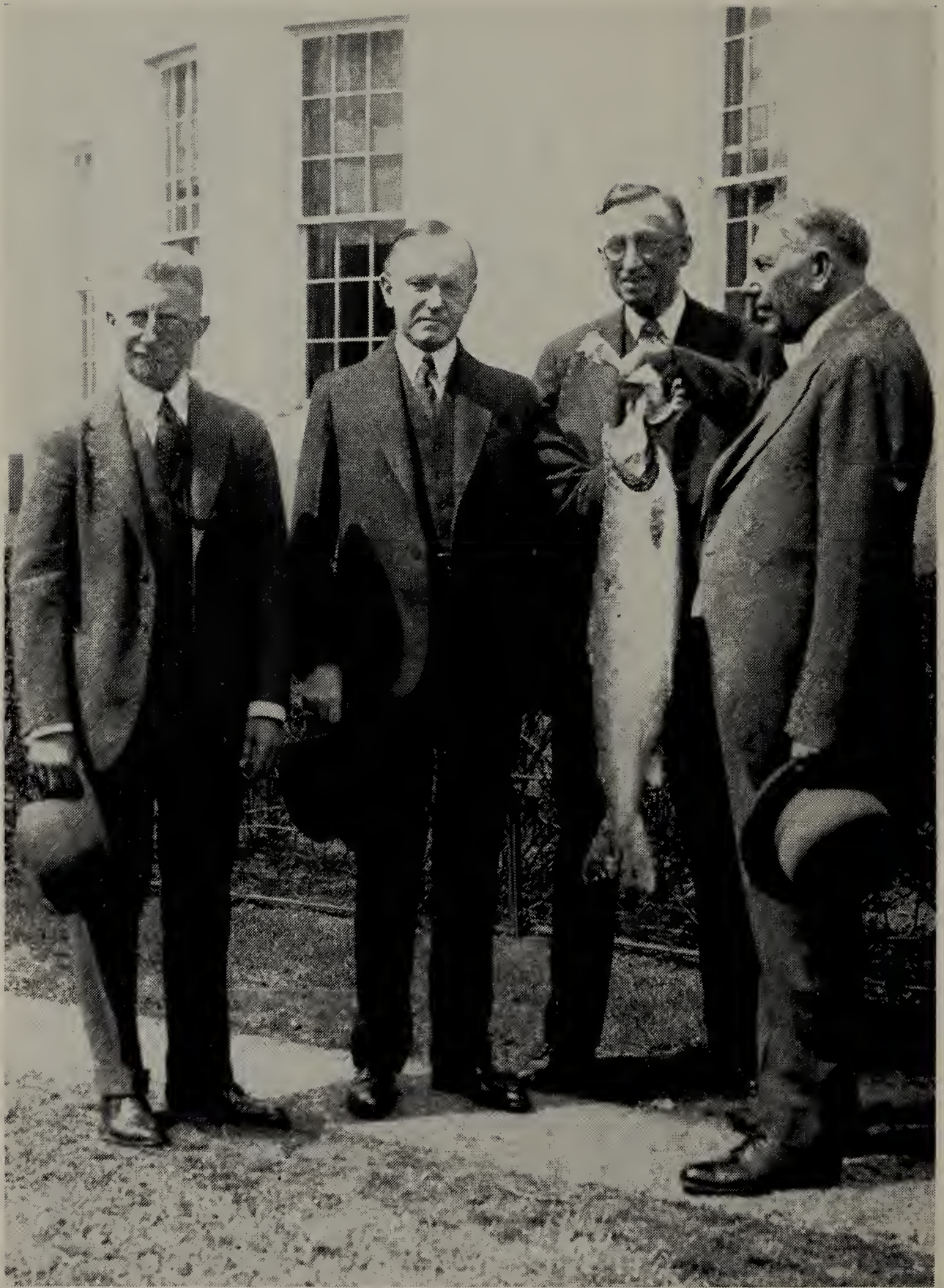
"I had not been long in the Senate when on a roll call I voted one way and Senator Hale the other. Fred did not like my attitude and was prompt to let me know his reaction.

"‘About that vote today,’ he said, as he came to my seat after adjournment. ‘I voted one way and you the other. That was not good. Senators of the same state and the same party should vote together. When we are on different sides the influence of our state is entirely lost. Today you voted with the Mid-West vote, and contrary to the views of most of our Republican senators from New England.’

"I thought I might as well let Senator Hale know that I was on my own and not under his tutelage. The legislation in question was a matter of direct interest to the mid-western states, and of nothing more than academic concern to New England. I had noticed that there was more or less antagonism between the two sections, but I did not let that bother me. I had thought the westerners were asking proper legislation, and so I told Fred.

"‘I am not questioning your right to vote as you see fit,’ Fred came back promptly, ‘I am pointing out that senators from the same state lose influence if they do not vote together. I have been here longer than you, and I have learned the truth of that statement.’

"‘I agree, Senator, that there is something in what you say,



Maine delegation presents first salmon caught in Bangor Pool to President Coolidge. Left to right—Senator Frederick Hale, President Coolidge, Senator Gould and Representative Hersey.

and understand the desirability of our voting in harmony. What do you suggest?’

“Fred smiled and was much less tense. ‘We could talk things over before a vote,’ he suggested. ‘You could then gain the advantage of my experience.’

“‘Now I can think of a better way,’ I replied, after seeming to think the matter over for a few moments. ‘My name comes first on the roll call. You can note the way I vote and then record your answer in the same manner. That will place us in accord and retain the full influence of our state in the ballot.’

“Hale got the point and never after sought to direct my vote.

“There was one occasion when Fred was very much put out with me. I had not met President Coolidge. Senator Hale came into my office one morning and said he had some business at the White House. If I would go up with him he would arrange for me to meet the President. That was agreeable and we went up.

“I was introduced, and Mr. Coolidge said, ‘I am interested to meet you, Senator, and I would like to know how you managed to beat my old friend Governor Baxter.’

“I did not want to talk about that. ‘Oh, I guess I was just lucky,’ I replied.

“‘I just cannot understand it,’ continued the President. ‘Baxter had wide prestige, Governor of Maine and all that, and I have been told that you had had no previous experience in politics.’

“‘That is right,’ I answered.

“Mr. Coolidge shook his head. ‘It is surprising,’ said he.

“The President continued to comment upon the vagaries of politics and my astonishing success in the Maine primary until it seemed to me that he might just as well have said that I was a political accident, and that it was something of a tragedy that Maine had not sent its accomplished and wealthy ex-Governor

to Washington. Probably he did not mean that, but he harped so much about the unexpected result of the primary that I became rather restive.

"Then the President turned to the special election. 'Understand you gave your Democratic opponent a beautiful trimming, and rolled up a big majority in every county.' Again Mr. Coolidge could not understand it.

"I may have been indiscreet, probably was not diplomatic, but I had to speak my thoughts: 'That I won was not due to any assistance of Mr. Hoover, and I am not certain as to your attitude, Mr. President.'

" 'Why, what do you mean?' he asked.

" 'The Republicans were closing their campaign with a big rally in Portland, our largest city,' I answered, 'and Mr. Hoover was to be the chief speaker. Just before the rally, Hoover wired that he could not come, and we were left flat. The Democrats circulated a story that because of campaign developments, meaning the charges they had made against me, you told Mr. Hoover not to mix in the campaign. I have no knowledge about that.'

" 'I had nothing whatever to do with Secretary Hoover's not going to Maine,' declared Mr. Coolidge, and he whirled his swivel chair around and sat looking out of the window for a minute or two, then whirled back and said, 'Well, I am glad to have met you, Senator.' The interview was over, we made our adieus and filed out.

"Senator Hale looked pretty grim, and I could see he was disturbed. 'You have gone and done it. You made the President angry, and I wish I had not taken you in. You will never get any favors at the White House.'

" 'Oh, I guess it is not so bad as that,' I answered. 'I just told him the truth, and no man should be offended at plain speaking if it is the truth. If President Coolidge is half as big

a man as he is said to be, he will not give our talk another thought.'

" 'You will find out later,' was his final word.

"I did find out. A few weeks later Mrs. Gould and I received invitations for a musicale at the White House. As we joined the line moving toward the President and Mrs. Coolidge, I wondered a bit if Hale were right, and I would be coolly received.

"I was soon reassured. When but three or four couples remained ahead of us, the President looked over their heads and saw me. He smiled, waved his hand and called, 'Hello, Gould, I am glad to see you here.'

"A minute later and we were given a very cordial reception.

"I could not refrain from ribbing Fred Hale a bit. The next time I saw him, I assumed a rather sorrowful expression, and asked him if he remembered telling me that I would be out of luck at the White House.

" 'Indeed I do,' he replied. 'So you have found out I was right.'

"I told him the story and he looked a bit disappointed, then said he would not have believed it.

" 'Did you ever get a smile from Mr. Coolidge?' I asked him.

" 'I'll be damned if I ever did,' was his laughing reply.

"I always found President Coolidge cordial thereafter, and Mrs. Coolidge a very charming First Lady."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

HEADS IMMIGRATION COMMITTEE

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.

Stephen Decatur

The unusual happened when Senator Gould, during his second year in the Senate, was made chairman of the important Immigration committee. Rarely does a member in his first term receive such distinction.

The writer asked Senator Gould how it came about, and was told that the appointment was a complete surprise, and, while it was much appreciated, it was unsought and accepted only with reluctance and after much urging.

When Senator Curtis of Kansas was advanced to the vice-presidency, there were some necessary changes in committees, as Curtis had held a number of important assignments. Senator Hiram Johnson, who was chairman of the Senate Committee on Immigration, was to be chairman of Commerce. The assignments were in the hands of the Committee on Committees.

Mr. Gould was absolutely astounded when told by his seat-mate, Senator Bingham of Connecticut, that he probably would be named to the chairmanship of the Immigration committee. Mr. Gould thought Bingham must be joking, but not at all.

"You are all but in," he told Senator Gould. "Senator Johnson at the meeting of the Committee on Committees today recommended you, and it is customary for the nomination made by the retiring chairman to be ratified by the committee."

"Well, I don't want it," said Senator Gould. "There are

others ahead of me in seniority, and some of them wish the appointment. I wish you would tell Johnson just that."

Bingham carried the message, and Johnson came right over to Senator Gould's office. It was almost against precedent for the member of a committee to refuse promotion to the chairmanship.

"There is nothing to this, that you will not accept the chairmanship, Gould," declared Johnson. "I have recommended you and I feel sure that the committee will accept my endorsement."

"But why should you endorse me," queried Senator Gould, "a man in his first term? I have no intention of coming back, and I am not qualified. I should get all snarled up on some of those big problems. It is nice of you to suggest it, and I am appreciative, but give it to someone else."

"No, not at all," returned Johnson. "I am to stay on the Immigration committee, but, as you know, a senator does not hold two major committee chairmanships. I have been on the Immigration committee for a number of years, and am proud of its record. I wish it to function to the highest degree of efficiency. I have watched the committee members carefully, and I believe that you have the best grasp of the problems and know more about them than any other committee member. That is why I recommended you, and it is your duty to accept."

Senator Gould offered a few more objections, but they were brushed aside by the vigorous Senator from California. "I will be right there on the committee, and will help at any time; but you are the proper man and I really regard it to be your duty."

Against his will, Senator Gould agreed. The word "duty" always registered with him. He never failed to accept a responsibility that he felt was his. The Committee on Committees accepted the recommendation of Senator Johnson, and for the

remainder of his term the Maine Senator presided over the deliberations of the Immigration committee.

Senator Gould later learned why Johnson's attention had been drawn to him. In accordance with the custom of the Senate, newly qualified members were expected to remain in the background, to absorb an understanding of the work and to listen to the words of the elder senators. The Maine Senator rigorously kept the custom-made practice. In the committee meetings he just listened.

There came a time when he no longer could keep silence.

The committee was giving consideration to an important measure proposing an amendment to the immigration quota law to include Mexico and Canada. Chairman Johnson spoke in favor, as did other members. There seemed to be no opposition.

Mr. Gould was amazed. He sat there, hoping that somebody would explain the close nature of our connection with Canada, but nobody did, and at last Mr. Gould broke his silence of months.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I feel that the passage of this bill would be an extremely grave mistake. I have no intention of making a speech, but desire to tell you a few facts regarding our relations with our northern neighbor.

"We need the Canadian people," he told the committee. "We need their labor, we need friendly relations, we need their business. I live on Maine's border with the Provinces, and I know, understand and like the Canadians.

"I know that last year Canada paid the United States for American imports three times as much as we paid to Canada. We cannot afford to offend a neighbor of that type, or to forbid them free access to our country. For more than a century, Canada and the United States have been on the best of terms.

The boundary between the two countries has required neither garrisons nor guns.

"Do not forget," he concluded, "that we need Canadian labor. The men from across the line are conscientious workers, honest and reliable. I have employed thousands of them, and I know them. I have had many Italians, Poles, Russians, and men of many nationalities working for me, and I regard the Canadians as the best. In my mind, it would be penny-wise and pound-foolish to limit their immigration to this country."

The committee had listened intently to the Maine Senator, evidently was impressed by his views and his knowledge of the subject. Then Chairman Johnson summed up, remarking, "You evidently know your Canadians, Gould, and much more of Canada than the rest of us; but what about the Mexicans? Those are the fellows that this bill really aims at. Do you want them to have free ingress to this country?"

"Go as far as you like on the southern border," returned the Maine Senator. "I am taking up the cudgels for the Canadians. I will string along with you, and if you are interested in lessening the number of Mexican immigrants, it is all right with me."

And Senator Gould added with a smile, "I had supposed that your main desire was to keep the Japs out of California," a reference to the well-known California phobia that brought a hearty laugh from the other members of the committee and a chuckle from the chairman.

The soundness of Senator Gould's views and the lucid and vigorous manner in which they were expressed, and the evident exact information behind them, made a real impression upon the committee. Thereafter in any discussion relative to Canada, Mr. Gould's reaction was sought and heeded.

The Maine Senator afterward learned it was that episode

that centered Chairman Johnson's attention upon him and caused his promotion to the chairmanship.

"There might have been a contributing cause," Senator Gould suggested. "There was a hearing on a bill for the construction of a bridge between San Francisco and Oakland, California. Johnson was much interested, and was pushing the measure.

"He was meeting with opposition from the Navy Department, and there were some engineers at the hearing who gave Johnson an unpleasant afternoon, asking all manner of technical questions, and being particularly insistent about the depth of the water at various points.

"After adjournment, Johnson and I were walking out together, and he remarked, 'That was rather tough going, and I suppose I'll get some more of it when we reconvene. I don't know anything about San Francisco Bay.'

"I suggested that he study a map of the harbor, and when he said he would wire home for a map, I told him I would send him up one from my office. He was surprised, asked how I happened to have such a map.

" 'Oh,' I answered, 'I am pretty well acquainted with California. I have a fruit ranch out there in Napa, and have spent a number of winters in the state. I always try to pick up information as I go along.'

"I gave him the answers to some of the questions that had bothered him at the hearing, and he appeared rather impressed."

Other important committee assignments fell to the Maine Senator. He was a member of the Committee on Agriculture, and in the deliberations of that body wrought earnestly and well for the interests of Maine and his own county of Aroostook. He knew his subject, had learned the difficulties and problems of the farmer the hard way in the days of his youth,

and had supplemented that knowledge by thorough statistical study and by travel.

"I have visited all the states of the Union except North Dakota," Senator Gould commented on one occasion, "and I always asked plenty of questions. I was inquisitive, always wanted to know how the people lived, how they made their living, the principal industries and the degree of prosperity attained."

The information thus gained stood him in good stead in the Senate.

A grower of potatoes for many years, the Maine Senator had a thorough knowledge of the needs of the Aroostook farmers.

"Did the committee listen to your views?" he was asked.

Smilingly came the answer. "They did on some occasions. You see, seventy of the ninety-six members of the Senate were lawyers, and only a few of the Agricultural committee were trained in agriculture, or had other than a theoretical knowledge of farm problems."

"Oh, yes, there was one other committee to which I was appointed," said Senator Gould, "the District of Columbia Committee. I did not serve on that long, for I soon found that it was a distinct headache.

"Every man and woman who wished to have an electric light in front of their homes, or any slight improvement, appeared to regard it necessary to make a personal appeal to senators on that committee. I had so many callers on trivial matters that I found serious encroachment upon my time, and I quickly resigned from that committee, well content to let some other senator hold daily audiences with the Washington populace."

The Senator pondered a moment, mentally reviewing his years in the Senate, and remarked, "I think I enjoyed the work of the Immigration committee about as well as anything. It was interesting, and we had a particularly pleasant and able

committee. They were reasonable men, and we discussed the problems earnestly and impartially.

"I thought we were getting along pretty well when I received a bill referred to our committee that was a sticker. It was long and intricate, and I was puzzled by some of the provisions.

"It was one of the duties of a committee chairman to be prepared to discuss bills when he placed them before the committee. Feeling that I needed some expert information, I telephoned the Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis. I identified myself, and asked if he would give me a few minutes if I came down, as I wished to discuss with him a bill newly introduced and dealing with immigration.

" 'No, you cannot come to see me,' was the rather startling answer. 'When the chairman of the Senate Immigration committee wishes to see me, I go to his office, and I will be there in fifteen minutes.' And he was.

"We discussed the bill, and I saw that he was posted thoroughly, knew every in and out of the immigration laws, and a very competent man, as well as informed to the last detail.

"I asked him to criticize the bill, and he made some suggestions. He thought the bill good as a whole, but with some unfortunate provisions. I told him to fix the bill as he thought it should be, which he did, and it was given favorable report from the committee. I knew I had gone to the right place, and after that occasion we often consulted. I also found William W. Husband, Federal Commissioner General of Immigration, of great service to our committee.

"There was a very pleasant sequence. Having completed my term in the Senate, I was packing the things at my office that I intended to take home, when Commissioner Husband walked in.

“‘I see you are getting ready to leave us,’ he remarked. ‘When are you going?’

“I told him the next afternoon, and he continued, ‘There is to be a little luncheon tomorrow noon, and I would like you to be my guest.’

“I liked Husband, and told him I could arrange. He said the luncheon would be at my hotel, and he would call for me. I told him not to bother, but a little before noon the next day he came for me.

“We drove down to the Willard, where I lived during much of my stay in Washington, and were shown to a private dining room, where I noticed a long table laden with flowers, and set for twelve people, but we were the first arrivals.

“‘Isn’t this luncheon of yours a bit swanky?’ I asked my companion.

“He laughed and responded, ‘Haven’t you guessed yet? Why, this luncheon is for you!’

“‘For me!’ I stammered. ‘What do you mean?’

“‘Just that. Just a few of your friends, who regret that you are leaving us, and who wish to show our appreciation of your fine services as chairman of the Immigration committee.’

“Then the other diners came in a body, and we enjoyed what I think was about the best menu I ever experienced. I sat with Secretary Davis on one hand, and the Commissioner of Immigration on the other, and I was so astonished that it was some time before I could bring myself to realities. My hosts were the top men of the Immigration commission.

“We finished the luncheon, and then it appeared that there was a bit more to the program. Commissioner Husband arose, and stated that the little affair was to pay honor to me, and to express their appreciation of the splendid co-operation he said that I had given as Chairman of the Senate Immigration committee.

"Secretary Davis was the first speaker. 'For the first time,' he remarked, 'we have had a chairman who has sought to ascertain from us what effect this or that offered legislation would have upon our operation of the Immigration office, who has listened to our views and has insisted upon changes in bills where necessary for the proper operation of the laws.

" 'For the first time a chairman on Immigration has asked our reactions before legislation was passed. Before Senator Gould assumed the chairmanship, it had been the custom to pass legislation first and then ask our opinion, if indeed it were asked at all.'

"After all the hosts had had a word to say, I was called upon. I was a good deal at a loss. I felt that they had greatly magnified my services. I wished to express my appreciation properly, but I did not wish to make a speech, or attempt to do so.

"Well, I just told them they were too kind, that I was glad if I had been helpful, and that it had been a privilege to work with them.

"In conclusion, I asked them to have another luncheon at a little later date, when I would send them down a salmon that would weigh somewhere between twenty-five and thirty pounds that I would get on the Restigouche River in New Brunswick, where I quite often went for the salmon fishing, being a member of a Restigouche Salmon Club. I told them I should make just one stipulation—that the salmon should be cooked in accordance with directions that would be sent with the fish.

"Shortly after I reached home, I went to the Restigouche, got me a twenty-six pound salmon, and sent it to Washington. And with it went the directions for baking it, which I obtained from the chef at the club, who was a wonder at preparing baked salmon.

“Boiled salmon is good, and so is fried salmon, but to my mind there is nothing in the way of fish that approaches a baked salmon. I guess my friends in Washington agreed with me, as I received a letter of appreciation from each of them, all stating that baked salmon hit the target exactly in the middle of the bull’s-eye.”

CHAPTER TWENTY

PRESIDENT ENJOYS FISH STORY

*But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.*

Thomson

Senator Gould chuckled reminiscently. "I often talked fishing with President Hoover. You know he is a great fisherman, just loves to go fishing, thinks that the best way to obtain complete relaxation from business.

"We commenced the discussion of fishing on one occasion when the Maine delegation had just presented him with the first salmon of the season caught in the Bangor Salmon Pool. He thought it an enormous fish, said he would like to catch one of that size. In fact it was not a large salmon that year, just an ordinary one. I told him we grew them much larger in our section, and that the year before I had caught a thirty-pounder on the Restigouche, and caught it with a number four trout hook.

"He was skeptical, laughed and remarked that it was a good fish story. The size was amazing, but he just could not stand the number four hook. I said it was the exact truth, and that it took me an hour and a quarter to land the fish, and explained just how it was done, and my illustrations convinced him. Mr. Hoover never tired of hearing that fish story.

"President and Mrs. Hoover invited in small groups for Sunday evening supper at the White House, and I was on their list. I was a frequent guest, and several times he insisted upon

my telling the fish story, remarking that I was one of the few living men, if there were any others, who had caught a thirty pound salmon with a number four hook. I narrated that incident so often that I nearly had it by heart."

Senator Gould spoke of Mr. Hoover with real affection, for he admires the ex-President greatly. He recalled that about a year after he had terminated his service in the Senate, he was in Washington, and met Senator Watson in the Senate barber shop.

After they had passed warm greetings, Watson asked the Maine man if he would not go up and see President Hoover.

"Why, yes, if you wish, but why do you ask that?" queried Mr. Gould.

"Because he likes you, and it will do him good to have you come in," was the answer.

"What do you mean, 'do him good,' is he ill?"

"He is feeling a little upset. The newspapers are banging him when they notice him at all, and he is feeling down."

Senator Gould responded that he thought things were looking a little better. He had been recently in Chicago, New York and Boston, and had noticed a much improved sentiment toward Hoover.

"Then you simply must see the President. Such a message as that will cheer him greatly," declared Watson.

Senator Gould kept his agreement, and called on the President. Mr. Hoover was very cordial, and when in the course of their chat Mr. Gould told him that he thought the public sentiment toward him was improving, the President was much affected and said with feeling, "You do not know how much this means to me. I am very appreciative of your visit here today."

In reminiscent mood, Senator Gould recalled some of the Senate members during his term of service.

"An able, conscientious and hard-working body," he de-

clared. "Of course there often was division between the Republicans and Democrats, but usually the repartee was good-natured. Vice Presidents Dawes and Curtis, who served as Presidents of the Senate, were competent and popular men, and were fair and impartial in their rulings. I was particularly attracted by General Dawes, who was very democratic and companionable. I found him sound and conservative, a business man rather than a politician. My friendship with him was one of the bright spots of my Senate term."

The writer had heard of that friendship between the Vice President and the Maine senator, and pressed for more particulars.

"I guess one reason was that we both liked to smoke," replied Mr. Gould in his attractive, soft-spoken way. "Perhaps another was that neither of us was a politician, and a third may have been that we both became wearied with the incessant speech-making of some of the senators.

"I was surprised one forenoon, soon after I entered the Senate, when Vice President Dawes asked me to his office near the Senate chamber. 'Come in and have a smoke,' he said, and at once pulled out his pipe and proceeded to load it. Everybody in those days had heard about that upside-down pipe that was his inseparable companion.

"We had a nice sociable smoke and chat, and he asked me back many a time. He said he liked to get my viewpoint. After we had become better acquainted, I asked him one day how he happened to ask me in, for I had been puzzled by his kindness. The gulf between the Vice President of the United States, of great reputation as a banker and business man, and a freshman senator from the northeast tip of the country was so very wide.

"General Dawes chuckled. 'Why, I liked the way you stood the gaff that first day I saw you, when you were standing in

front of me to take the oath, and Walsh insisted that you step aside, and demanded an investigation of your right to a seat. I was watching you closely, and you did not bat an eye or show the least embarrassment. You appeared disdainful and as firm-set as your rocky hills. I liked your courage and wished to become better acquainted with you.'

"I was favorably impressed with all the senators on the Republican side, with the exception of the little group calling themselves Progressive Republicans. I did not regard them as Republicans at all.

"George W. Norris of Nebraska and Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., of Wisconsin were the great American objectors, that pair. Norris had much ability, no question about that, but he always was fault-finding. Rarely did anything suit him.

"Jim Watson of Indiana, Hiram Bingham of Connecticut, and Arthur H. Vandenburg of Michigan were the senators with whom I most frequently associated. Senator Bingham was my seat-mate, and I found him a splendid chap, always agreeable and helpful.

"I soon became intimate with Jim Watson. He was the only senator I knew when I went to Washington, with the exception of my colleague, Fred Hale. I had met Watson when he came to Maine to speak at Republican rallies. He came a number of years and was extremely popular in Maine, drawing large audiences. Watson was well thought of in the Senate, and one of its most effective speakers.

"I remember when I first saw Vandenberg. It was when he took his seat in the Senate for the first time. I was sitting back in the seats occupied by the new senators. I liked to sit there because I could ease out when the meetings got too dull, and another reason was that it was close to Dawes' office.

"An usher brought Vandenberg along, and introduced him to me. The Senate did not open for about an hour, and we sat

there and chatted. I was much impressed by him, and when I went to my office a little later I told my secretaries that I had just met the new senator from Michigan.

“‘How do you like him?’ was the question.

“‘Very much,’ I replied. ‘He is a bright young man, and I believe that he will go far.’ Later events proved that I was not mistaken in my forecast.

“Senator Capper of Kansas was another man for whom I had much respect, as did other members of the Senate. He meant everything he said, and the Senate generally listened when he spoke.

“Simeon Fess of Ohio was another of the Republican senators who was among the leaders on our side of the aisle. He was a worker as well as a wise man, and he was always on the job.

“Some of the best friends I made in the Senate were in the opposition party. Senator Ashurst of Arizona was of these, although on one occasion I caused him to be ordered to take his seat by the presiding officer.

“I had brought in a bill relating to quota immigration with its provisions restricted to the Western Hemisphere. The measure had been carefully framed, and was designed to prevent legislation to include Canada among the quota countries, an objective for which I fought constantly in the meetings of the Immigration committee, and in the Senate.

“My bill passed my committee, and I had to read it in the Senate.

“I finished the reading, and Senator Ashurst commenced to ask questions. Rather evidently he did not understand the bill, and his questions indicated that he did not approve the measure. He had the idea that it was designed to permit an increased immigration from European countries, and as an example took Italy, and said that we did not need more Italian immigrants.

When he gave me a chance, I told him and the Senate that Italian immigration was not under consideration; there was nothing about Italy in the bill, the provisions of which were confined to the Western Hemisphere.

"Ashurst still did not understand, and began to argue about German immigration, said we had enough Germans in the United States. I corrected him again, told him Europe was out in this bill, but he started again to argue that we had all the European immigrants we could stand.

"President Curtis interfered at this point, said that the Senator from Arizona was out of order, that his discussion was not germane to the matter at issue, shooed Ashurst down and stated that the Senator from Maine had the floor. That was a rare occurrence, and Ashurst was considerably embarrassed. I do not recall that I ever saw a senator ordered to his seat on any other occasion.

"When the Senate convened the next day, Senator Ashurst came right over to my seat and said, 'I wish to congratulate you on your presentation of that bill yesterday. I made a fool of myself, and guess I was out of order all right.'

"As he said this, Senator Vandenberg came over, and remarked, 'I wish also to congratulate you on your speech, and also for setting down a good man,' and Ashurst laughed with him. Vandenberg then told him that I was merely being a good neighbor and trying to help the Canadians.

"Senator Ashurst did not forget the incident. I was back in Washington one time after my term was over, and went to The Cathedral at the invitation of Pete Sweetser of Caribou who was studying medicine.

"As we were coming out, we met Senator Ashurst and a friend with him. He caught me by the arm and said to his companion, 'I want to introduce you to former Senator Gould of Maine. He was a bigger man than I when he was in the

Senate, and the only man who ever set me down during my twenty years service here.'

"Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi was a nice chap with whom I became on very friendly terms. Pat was honest and sincere, but very independent and outspoken. He appeared to consider it his duty to make one address at each session in which he was accustomed to tell both the Republican and Democratic members what he regarded as their shortcomings. The senators alluded laughingly to Pat's annual speech, and always were on hand to listen, taking his rather sharply pointed shafts in good part.

"Harrison was thorough in his summing up, did not intend to miss any objective. I remember one occasion after he had gone the rounds, criticizing almost everybody either generally or specifically, he addressed himself directly to Vice President Dawes, who was in the chair, remarking, 'Yes, there are few of us who are not open to criticism. Even you, Mr. President, for when we were deciding by ballot the fate of an important measure, you were enjoying a nap at your hotel.'

"This allusion to a well-known episode of that Washington winter brought a roar of laughter from the Senate, with General Dawes joining heartily."

One of the warm friendships formed by Senator Gould was with Senator Joseph E. Ransdell of Louisiana. They were co-members of the committees on Agriculture and Commerce, and became intimate. "I liked Ransdell greatly," the Maine Senator remarked to the writer, "and it was a mighty misfortune when he was replaced by Huey Long. Ransdell did not play the Long brand of politics."

On one occasion Senator Gould remarked to Senator Ransdell that had the latter been a resident of Maine he would have been a good Republican rather than a Democrat. The senator from Louisiana came back very quickly, "You are a good fel-

low, Gould, and if you were a resident of Louisiana, you would be a Democrat," and he added quickly, "or else you would not be here."

One of the firm friendships formed by Senator Gould was with Coleman L. Blease of South Carolina, one of the most prominent and esteemed members of the upper branch of Congress, and known affectionately by his host of friends as "Cole" Blease.

"I knew Senator Blease well and admired him greatly," said the Maine Senator. "He left the Senate when I did, and we have maintained an intermittent correspondence over the years. Soon after I entered the Senate, Blease asked me if I would be willing to pair with him in case of his absence on a roll call. Mrs. Blease was ill, and the Senator was obliged to go to his South Carolina home quite frequently. I was glad to agree, as railroad business in Montreal often called me to that city. We kept the arrangement until we both left the Senate.

"One of the most delightful visits I ever made was to the Blease home at Columbia, South Carolina, a most charming city. Cole often had urged me to visit him if my travels ever brought me within hailing distance. I had been in Florida, and was returning by motor with my daughter Marie, when I realized that I was near Columbia, and recalled my promise to Blease. I drove to the South Carolina capital, left my daughter at a hotel and went to the residence of the former Senator.

"I will never forget the warmth of his greeting, the genuine pleasure he manifested at my arrival. I must come to his house for the length of my stay, there could be no hotel for me. I realized that the invitation was no perfunctory one, and I gladly accepted, for I knew that I should enjoy myself greatly in reviewing our Senate days with Cole Blease.

"I remained with Blease until the evening of the next day, and then picked up my daughter at the hotel and we drove

along. I would like to have yielded to Cole's insistence that my visit had just begun, but I felt that Marie must be having a dull time.

"If more complete hosts exist than Cole Blease, I have not met them. He was keeping bachelor's hall, as Mrs. Blease had passed on. Nothing that could add to my comfort was missing. During our Senate days we had compared the North and the South in various ways, and on one occasion Cole had remarked to me that there was one thing of which he was sure, and that was the northern folks did not know how to cook chicken. I hardly had got settled on my arrival when Cole told me that I soon would have proof of the truth of his statement about chicken.

"At dinner, after a perfect meal prepared by his colored cook, with chicken as the main dish, I realized that Cole's boast about chicken was not an idle one. I never had been so waited upon as there. A colored boy served me as valet, and actually put me to bed. His attentions were a bit overwhelming to me, brought up to wait upon myself, and when the Negro told me he would be in at 8:30 to dress me, I told him I guessed I could manage, but he came just the same.

"Blease and I talked all evening and the next day. He offered to drive me about, but I preferred to stay on the veranda and chat, and he said he had hoped that would be my thought for it was his preference. We had much in common, for he had a good knowledge of the lumber industry, and of other lines in which I was interested. And our assessment of various colleagues in the Senate did not differ widely.

"Cole Blease was not a New Dealer, and was not at all impressed by many of the Roosevelt theories of government. He was a very sound man, had been governor of his state as well as senator. I found out he was very popular in his home city, for as we sat chatting on the veranda, the passersby very gen-

erally stopped to make him a courteous greeting, evincing esteem and affection.

“Yes, that was a most delightful remembrance,” mused Senator Gould. “I was privileged to enjoy the rare hospitality of a cultured Southern gentleman.”

Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas was the Democratic leader in the Senate during Senator Gould’s term. As the latter characterized him, Robinson was not particularly impressive to look at. “When he was pointed out to me,” the Senator remarked, “I said, ‘Really, is that Joe Robinson!’ The man who had identified Robinson for me evidently thought I had underrated the Arkansas senator, and quickly rejoined, saying, ‘He is not much to look at, but wait till you hear him speak.’

“He was right. Joe Robinson had a wonderful gift of clear thinking and clear expression. Robinson had his troubles and plenty of them after the Roosevelt administration began. I was not in the Senate then, but was often in Washington, and in touch. Much of my information I received from a close friend of Robinson who also was a friend of mine.

“As Democratic leader in the Senate, Robinson was supposed to reflect the views of the administration, and to expedite the passage of legislation sponsored by his party, but he was among the first to realize that Roosevelt was leading the Democrats in directions they never before had travelled, and calling for action that was not favored by the men who had directed Democratic thought and policies before the advent of the Roosevelt regime.

“That placed Robinson in a difficult position, and, the more widely President Roosevelt diverged from the customary Democratic path, the more difficult it became, especially as conservative party leaders looked to Robinson to keep Roosevelt in line, to dissuade him from radical policies. The Arkan-

sas senator was not long in discovering that he had a real job ahead of him, he found it out even before Mr. Roosevelt was inaugurated.

"The incoming President summoned a small group of party leaders to meet him in New York in order to talk over policies, and Robinson and sound thinkers in the group received a most bewildering enlightenment. They found that Mr. Roosevelt held very radical ideas and theories, and that he was receiving such from some theoretical, but far from practical, college professors who were riding their hobbies and apparently had captured the presidential mind.

"Mr. Roosevelt had a college professor on either side of him at the meeting. After the group was seated, Mr. Roosevelt remarked that the meeting was for a friendly discussion of future party policies, then the professors took the floor. In turn they proposed this or that, policies far out of line with the party platform, suggesting ventures deep into virgin political fields, theories that were very radical, perhaps socialistic, to the conservative members present.

"There was no general discussion, the old line leaders did not get a chance. 'That's a fine idea,' Mr. Roosevelt would say to the suggestions of the professors, 'we'll adopt that.' Then would come another radical proposal and similar treatment.

" 'I stood that just as long as I could,' Joe Robinson told his friend. 'It seemed that we were there just to take orders. There was no discussion, the professors kept the floor all the time. I was boiling mad and decided I would get out. I grabbed my hat and started for the door. Mr. Roosevelt called out to me and asked where I was going. "Right back to Washington," I told him. "I have heard all I wish. I came here for a conference and not to listen to a lot of half-baked, cross-eyed theories of government." And out I went.'

"Robinson's intimate told me that Joe was mad clear through

when he returned from New York. 'Fit to be hitched' was the term he used. Said Roosevelt did not know enough to run the government. But he was more angry later when Roosevelt sent for him and disclosed the New Deal plans.

"That was when Joe really stepped on the gas, declared the President would ruin the Democratic Party and that he would resign his Senate seat and quit politics. He did not go to that extreme. He stayed on his job as Democratic leader in the Senate, but it was with extreme reluctance that he supported much of the New Deal legislation, and he never was reconciled to Mr. Roosevelt's attitude in surrounding himself with a group of wild-eyed theorists."

Senator Carter Glass of Virginia was another of the able men on the Democratic side, but he was a bit irritable at times as Senator Gould found out on one occasion. The Maine Senator had been given a book containing the pictures of the members of the Senate in 1905, and, noticing the picture of Senator Glass therein, thought the Virginian might be interested in glancing it over, so walked over to Glass and placed the picture on his desk in front of him.

Glass pushed it away, was not interested. So Senator Gould went back to his seat, rather disgusted that he had troubled himself. He learned later that the Senator from Virginia was sensitive about his age, and always evaded any questions in that direction.

Senator Swanson, at that time the Virginian colleague of Glass, was another of the Democratic members held in high regard by the Maine Senator, because of his ability. Swanson later held a Cabinet portfolio.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

BATTLES FOR MADAWASKA

*Straight is the line of duty
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the straight line, thou shalt see
The curved line ever follow thee.*

William MacCall

“There were two Walshes in the Senate in my day,” continued Senator Gould, “Thomas J. of Montana, and David I. of Massachusetts. The former was one of the few members for whom I had no use, and my dislike for him dated back to the day that I first saw him when he brought charges against me.

“It was not that fact by itself that occasioned my unpleasant reaction toward him, it was the unfairness of attitude and his readiness to strike at a newcomer for party reasons alone. Had he been following his honest conviction, I should have maintained no feeling toward him, but he accepted rumors as facts, and did not care how deeply he may have wounded another.

“That was not my thought alone. It was the reaction of such able and notable Democrats as Senator George of Georgia, and King of Utah, who, after hearing the evidence, were prompt to go on record for the dismissal of the allegations. After the conclusion of the hearing, I never spoke to Walsh again nor he to me. I did not like the man, and I was soon to learn that the same sentiment for Walsh was held by many Democratic senators. One of them said to me, ‘Do not mind Tom Walsh. He always tries to stir up trouble, and he can-

not take it when the trouble heads toward him. He is far from popular on his own side of the chamber.'

"David I. Walsh of Massachusetts was of different type. An able man, he was, and still is, devoted to the interests of New England, and he was well regarded. I remember one occasion when we did not see eye to eye, but that was bound to happen to all legislators. In the episode to which I refer, Dave Walsh was looking after his home people, and I after mine. Walsh had introduced a bill to place a duty on slush pulp, and the instant I read the text I realized that it was striking at a small mill operated up on the Maine border by the Frazer Paper Company.

"The Frazer Company had a large paper mill at Edmundston, but had lost its market in Montreal and Toronto when the International Paper Company built an enormous paper mill at Three Rivers, and gained the advantage of lower freight rates. Frazer had a small mill at Madawaska employing about eighty hands, and he was sending the slush pulp across to Madawaska and making a high grade writing paper there.

"Frazer could operate at less cost than the Massachusetts mills could produce the same product, so Walsh introduced his bill to help the manufacturers of his own state, who thought if they could get a duty placed on slush pulp they would not have to worry any more about competition from the Frazer writing paper.

"I saw the situation in reverse. If the Frazer mill were forced to shut down, many families in the thriving border village of Madawaska would lose their means of support.

"Senator Walsh had acted shrewdly, and in order to minimize opposition had held his bill back after it had been printed and placed on the Senate calendar. He had not called the bill up. On a Friday the Senate voted that all amendments to the general tariff bill must be passed upon before the coming Mon-

day. The general measure was then in the hands of the Conference committee.

"After that vote, I knew that Walsh must take his measure off the calendar Saturday, so I did not leave the Senate that day. Walsh waited for me to go out about three o'clock, as I generally did, to go to my office and work on my committee matters. I stayed right there, and so did Walsh. Neither of us went out to supper.

"Walsh knew I had been talking with some of the members about that measure, for he had noticed me circulating around a bit, and having seen me talking to Cole Blease he asked Blease what I was about. 'You'll find out when you take that amendment of yours off the table,' Blease replied. What Walsh did not know was that I had seen enough of the members to know that I could stop Walsh's proposal.

"Senator Walsh had hoped to slide the amendment through without objection. He had seen Fred Hale, and Fred had told him that he would not oppose it. My colleague was acting in good faith. He did not understand the intent of the measure, which probably he thought was of rather a private nature, a view held by many of the senators. He had wired Frazer and President Percy Todd of the Bangor and Aroostook, and had not heard from them as both happened to be away from their offices at the time.

"Finally, about seven o'clock, Senator Walsh took up his amendment, declaring its passage would be for the benefit of American paper producers. Senator Hale followed, saying that he had received a number of letters and telegrams, and none was in opposition. I waited, hoping that someone would oppose the measure, but no one rose. So I got to my feet, obtained the recognition of the chair, and made my plea for the little community far up on the Maine border.

"I did not attempt to make a tariff speech, just told the

Senate that this amendment, if passed, would ruin Madawaska, now a flourishing little town. With its main industry taken away, it would be a deserted village. I told them that the young people would be compelled to move away. There were no longer any farms to divide, there would be no employment for the young men and women.

“I told them how the Frazer mill had prospered until one of our great corporations took its business away, and of its later effort to keep its people employed. I made the best plea that I could, and I guess it must have made an impression, for Senator Walsh at once jumped to his feet, said he did not desire to do an injustice, that it was evident that the junior Senator from Maine understood the situation better than he did, and that he wished to withdraw his amendment.”

Senator Gould had scored another distinct triumph for his constituents along the border in saving an industry that meant so much for them. Another proof had been afforded of his watchfulness for the interests of his people, and his energy in protecting their interests.

And indeed another proof had been given of Senator Gould's unusual influence in the Senate, an influence that had steadily grown. His colleagues admired his frankness, his honesty and his industry as they respected his keen business grasp of problems and his far-sighted analysis of cause and effect. They knew his knowledge of border affairs, and were willing to accept his viewpoint. This was illustrated in the above incident as well as in many others during his term in the Senate.

As the upper Aroostook and adjacent New Brunswick had so much in common, Senator Gould often found himself pleading for his Canadian neighbors, and on more than one occasion was referred to by his colleagues as the “Senator from Canada.” Frequently his fellow senators introducing Senator Gould to a friend so designated him.

There was rather an interesting follow-up to this incident. The next morning Senator Gould received a telephone call from Henry Hart, Esquire, attorney for the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. Mr. Hart asked the Senator when he could see him, and was informed that Mr. Gould would see him at his office in the Capitol building at noon.

Mr. Hart came on time, said he was worried about the Walsh amendment, that he had not known of it until Friday. President Todd was away when he received the wire from Senator Hale which suggested that he be here Monday morning. He said that he had wired Frazer's attorney that he and others were on their way and would be in Washington the next morning.

Mr. Gould told Hart that if he could reach the men who were coming, by wire, he had better do so; that there was no need of their coming, that the matter was all settled. "All over and buried," he said, but Mr. Hart could not believe it, and said Senator Hale was in touch with the situation and told them to be in Washington Monday. Perhaps, he intimated, Hale with his long experience understood the matter more fully. "All right," Mr. Gould told him, "bring your crowd over to my office. I guess it is no use for me to try to make you understand."

The next day Mr. Hart came to the office, bringing two men with him, one of the party being Frazer's attorney, Mr. Hanson of Ottawa. Mr. Gould knew Hanson, who had been one of the lawyers against him in some right of way matters in New Brunswick. They started to talk about the Walsh amendment, and Senator Gould at once saw that they supposed the matter still was before the Senate. Apparently Mr. Hart had thought that Senator Gould was not in real touch with the situation, that when Mr. Gould had assured him everything was all right he meant only that he felt that the amendment could be beaten.

Seeing how the land lay Senator Gould said, "I judge that you have no confidence in my statement that your worries are over, so it is no use to talk to you. Perhaps you will have confidence in the Congressional Record."

"I asked my secretary to get a copy of the Record, which the members receive a little earlier than the general issue. Then I handed the Record to them and asked them to bring themselves up-to-date about the Walsh amendment.

"They read it over and over, saw my speech against the measure and the withdrawal of the amendment by Senator Walsh. You never saw a group of men so astonished and so pleased. So certain had they been that they were struggling for a forlorn cause, that the chance of defeating the amendment was heavily against them, that they were almost stupefied with amazement."

"Well," said Hanson, "I would like to know what we are here for? Senator Gould has fought our battle for us, and we did not even know that he was helping us out. All there is left for us to do is to thank Senator Gould and go home." Hart expressed himself similarly, but could not understand how Mr. Gould had handled the matter so successfully without any assistance, and why they had not known about it.

Senator Gould told him that he was there to look after the interests of eastern and northern Maine, that he had worked to kill the bill, and knew that he would be able to do so. He later received very grateful letters from Mr. Frazer and President Todd of the Bangor and Aroostook.

Before the delegation left Senator Gould's office, the Senator suggested if they would stay over a day or two he would be glad to assist to make their stay pleasant. Mr. Hanson accepted the invitation, but the others felt that they must return home immediately.

The next morning Senator Gould equipped Hanson with

courtesy cards, his chauffeur and motor car; and the Ottawa attorney, when he returned late in the afternoon, said he had had one of the most enjoyable days of his life. He offered to return the courtesy cards, but when Senator Gould suggested that he might like to keep them as souvenirs, he replied that he should much like to do so.

Then Mr. Hanson told the Senator that he was particularly gratified at the kind treatment he had received, because he remembered that when he was practicing in Fredericton he had made considerable trouble for Senator Gould.

The latter agreed that was so. "But," said he, "that has nothing to do with the present; that is all over and done with. I am here working in the public service and very glad to make your stay here pleasant."

"You have done that most admirably," returned Mr. Hanson, "and if you come to Ottawa again, I shall rejoice at an opportunity to return your great courtesy."

"One of the big Republican guns in the Senate was Senator William E. Borah of Idaho," remarked Senator Gould reminiscently. "Borah was a mighty able man, had positive views and was one of the members who kept the attention of the Senate when he was speaking. He was an honest man, and in my early days in the Senate I often wondered why he was not more popular than he seemed to be with his colleagues. One day I received an explanation that appeared to answer my question.

"I had framed a bill that was designed to assist the potato industry. I knew that Borah's home state of Idaho produced many potatoes, so I went to Borah and showed him my bill. He agreed that the bill was all right, but he did not enthuse much. In fact I was quite disappointed at his reaction, and a little later so expressed myself to another senator who was interested in the proposed legislation.

" 'Well, I am not a bit surprised,' he said. 'The point is that

it is your bill, not his. Borah never concerns himself greatly except for the bills that he introduces, or when he can argue against some proposal. He likes to have his name on bills that he supports.'

"Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire was another of the G. O. P. war horses. He was president pro tem of the Senate, and exceptionally well versed in parliamentary procedure. Vice President Dawes remarked to me one day at our smoking session that Moses was a much more competent presiding officer than he, Dawes, was; and it was the truth. I got along nicely with Senator Moses and always found him particularly ready to assist in anything, especially concerning the State of Maine. Moses was born in Washington County, and never forgot that he was a son of the Pine Tree State."

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

GETS INCREASED DUTY ON POTATOES

*Statesman, yet friend to truth; of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend.*

Alexander Pope

During his years in the United States Senate, Mr. Gould wrought constantly and effectively for the benefit of the potato farmers of his home county of Aroostook, and his record was that of distinct achievement. He did not seek to advertise his efforts, and he had his own system of obtaining results. As a member of the Committee on Agriculture, where his views of farm measures and problems were given respectful attention by his colleagues, Senator Gould had a good start toward desired farm legislation.

Early in his term the Maine Senator sought to secure an increase in the tariff upon Canadian potatoes, particularly those coming into competition with the Maine product from Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, where the cost of labor was much less than in our state.

The question of duties was in the hands of the Tariff Commission. Although the President had authority to step up or reduce a tariff duty to a limit of fifty per cent, provided necessity appeared to justify such a step, presidents were disinclined to act unless the need was imperative. They preferred to leave such matters to the Tariff Commission that was set up for the purpose.

Senator Gould was well aware that the tariff board of his time was extremely deliberate, that its findings were much delayed; and he wished to get his feet well placed before he appealed to the commission, so he called upon President Coolidge and explained that he wished to get justice for the Maine potato growers.

He felt that he had a good case and he made a strong argument. Mr. Coolidge listened attentively, said the presentation was a forceful one, but then remarked, "This seems a matter for the Tariff Commissioners, why not go to them?"

"I have that in mind," returned Senator Gould, "but I wish first to obtain your approval. The commission will take no action unless they believe such coincides with your views."

President Coolidge did not immediately commit himself, and the persistent Maine senator pressed for a direct answer. Finally the President smiled and said, "Well, Senator Gould, after all, I am a New Englander."

"That is good enough for me," said the Maine Senator.

A visit to the office of the Tariff Commission was next in order. Senator Gould found Thomas O. Marvin, the chairman, in, and explained the case. Mr. Marvin was apathetic, did not appear particularly interested, finally said that they would look into the matter. The Maine Senator wished to know when. That appeared to surprise the chairman, who answered when they got around to it.

"That will not do," returned Gould. "We want that duty increased before this year's crop is harvested. President Coolidge approves of this action, and if you wish I will call him on the phone and let him tell you so."

"Oh, no," said the chairman, who was more interested now, "that will not be necessary. I will take your word for that. I will send two of my investigators down to Maine, and get the necessary facts. Then I will report to you."

Two investigators did come down to Maine, and Senator Gould put them in the way of securing the information they desired, but there was no report forthcoming. The Senator went down to Washington in August, and asked the commission why he had not had the report of the investigators.

He was told that the research took a long time, and was but fairly under way. Gould was irritated, realizing that no increased duty would become effective for that year's crop. He told Chairman Marvin that he would like to see some action.

The Senator went down to Washington again in September, and again he received nothing but alibis from the commission. They had been loaded up with a great deal of rush work by the Ways and Means Committee, had to get many facts about the production of beans.

The Maine Senator is a patient man when he thinks honest effort is being made, but he is impatient of procrastination or indolence, and can be pretty tough. Then he speaks his mind, and he did on that occasion. He told the chairman that his office had not done a thing. "Let it drop," said he. "Don't trouble any more. I will work this out myself, and I do not wish any more of your help. You have done nothing in this matter, and your assistants are about as effective.

"They remind me of the boss of a river driving crew who knew his men were loafing on the job. Asked how the drive was coming along, the boss shook his head mournfully. 'My crew is lazy,' he said. 'All they are thinking about is salt pork and sundown.' "

With that parting shot, Mr. Gould left Mr. Marvin sitting dejectedly in his chair.

Evidently the chairman was disturbed, for the next day the two men who were supposed to be conducting the inquiry appeared at Senator Gould's office, one of them remarking as he

entered the room, "I doubt, Senator, if you understand our position," but that was as far as he got.

The Maine Senator cut in sharply. "You have wasted a year and done nothing. I talk with you no more. Good morning."

"But Senator Gould—"

"Go out immediately." Had the visitors been better acquainted with the Maine Senator, they would have hesitated no longer. But they persevered.

"But Senator—"

"Get out or I'll throw you out!" roared Senator Gould, exasperated beyond endurance, and rose from his desk with every intention of carrying out his promise.

The angry approach of 230 pounds of muscular manhood was too much for the tariff investigators. Perhaps they remembered the Gilbert and Sullivan song, "Now is the time for disappearing." Whether or no, they acted promptly on that precept, and fled at full speed without a backward glance.

That episode was closed, but Mr. Gould had just begun to fight. The Hoover administration was about to come in, and the Maine Senator hoped for changes in the Tariff Commission. His hopes were realized, and with new energy Senator Gould renewed his battle for an advance in the duty upon Canadian potatoes.

He laid his ground work carefully, secured the approval of President Hoover and the endorsement of a number of influential senators who were working with the commission in preparing the structure of a new general tariff measure.

Mr. Gould applied for a duty of a cent a pound to replace the current tariff of forty-five cents per hundred. Opposition came promptly from representatives of the fertilizer companies who declared that there was enough duty on potatoes. The fertilizer people soon realized that there was large support

of Senator Gould's demand, and sent one of their attorneys to him.

The lawyer rehearsed the arguments of the fertilizer companies, and when he found the Maine Senator was not at all impressed took another tack, remarking that the companies had many influential friends and much power in Washington official circles.

"Oh, that's all right," said Gould, smiling cheerfully, "the bigger they come, the harder they fall."

"You have a big fight on your hands," warned the attorney.

"I am used to that, I have been meeting large odds all my life," responded the Senator. "Now let me tell you something. I have a perfectly just case, with plenty of legitimate arguments to back it up. All your people can prove is that if the duty remains unchanged on potatoes, they can sell more fertilizer down in the lower provinces. The issue is clear enough, the welfare of a great American industry against the grasping fingers of a few producers of fertilizer. What do you think will be the outcome?"

The attorney squirmed nervously in his chair. He saw the point clearly and after a few moments of thought assented. "Yes, I follow you. There is some justice in your claims, but I think you are asking too much. Now if you could modify your bill a little, we might arrange this matter without further controversy."

That suggestion was what Senator Gould had hoped. He knew that the fertilizer companies had power, and he had not expected to gain a duty of a cent a pound. He had set that figure as a trader, and now the time for trading had arrived.

"I do not desire to be too tough," responded Senator Gould. "I will make this concession. I will put in the bill for a duty of seventy-five cents a hundred pounds, and leave the matter

with the committee, your clients to agree not to appear for hearing, and I also will agree to stay away."

There was a little more argument. The attorney held out for a sixty cent duty, came up to sixty-five cents, but found Senator Gould obdurate. He had made his last concession; it was seventy-five cents or fight. After a few days, the representative of the fertilizer interests returned, and said they would accept, stay away from the hearing and cease opposition. The long battle appeared to be won.

Determined to leave no chance for a slip-up, Senator Gould talked with his warm friend, Jim Watson, and some of the other senators who were framing the general tariff bill, and found the fertilizer companies were keeping their agreement.

"Don't worry a bit," said Watson, "it is all over but the hurrah."

Senator Gould went home for a few days. The Aroostook growers had a committee looking out for their interests, and noting that Senator Gould was at home, they became a little worried and called on him late one night at his cottage at Hobart Hill. He told them the matter was all settled, that he had the agreement in writing from the fertilizer people. They went away, but they continued to worry.

They did not believe that the fertilizer companies could be trusted, and some of them thought that Senator Gould was taking the issue too lightly, that he should be in Washington. Finally some concluded they would go to the capital and appear at the hearing. They wired Judson Briggs, Esquire, who was in Lewiston at the Bates commencement, and asked him to meet the delegation in Portland, prepared to go on to Washington. Mr. Briggs went to Portland, and wanted to know what it was all about.

Mr. Briggs was informed that they were going to Washington to appear at the hearing on potato duties; that Gould was

at home and they were afraid he was lying down on them. Briggs spoke his mind promptly, told them that if Gould said it was all right, it was all right, that it was a fool's errand and he would never have come if he had understood the matter.

The delegation went on to Washington and called on Senator Watson, who told them Gould had everything in hand; that no one was to appear at the hearing in opposition; that he and others would see that the duty was put on as planned.

Watson warned them not to attend the hearing. He told them to give him a letter endorsing the bill, and then to return home and cease worrying. He said he thought they should know by this time that they had a competent and influential man on the job. "And," added Watson, "nothing is put over on him."

The delegation was convinced and returned home, the members determined that in the future they would let Mr. Gould handle their legislation in his own way without interference.

Everything went as planned and Senator Gould saw the duty on imported Canadian potatoes placed at seventy-five cents a hundred pounds, just as he had figured. When he returned to Washington, Watson told him about the visit of the delegation, and remarked that he had the letter they had written, but he had not had time to read it. He gave it to Senator Gould for a souvenir.

During his stay in Washington, Senator Gould met Chief Justice Taft on several occasions, and was much attracted by the ex-President. The Senator went to the Unitarian Church one Sunday with Representative Carroll L. Beedy of Maine, and was introduced to Justice Taft by Mr. Beedy. The next Sunday Mr. Gould attended the same church, and after the service was greeted by Justice Taft and presented to Mrs. Taft.

"They were delightful people," remarked the Maine Senator, "no frills, just genuine, democratic Americans."

A direct man, who never beat about the bush, but always came straight to the point, Senator Gould had no patience with long and bombastic speeches, particularly when he felt that they were made only for the purpose of self-advertising.

Senator Heflin of Alabama had the speaking habit to a degree that irritated Mr. Gould, who stood the oratory as long as he could and then made his escape from the chamber.

On one occasion, a friend found Senator Gould in the park when the Senate was in session, and asked him if he knew there was a debate on. "Yes," came the answer, "I sure do. That is why I am here. I much prefer to be here playing with the squirrels than in there listening to Heflin's clack, and I think it much more profitable."

"Of course I had many contacts in the House," added Senator Gould, "and in the city of Washington. I recall my very pleasant acquaintance with Dr. George Otis Smith of Skowhegan, at that time Director of the United States Geological Survey, and later appointed by President Hoover as chairman of the Federal Power Commission. He was recognized as an exceptionally able man, and I regarded him a distinct credit to our state.

"Our officials in the Senate were agreeable and efficient. I was particularly attracted by the courtesy of Mr. Crockett of the secretarial staff, whose wide fund of information was always at the service of the members.

"When I went to Washington, I had intended to have a male secretary, and on arrival so stated to the ladies who had been serving Senator Fernald. The position was solicited by a number of men, but I soon found that the affairs of the office were being handled by the women with exceptional competence, and I realized that it would be well for me to make no changes. So I notified the young ladies that I had changed my mind, and wished them to stay on. I never had occasion to regret my

decision. Miss Olive Boynton, Miss Lena Bachelder, and Miss Alma Floberg were efficient, courteous and industrious, and I was proud of the prompt manner in which they handled the routine business of my office."

Close friends of Arthur R. Gould were not surprised by the stories that drifted back from Washington during his service there, reports of the intimacy of his relations with the leaders of the Senate, Democrats as well as Republicans, of the universally high esteem that was accorded him. And there was more than this, for Mr. Gould inspired real affection. One person who was closely associated with him during his Washington life remarked to the writer that he was the most beloved of the Senate members.

Another friend, who said he would be embarrassed if quoted by name, stated that everybody was fond of Gould. "They enjoyed his quaint mannerisms, his pungent and penetrating wit, his ready anecdotal illustrations always pertinent and relevant, narrated with an occasional chuckle in the slow and gentle tones so characteristic of him. 'That reminds me,' he would say, and then would come a humorous story, drawn from the rich wealth of his experiences, perhaps from the drive, the lumber camp, or the farm, always apropos."

The colleagues of Senator Gould also appreciated the sound judgment of the Maine Senator. They quickly realized the wisdom that had grown in many years of acquaintance with industrial and business problems, his clearness of vision and his frankness, for he never hesitated to express his views if asked, or if he thought the occasion demanded.

Mr. Gould's senatorial colleagues were aware that if the Maine Senator had made up his mind on an issue, the debate was closed. He did not come to a decision lightly, only after thorough study of the problem; but if he had determined his position, he was adamant.

The writer was informed of a conference in the Senate chamber of some of the senators who were seeking to ascertain the probable outcome of an approaching ballot.

One asked how Gould stood and none knew. It was suggested that he be seen, perhaps he could be brought to their side of the matter; but that proposal brought quick veto from one member of the group.

He said, "No, let Gould alone. If he has reached an opinion, it will do no good to argue with him." Pointing to the dome above him, he concluded, "That dome may fall, or other improbable things happen, but if Gould has made up his mind, there is not a possibility that you can change him."

At the end of his term Arthur R. Gould returned home. Despite the solicitation of friends, he definitely refused to be a candidate for re-election, although he would have had no opposition in his party primary. His decision was a disappointment to his constituents who were well satisfied with the efficient and competent service given.

Senator Gould enjoyed his Washington colleagues and had found his work interesting although he did feel that a lot of time was wasted and he was rather intolerant of red tape. There were reasons for his determination to retire from public life. His large affairs needed his personal attention and another vital consideration was his failing eyesight. The specialists had decided that he was afflicted with glaucoma, and had been unable to render any relief.

Despite his growing blindness, Senator Gould has been steadily occupied in business since his retirement from the Senate. Although for several years he has been practically totally blind, every working day finds him at his office his amazingly alert mind keeping pace with world changes, and meeting the many problems of his large business interests.

In 1932 Senator Gould bought and still possesses the township of Davidson which is six and one-half miles by six and one-half miles and contains 24,000 acres. It is on the Bangor and Aroostook railroad, 51 miles south of Houlton.

"I had no intention of purchasing Davidson," Senator Gould stated. "The property was being sold by Justice Barnes of the Maine Supreme Court, following the death of Ora Gilpatrick, one of the prominent men of Aroostook county, president of the Houlton Trust Co. and a director of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. After Mr. Gilpatrick's death it was found that his business affairs were financially involved and it became necessary to sell his holdings for the benefit of his creditors."

Mr. Gilpatrick operated the Summit Lumber Co. at Davidson and also was active in other lines on a large scale. He carried on a model dairy farm and had many fine cattle housed in a barn that was built at a cost of \$32,000. He had built houses for his employes and put in a steam plant. He was generally supposed to be a wealthy man but it was found that little remained for the creditors when the adjustments were made. The lawyers for the estate had appraised the property at a value above \$200,000.

When the auction sale was announced Mr. Gould had no intention of submitting a bid. He knew there was a lot of pulp wood and also some good timber on the township and besides the mill there was a large potato farm that had been operated by Mr. Gilpatrick, but he had many business interests that required his full attention.

Then Parker Burleigh, Esq. came to Senator Gould and suggested that he might make a good investment by buying Davidson. Mr. Gould and Mr. Burleigh are warm friends of long standing. Mr. Burleigh was in Washington when Mr. Gould was serving in the Senate and acted as chauffeur for the latter. He has handled many legal matters for Mr. Gould, who respects and esteems him highly.

On this occasion Senator Gould was not keen to follow Mr. Burleigh's suggestion but finally said that Mr. Burleigh could put in one bid for him. He had no idea that he would get the property but he did and found himself owning a township of land with certain well developed property upon it.

Mr. Gould cut the purchase somewhat by the sale of the high-bred cows for which Mr. Gilpatrick had paid from \$500 to \$800 each. Mr. Gould sold them at prices ranging from \$150 to \$200.

Mr. Gould keeps several men on the farm at Davidson, especially in the potato season, as he plants about 50 acres in potatoes. He does not enthuse greatly over his operations as a potato grower but he continues to raise a crop each year which probably means that he is not losing money.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

HOBART HILL

*Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery Thickets hail!
Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.*

Thomson

One of the greater pleasures of Senator Gould's life has been his close communion with nature at Hobart Hill, which is a small mountain about four miles southwest of Presque Isle. Here, many years ago, the Senator built a camp, so-called (it is really a commodious and well-equipped cottage) and there he has passed many happy hours.

Devotedly fond of the woods, of the study of plants and flowers and interested in the denizens of the forests, Senator Gould, after a busy day in his office often repaired to Hobart Hill where he wandered about the woods or climbed the hill and enjoyed the very charming scenic vista spread before him.

The Senator prepared his simple meals, (his friends say he is a world champion at scrambling eggs), and after a refreshing slumber in the forest solitude, returned to his office in Presque Isle thoroughly invigorated to resume his active business life.

Often Senator Gould was accompanied to Hobart Hill by members of his family, often he entertained a group of his men friends. That Hobart Hill camp has been the scene of innumerable parties, beginning with a steak or venison dinner with the late William Davidson, better known as "Billy" by his multitude of friends, officiating as cook.

Among the regulars at the Hobart Hill parties were George Dennett, village blacksmith and farmer, Fred Kerr, druggist, who now resides at Campbellton, N. B., Fred Barker, Dr. Herbert F. Kalloch of Fort Fairfield, James Wellington, Mal McDonald, Harry McDonald, W. R. Pipes and Mr. Davidson.

"Those were pleasant parties at Hobart Hill," soliloquized Senator Gould. "A jolly crowd of men, looking for a good time and finding it. 'Billy' Davidson was the life of the party, one of the finest men I ever knew, an able, honest gentleman and a delightful companion. I was very fond of him and I have missed him greatly."

"I recall one spring when I had a happy idea," continued Senator Gould with a reminiscent smile. "It was a beautiful spring day, the sap was just commencing to run and my thoughts went back to East Corinth and the days of my youth. I remembered how we gathered the maple sap, the delicious sugar that we made and how wonderful the syrup was with buckwheat cakes.

"Then I recalled a nice clump of maple trees near the camp at Hobart Hill and I determined to take a little vacation and go sapping. I spoke to my friend, Mal McDonald and he was enthusiastic so we bought some provisions, and spiles, buckets and pans for the sapping operations and went to the camp. We had told some of the boys of our plans and many of them came out to watch.

"Mal and I stayed out there ten days. We boiled down the sap and made some syrup but most of the time we were busy finding food for our constantly increasing number of guests.

"I was rather methodical in those days and kept a memorandum of my personal expenses. Well, Mal and I had a nice time for ten days but as a financial operation my sapping venture was not one of my best. When I cast up the account

I found that I had one gallon of syrup and that my expenses were \$48." Senator Gould chuckled with me and then went right to the roots of that long-ago experiment as he remarked genially, "You cannot estimate friendship and good fellowship in terms of dollars. Not all keys to happiness are financial."

The hill was named after General Hobart who served the country in the War of 1812 and who received a big grant of land in the present town of Chapman. The Hobart land passed through different hands until Mr. Gould bought the larger part, 6,500 acres, of Llewellyn Powers of Houlton in 1893, this lot running to the foot of Hobart Hill.

The area containing the hill was owned by a man named Murray who had cleared quite a sector of pine timber which he landed at the Mill Pond. Murray set out an orchard and made other improvements but finally moved away because the town would not build a mile of road into his place. Mr. Gould later bought the area including the hill and also purchased an adjacent mile square of land in the town of Mapleton.

The land that Mr. Gould purchased of Llewellyn Powers for \$125 an acre he later sold for a material profit after taking off timber to a value of about \$5 an acre. He reserved Hobart Hill for he was attracted by its charm, had formed the thought of making an asylum for wild animals and he carried out his plan. He secured a charter from the State to make the Hobart Hill area a game preserve and then fenced it in, and when finished that was some fence—eight miles of fence, ten feet high, and rather discouraging to poachers. The area abounds with deer, small animals, an occasional bear and a multitude of birds, and any detected poachers are sternly dealt with.

There is a very fine spring at Hobart Hill and a natural phenomenon is an enormous pudding-stone, as termed by our elders, which has been inspected by many geologists.

Mr. Gould maintains a herd of fine cattle at Hobart Hill and generally has had sheep and swine at the farm there. An excellent garden is also carried on. Hospitable Hobart Hill has shown its attractions to many notable visitors to Presque Isle and on many occasions Senator and Mrs. Gould entertained large parties of Presque Isle people with gracious hospitality.

"During my life I have been extremely fortunate in my associates," remarked the Senator one evening as we sat chatting. "A man is lucky who has such loyal people associated with him in business as Fred Barker, one of my dearest friends, R. H. McDonald, who came from East Corinth and kept the accounts for the Aroostook Lumber Co., an old reliable and one of the best, 'Billy' Davidson who was a director in the Maine and New Brunswick Power Co., Charles F. Daggett, my attorney over a long period of years and Harry Stebbins, long a business associate for whom I have high regard. All fine men, those, able and co-operative. Another highly regarded associate and friend is A. J. Beck, Maine's present bank commissioner.

"Again I have been extremely favored by the superior quality of my associates in the Aroostook Valley Railroad. There was Ross Thompson, one of the most efficient engineers, who ever helped build a railroad, as honest and good a man as I ever knew. Horace N. Crandall came with me in 1907 as bookkeeper for the Aroostook Lumber Co. He became general manager and later vice president of the Aroostook Valley Railroad. He is a perfectly reliable and trustworthy man in every way. G. B. Hallett is superintendent of the railroad and is another able man of the same stripe. Lloyd Ingraham is chief accountant for the A. V. R. He has been with me for ten years and is extremely efficient.

"Miss Alma Floberg has been my secretary ever since I went to Washington. She is devoted to my service and competent to the last word.

"Elmer Howard has been my constant attendant since 1932 and is loyal and faithful to my interests. He has handled matters at Hobart Hill. Harold Carter who has been with me for eight or ten years is another reliable and industrious employee.

"To this list of near associates I should add Agnes Nedean, who was housekeeper at our home for 28 years and is a fine woman. She married John H. Bouchard of Caribou, a very worthy man and they have a family of smart boys and girls.

"I should be remiss if I failed to mention Thomas J. Kennon. We often have been traveling companions and one could not ask a more considerate and agreeable comrade than Tom Kennon. Able and intelligent, I have found him a fine friend. Another old companion is Walter S. Allen of Bangor, one of the best."

In his extremely busy life, Arthur Gould has been an exceptionally hard worker, but wise enough to seek relaxation when the opportunity afforded. Aside from the family circle, he has most enjoyed travel and the company of his friends, both at his home in Presque Isle and at his cottage at Hobart Hill where he often gathered congenial groups for informal entertainment.

Senator Gould always has had a thrill from travel. Even in the early days when he was on the road as a salesman, he liked the experiences gained in meeting people, and the associations of the small hotels, or lodging houses where he stayed overnight.

With many a chuckle he recalls some of the episodes of those early days, as at Springfield, where on his arrival the young people always made quick arrangement for a dance.

He remembers one occasion when he and Ed Walker of Bangor were making a northern trip together as they often did, and visited Springfield where Mr. Walker was not known. The young men hailed Arthur with joy and at once arranged

a dance for that evening. The Bangor men entered the festivities with zest, and everything went merrily until two or three of the local swains thought that Mr. Walker was swinging their partners with too much vigor.

After the dance, these local lads followed Arthur and Walker to their room and started to pick a quarrel with the latter. Walker knew that he was not at fault in the least, and when the intruders became bellicose he simply backed against the wall and told them that if they were looking for trouble they could find it. They could come one at a time or all together.

Arthur Gould knew that Walker could protect himself, that he was perfectly competent either in peace or war, but he desired no trouble. He saw the local young men were a bit high, and so he proceeded to diplomacy. He told them to calm down, that Walker had behaved himself as a gentleman, and as a crowning gesture, he invited them to refresh themselves. And the episode ended as merrily as a wedding bell.

Arthur Gould's love for fun was the cause of an amusing incident at Danforth during his traveling days. He was on a summer trip over his Penobscot-Aroostook county route and had the late Walter Head as his companion. The young men stopped at Danforth and at the hotel met two women who told the clerk that they were spiritualists and that they planned to hold a seance, when messages would be brought from departed ones.

The women had a parlor room over the dining room and when the seance was commenced quite a number were in attendance including some men who were working on the railroad. All were told to sit down around a table and put their hands upon it. The lights were dimmed but no rappings were heard and no spirits manifested themselves.

Some of the members of the party became impatient, called upon the women to produce their spirits and received response

that there was a disbeliever present and that he must be ejected. And then they pointed to Arthur Gould and declared that he was the disbeliever.

"All right," said Arthur, "I will relieve you of my presence," and left the room. He thought he would go to the stable and see that his horse was comfortable. As he passed through the dining room he noticed the big bell that was used for summoning the guests to their meals. It rested on a small serving table which was piled high with dishes. It came to Arthur's mind to assist the ladies upstairs, so he grasped the bell and rang it vigorously. When he replaced the bell on the table he used too much force and down went the table with its load of dishes. There was a resounding crash. Arthur fled to the stable where he was soon found by the upstairs party, seeking an explanation of the dining room tragedy. Arthur asked them why they pursued him. They labelled him a disturber, he said, and he left them. He was now minding his own business.

The seance was terminated and the women left the next day. Before they went they repeated that Arthur was a disturber and declared that he brought the Devil with him.

By the hour Mr. Gould can relate interesting anecdotes of those days on the road—anecdotes that demonstrate his sense of humor, that show he was a fun-loving young man, a most congenial companion and an eagerly-sought guest.

He evidently was the life of the party, but it is quickly noted by the listener that his fun was never unkind, that he always avoided any action that would hurt the feelings or hold anyone to ridicule. His is a kindly, genial nature and always he has shown quick sympathy for the unfortunate or the afflicted, and been eager to lend a helping hand. This has been true during the whole life of Arthur Gould and is one of the answers to the high popularity that has been his in whatever walk in life he may have touched.

In high circles, as at Washington and in the realms of big business, he always drew friends—always was liked and esteemed. Similar sentiments have been held by his associates everywhere, by the people of the communities in which he lived and by the hundreds of men and women he has employed.

His love for travel has been maintained over the years. Whenever he could spare the time from his large business affairs he sought relaxation in travel. He enjoyed seeing new places, noting how the other half lived, meeting new people and learning about other countries and other states. Always he returned home with his alert mind stored with information and with new friends made. And with many of those friends he corresponds to this day.

For quite a period of years Mr. Gould made biennial visits to California, those trips starting in 1911 when he went to the Pacific Coast to see his sister, Mrs. Cora Gould Heald who had settled at Napa with her husband. He bought a small ranch for his sister and there Mr. and Mrs. Heald had fine success in raising fruit and vegetables and in poultry.

Mr. Gould is enthusiastic in speaking of California which he visited six or seven winters. He thinks it the finest state in the Union—with the exception of Maine.

On three of these western trips he extended his journey to Honolulu. The first time, in 1920, he was accompanied by Elizabeth Haynes, for many years a member of his family; on the second, in 1924, he took his sister, Mrs. Rena Bartlett of Fort Fairfield, with him; and on the third, he had as his companion his great friend, Dr. Boone.

On his second visit to Hawaii, Mr. Gould made the acquaintance on the outgoing steamer of Wallace R. Farrington, then a newspaper publisher and editor in Honolulu. The men soon found they had something in common, as both came from Penobscot County, Maine. Mr. Farrington was born in Brewer, and had done newspaper work on the Bangor news-

papers. They discovered that they had many mutual friends.

When Mr. Gould went back to Honolulu in 1926, Mr. Farrington had become Governor of Hawaii by appointment of the President. He sought Senator Gould on his arrival, and paid him many courtesies.

Mr. Farrington had visited Maine in the interim, and had found a new link with Senator Gould, as he had visited the State School for Boys at South Portland, which at one time had been superintended by his father, and where Wallace passed some of the years of his youth. While at the School, Mr. Farrington had seen the new schoolhouse which had been constructed by the generosity and energy of Senator Gould, and he was very glad to renew his acquaintance with the Maine man.

Many trips to Florida have been made by Senator Gould, and some of these were quite protracted.

"I went down to Florida in the fall of 1915," said Mr. Gould, "having been engaged as an advisor for a survey for a proposed electric railroad across the Everglades. My son Louis, Mrs. Gould, Elizabeth and the maid drove down to Miami, where they took a house.

"Mrs. Gould did not like Florida, and I went down alone the second winter and stayed at Miami. My doctor told me not to eat meat, smoke or drink, and I would come home twenty pounds heavier. I obeyed orders, and my weight did change twenty pounds, but I was twenty pounds lighter rather than heavier."

Mr. Gould had been engaged for the railroad survey because of the high reputation that had been accorded the Aroostook Valley Railroad, which was regarded by experts as striking a high mark for electric railroads. The plan for the electric road in Florida was on an elaborate scale and was in the neighborhood of two hundred miles in length. It went down the Florida west coast and across the Everglades to the

east coast. It was later constructed, but did not prove a financial success.

Mr. Gould did not make any large investment in Florida although he came near so doing. In 1916 he took an option on a plantation of 10,000 acres at a dollar an acre. This was located in the Everglades near Lake Okeechobee and it was Mr. Gould's intention to form a company, drain off the flat lands and have a crops plantation. But on close inspection Mr. Gould found that a great deal of draining would be necessary and he did not exercise his option.

In 1908 Mr. Gould enjoyed a trip to Cuba. He went first to Havana and on the steamer made the acquaintance of Mr. Just who was treasurer of the Constancia Sugar Company which had a large plantation near Cienfuegos. Mr. Just, evidently attracted by his travelling companion, urged Mr. Gould to pay a visit to the sugar plantation. Mr. Gould accepted and was much interested by his visit.

The main house was an old Spanish ranch, and there were 57,000 acres in the plantation. While Mr. Gould was at the ranch, a cog wheel in the hoist was broken and the operators could not repair it. Mr. Gould knew mill machinery, had had plenty of experience with it, and also possessed ability with tools.

He gave some instruction to the blacksmith and shortly had the mill in operation again. Mr. Just was impressed by the Yankee ingenuity of Mr. Gould, and doubtless by the clarity of his business views, and wished him to remain as superintendent of the sugar plantation, offering him a salary of \$10,000 a year, or, as he put it, \$50,000 for five years. Mr. Gould laughingly declined, telling Mr. Just that he had enjoyed his visit with his host, but would not stay five years in Cuba for the Constancia plantation.

About this time Mr. Gould went to Mexico on a vacation trip and thoroughly enjoyed his outing. With his usual habit

of making friends, he met some pleasant people. On the steamer going down he was at the table with a couple of very nice ladies from Des Moines, Iowa: Mrs. Weaver, wife of a Federal Judge, and Mrs. Finkbine. Probably Mr. Gould exercised his usual thoughtful courtesy, for the ladies urged him to visit a certain Mexican city where they were to stay a while.

Mr. Gould was sorry, his plans were otherwise made, and he and the ladies separated with regret. Later, however, Mr. Gould changed his mind, and arrived ahead of the ladies at their destination. For amusement he planned with the hotel clerk. He knew the hotel where the ladies had reservations, and when they arrived, there was Mr. Gould behind the counter.

He had borrowed a semi-uniform, and pretended not to understand English very well. The ladies were bewildered. They were certain it was Mr. Gould—it would be difficult not to identify his towering height—but he carried the affair off so well that they were thoroughly perplexed.

In 1929 Senator Gould had one of the most enjoyable outings of his life, as he went to Europe for a short stay accompanied by Mrs. Gould, their daughter Marie and her husband, William H. Wildes. That made a very happy family party. They went first to Paris and then to Italy where they passed a large part of their time in the northeastern part near the mountains, where they had most attractive surroundings and hotel accommodations.

The party visited most of the more notable of the Italian cities with the exception of Rome, which they had intended to visit but were unable to include in their itinerary because they had exhausted their time elsewhere. While in France they drove out to Rheims where Mr. Wildes had been in battle during the World War as a member of the American army in which he had enlisted as a private and came out with the rank of Captain.

Three years ago Mr. Gould went to Texas, where he had a most delightful visit with Mr. and Mrs. Wildes at their home in Dallas.

One of the great factors of Arthur Gould's success in his large enterprises has been his ability to handle labor. Throughout his life he has been fair to his employees, and always has kept to the strict letter of any agreements made. He has not demanded impossibilities, but he has demanded honest service.

It is noteworthy that persons who have been in the employ of Mr. Gould speak of him with real affection as well as high respect. If one looks behind the scenes, he discovers some of the reasons. Most important, perhaps, is the real interest that Mr. Gould always has shown in aiding and helping the persons who are or have been in his employ. In countless ways he has aided his "own people," as he terms them. He has eased their paths in sickness, has lifted them over their troubles, has been most sympathetic in their afflictions, has made it possible for their children to receive educational and other advantages.

The honest employee always has found labor for Mr. Gould most satisfactory, but the shirker and the incompetent have soon found their employment terminated. Mr. Gould is a most shrewd judge of persons. He demands loyalty to the job. Efficiency and industry bring rewards and promotion from him.

A marvel of energy himself, Arthur Gould has never tolerated loafers or disturbers. Many stories are told of his prompt actions in instilling discipline in turbulent laborers who had been accustomed to overawing camp bosses.

During the construction of the plant at Aroostook Falls, where more than one hundred Italian laborers were employed, trouble arose between two factions of these workers, the black-eyed and the blue-eyed Italians who came from different

sections of Italy. Mr. Gould was informed that trouble was brewing and coming to the plant on one occasion found about half the Italians working, while the other half had built a big fire in the pit where excavation was going on, and were idling in comfort. Had the men been working, they would have been plenty warm.

"Put out that fire," ordered Mr. Gould, and when the order was not promptly obeyed, he jumped into the pit and kicked the fire apart in spite of murmured threats from the men. The men retired toward their camp and lighted another fire. Mr. Gould was right upon them, although some of his bosses tried to hold him back, telling him that he would take a great risk and likely would get a knife in his back. Alone and armed only with the limb of a tree, Mr. Gould went right into the midst of the threatening Italians, and drove the men to their camp.

"I would not have taken that chance for a thousand dollars," remarked one of his associates.

Mr. Gould only laughed. "You must act with authority with a gang of rioters," he said. "That is the only way." His statement was proven, for he had no more trouble with that particular bunch of workmen.

Some of the men who have worked for Mr. Gould in the woods recall his courage and his readiness in case of difficulties. For several years Mr. Gould drove his own logs and handled the drives with shrewdness and vigor.

"He could handle a peavey with the best, could ride a log and break a jam," one man told the writer, "and he had unerring judgment in stationing men to guard against jams. And," the speaker added, "the men who were wise attended to their watching jobs. There was a man from Chapman who had been stationed at a curve in the stream to prevent a jam forming as the logs came down. Going down river, Gould came upon the sentinel standing on the edge of the bank,

leaning upon his peavey and sound asleep. A quick kick knocked the peavey away and the sleeping sentinel was thrown into the river. No member of that crew slept on the job after that."

Mr. Gould was a smart woodsman, soon learned the craft of the woods. He was an indomitable worker and his powerful frame soon became inured to fatigue. Often he walked twenty miles or more through the woods, day after day, and his associates soon learned that it was no easy task to stay with him on his woods journeys. Mr. Gould did not ask for any luxuries. The hard bunk of the woods camp and rough fare sufficed for him.

Charles F. Daggett often tells of a trip that he took with Mr. Gould. "I had told Arthur that I would like to go into the woods with him some time," recalled Mr. Daggett, "and one day he asked me to go and I accepted. Gould said he would furnish the provisions and that was all right with me, as I knew from experience that the food at the Gould house was always good and plentiful.

"So off we started for Burnt Land Brook, some thirteen miles through the woods. After it seemed to me we had been walking for a week, I suggested to Arthur that I could do with some food. He assented, we stopped and he took out the lunch. What do you think he had? Four pounds of salt pork and four pounds of raw onions!"

Mr. Gould tells the story differently; he says that they had walked only a mile or two when Daggett demanded nourishment, and that there were biscuits and coffee in addition to the salt pork and onions, "plenty good enough for any man," he added. Mr. Daggett's comment was, "I made up my mind Gould was a strong man—mostly with onions."

Mr. Gould could rough it in the woods and was satisfied with plain fare. Whatever was available was all right with him, but he always has been a discriminating person about food.

He was accustomed to an excellent table as a boy on the farm. His mother was a fine cook and there always was an abundance of substantial viands. He believes in buying the best, and his hospitality is unbounded. At the Gould home there is no certainty how many will sit down to the table, for Mr. Gould is very likely to bring guests home with him.

The Senator remarks that he always has been a good cook himself. He may have been kidding me a bit—he often does, and maintains such a straight face that it is not always possible to tell when he is romancing. On this occasion he said that he could cook almost anything, but that he was particularly strong at making coffee—said that was always his job when he had a party at the camp at Hobart Hill, and that “Billy” Davidson always cooked the steak.

I noticed that he had a most discriminating taste in cheese, is especially fond of Roquefort and other of the well-aged imported varieties, and commented upon the fact. He acquiesced and asked, “Did you ever have any Oka cheese?”

I admitted my ignorance, and I settled myself for an anecdote as he continued in his slow reminiscent way as his thoughts went back to a recollection of a generation before.

“Well,” he chuckled, “if you have not experienced Oka, you do not know a thing about strong cheese. There was a cheese that made strong men tremble. When you tasted Oka you forgot all about Roquefort and Limburger.

“Not everybody could purchase Oka. It was made by some monks somewhere in the vicinity of Montreal, and I always tried to get some when I was in that city. It had to be handled carefully or it would walk and leave you, it was so robust. When it got nicely ripe, it had an odor that you could follow around the world.

“Nat Jones and I were in Montreal one time, stopping at the Windsor Hotel. We were all ready to go home, and I went out to get a box of Fanny Farmer candy for my girls,

and Nat went along. I got the candy and then I thought of Oka cheese and got me one. On my recommendation Nat bought one also. I thought I'd better wrap up the cheese, so I bought a couple of horse blankets that I needed, and to complete my purchases I got a couple of bottles of Hennessy's Three-Star brandy.

"I expressed the blankets with their center of cheese to Aroostook Junction, and a few days after I got home I asked a friend, who was going down to the Junction, to bring me up a package he would find there. The weather had been pretty warm, and it appeared that a rather strong odor had begun to permeate the office at the Junction, where my package was awaiting me.

"The office men traced the smell to the package, and one remarked to the other, 'Gould has bought some bear meat and forgotten about it. You'd better throw it out, or else we will have to evacuate the office.'

"When my friend went after my package, he saw one of the office men conveying a bundle off the premises on the business end of a pitchfork. 'What have you there?' he asked. 'Oh, it's some bear meat that Gould left here and has forgotten. It is all ready to be buried.'

"My friend knew his suspicions were correct, and he rescued my Oka and brought it with the blankets to me at the mill. I cut the cheese in two, taking part home and leaving the rest at the mill, placing it on a high shelf. Well, Mrs. Williamson, my secretary then, became aware of its presence, followed her nose, thought she had found something diseased and promptly opened the window and threw it out in the deep snow.

"Pretty soon I wanted a bit of lunch but could not find the cheese, and asked Mrs. Williamson if she had seen it. 'Was that horrible affair cheese?' she asked. 'Yes, I did see it, and I threw it out the window in the snow.' I insisted that

she retrieve the cheese from the snow bank and that finished the adventure of that particular morsel of Oka.

“Nat Jones had a somewhat similar experience with his cheese, for he left it in his room at the Windsor and the chambermaid, not thinking it fit for human consumption, threw it out the window onto the roof where it fell in the snow. Nat hunted for it a little later and finally looked out the window and saw it. He assumed that Oka was sufficiently robust to survive a snow bath and out the window he went and recovered it. That Oka sure was some cheese. When you ate it you knew you had been somewhere.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

MR. GOULD'S RELIGIOUS LIFE

We walk by faith, not by sight.

II Corinthians v. 7

This chapter was contributed at the author's request by Rev. Daniel J. Feeney, Priest of St. Mary's Catholic Church of Presque Isle, who is an intimate friend of Senator Gould and the members of the Gould family. Father Feeney is admired and esteemed by Presque Isle people and is a young man of culture, ability and human sympathy. Of Senator Gould's religious life he writes:

Somewhere in the essays of G. K. Chesterton appears his reference to the London boarding-house keeper and her prospective lodger. It has been often quoted, and like so many of Chesterton's pithy sentences, it contains a wealth of meaning. He observed that a woman keeping a boarding house should not interest herself in the honesty or reputation of a prospective boarder, but rather should be interested in his philosophy of life. The substance of the observation is, of course, that if a man's beliefs and convictions include respect for his neighbor's property, he would be a better risk than one whose aim is to outwit and even cheat his neighbor, notwithstanding past reputation.

In a man's philosophy of life, religion, or even its absence, bulks large. In the life of Mr. Gould we find abundant evidence of religious influence beginning in boyhood days and continuing through his life. Both Arthur's father and mother were religious people. His father was an active member of

the Methodist Church in East Corinth, while his mother had always been a member of the Baptist Church. For the sake of unity in the home on religious matters, while the elder Gould lived, the family, including Mrs. Gould, attended the Methodist services and Sunday School. From childhood until the age of fifteen Arthur was a regular attendant at these services.

On the death of his father, when Arthur was in his 16th year, the family joined the mother in her return to the Baptist Church, in Corinth, which he attended regularly until his eighteenth year, with the exception of a year spent with his uncle, Bethuel Gould, in Wauseon, Ohio.

Uncle Bethuel, as Arthur constantly refers to him, was a member of the society known as United Brethren. Arthur remembers him as one of the most religious and faithful men he ever knew, and has always declared that he was deeply impressed by the influence of religion on his uncle, and in turn was influenced by his splendid example.

In his nineteenth year Arthur moved with his mother to Bangor, and there his religious life continued. His eldest sister, Eva, attended the Universalist Church, and since she was already established and acquainted in Bangor, the family joined with her in her church attendance.

As he became better acquainted with young men and established friendships with them, Arthur often varied his church attendance and frequently worshipped in the churches of his friends. He particularly recalls going often to the Third Congregational Church. His brother remained loyal to the Methodist Church and took part in the services of that Church on Union Street, Arthur often accompanying him. Despite this religious activity in his early life, Arthur did not become affiliated officially with any particular denomination, nor was he ever baptized as a member of any of them.

At the age of twenty-three Arthur married Miss Mary Donovan of Bangor. Miss Donovan was a Catholic and the

marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. John W. Murphy, the parish priest of St. Mary's Church on Cedar Street. By this union Arthur came, indirectly, at least, under jurisdiction of the Catholic Church, for he had to agree to the freedom of his wife's religious life, as well as promise that all children of either sex born of the union should be baptized and educated in the Catholic faith. Thus he was made acquainted with the Catholic faith and occasionally attended Mass with his wife.

In 1886 he took up his permanent residence in Presque Isle. This change of residence made little difference in his church-going habits. As many of his friends and business associates were members of the Unitarian Church, he began to attend the services of that society, and when at home never missed his Sunday attendance. He remembers with pleasure several of the ministers and the good quality of their preaching. As was the case in Bangor with the other denominations, he never became affiliated with the Unitarian Church, or as he describes it, he did not join the Church.

During these early years in the life of his growing family, he also attended Mass with Mrs. Gould and the children. Loyal to his given word, his children had been baptized and reared in the Catholic faith. These habits continued for years as Mr. Gould progressed in business and prominence in the affairs of Presque Isle and Aroostook County.

In speaking of his regularity as a church member, he declared that he saw nothing unusual in it, since he had been trained in it as a boy and always considered it a necessary duty. He never had any denominational preferences or prejudices, and controversial points of doctrine neither interested him nor disturbed him.

There is no doubt that the deep religious life of Mrs. Gould must have had a vital influence upon her husband who so deeply respected her. Arthur Gould recognized her de-

votion to her faith and her unfailing adherence to every principle and tenet of the Catholic Church. It was natural that he should wish to share the spiritual union that bound his wife and children.

In 1920, unknown to his wife and family, he began to study and read systematically features of the Catholic faith. He had remarked in his visits to the Catholic Church the continued stress placed on the personality of Christ, whereas his memory of the various denominations whose services he had attended was of the stress given more to God the Father, or as he himself says, the Almighty.

For the first time he began to interest himself in particular points of doctrine, and came to the conclusion that all religion depended on the truth of the divinity of Christ. He procured several books on the life of Christ, studied them and consulted with a few of his trusted friends on the matter. One of these friends was Herbert Heath of Augusta who had been his attorney. He asked Mr. Heath what he thought of the divinity of Christ, and Mr. Heath replied that he would not wish a better case to take into court than that of proving this truth.

In 1926 he ran for the U. S. Senate and in the campaign met Mr. Thomas J. Kennon of Portland, who became his campaign manager. Mr. Kennon was a Catholic layman who took his religion seriously, and his fidelity to his religious duties made a deeper impression on a mind already concerned with religious truth.

As a result of their companionship, discussions on religious topics became part of their conversation. This was the first time that Mr. Gould undertook such discussions, as by agreement between him and Mrs. Gould at the time of their marriage, there were two subjects that never were to be argued or discussed in the home, politics and religion, for both he and Mrs. Gould were on opposite sides on these two

subjects, she and her family always having been Democrats and Catholics, while he and his family were Republicans and Protestants.

In course of these conversations, Mr. Gould told Mr. Kennon about an old friend of his of many years before, Judge Robinson of Houlton and Presque Isle. The judge had been seriously ill with diabetes. He was not a Catholic, but among his friends he numbered Peter Charles Keegan of Van Buren, probably the most outstanding Catholic layman in northern Maine.

One day during his illness Mr. Keegan visited him in the capacity of a friend, and the judge told him that he had heard much of the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre in Quebec. He wondered if it would do him any good to go there on a pilgrimage. Mr. Keegan fell in with the idea, and though it was winter, once he knew that Mr. Keegan would accompany him, the judge insisted on going.

As Mr. Gould recalled, Judge Robinson went to the shrine on a bed, experienced a cure of his illness, began the study of the Catholic faith and became an earnest and sincere Catholic for the rest of his life.

Mr. Gould then was beginning to notice the first symptoms of failing sight. Mr. Kennon suggested that they too, after the example of Judge Robinson, make a pilgrimage to the famous shrine. Together in the next few years they made annual visits to the shrine where Mr. Gould met one of the Redemptorist Fathers in charge of the shrine and received further satisfaction in his religious quest.

As he himself said, after all he had seen and heard there, he decided that the Catholic Church was about as near right in religion as anything could be. Unlike his old friend, the judge, he did not experience any help in his affliction. Meanwhile, in Washington attending to his duties in the Senate, he became a regular attendant at Catholic Church services

in the company of two young men from Caribou, students of law and medicine, Messrs. O'Regan and Sweetser.

Mr. Gould did not enter the primaries in 1930 for reelection to the Senate, and thus concluded his service in March, 1931. With more leisure for study and discussion, he again turned his attention to the question of religion.

Though he had been very friendly with the various Catholic parish priests of Presque Isle, he had never undertaken a formal course of instructions in the Catholic faith. Among his clerical friends he always spoke very highly of the Rev. James A. Hayes, who was pastor of St. Mary's, Presque Isle, from 1915 to 1929; and the Rev. Paul Buhrer, pastor of the parish of St. Agatha in northern Aroostook.

In the fall of 1931 he asked the Rev. Daniel J. Feeney, successor to Father Hayes, to give him a formal course of instructions in Catholic doctrine, with the view of making a definite decision on so important a matter. For a period of some three months, Father Feeney visited him two evenings each week, explaining Catholic teaching, clarifying difficulties, and in general giving the same course of instructions that is given to any prospective convert to the Catholic faith.

Towards the close of the period of instructions, Mr. Gould asked Father Feeney if he might be received into the Church before Christmas, as a Christmas gift to himself and his family. Father Feeney had this in mind himself, and after satisfying himself that Mr. Gould was convinced of the Church's position as the authoritative teacher of the religion of Christ, he received him into the Church December 20, 1931.

His sponsors were his old friend, Mr. Thomas J. Kennon, and his adopted daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Sands. Mr. Gould received the sacrament of Confirmation July 25, 1933, at the hands of the Most Reverend Joseph E. McCarthy, Bishop of Portland, Mr. Kennon acting as his sponsor.

Two of Mr. Gould's grandchildren, Maxine, daughter of

Dr. and Mrs. Louis E. Gould, and Donald, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wildes, participated in this ceremony, being confirmed at the same time as Mr. Gould.

Since becoming an active member of the Church, Mr. Gould has been regular and faithful in attendance at Mass, in the reception of the sacraments, and in general, considering his advanced years and almost total blindness, has given an example of religious regularity that puts to shame many of his brethren who were born and brought up in the faith.

In sketching this chapter on the religious life of Mr. Gould it can be seen that religion has played an important part in his life. This he attributes to the splendid example of his father and mother, his Uncle Bethuel Gould and his wife and children. As most of his life was spent in business and trade, we might expect to find that his religious principles exerted an influence in his business affairs, so we may conclude this chapter with his own words:

“If I have anything to be proud of in my life, it is that I always paid one hundred cents on a dollar; I don't think any man ever lived who could say that I ever treated him dishonestly. That is what my early religious training did for me.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

FAMILY OF ARTHUR GOULD

*But every house where Love abides
And friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home, sweet home:
For there the heart can rest.*

Dr. Henry Van Dyke

The Gould home at Presque Isle always has been the Mecca for many visitors. The friendship list of Senator and Mrs. Gould was exceptionally long, and the family one of the most hospitable. The visitors found most gracious welcome, and experienced New England hospitality at its best.

The Gould household was one in which love and affection ruled. The children showed the utmost devotion to their parents, worshipped their beautiful mother and their considerate father, who gratified every reasonable desire and always were wise and sympathetic counselors.

Mrs. Gould was a most admirable parent. A woman of poise and dignity, her administration of household affairs left nothing to be desired. Her charity was broad and known only to its recipients, and her life in its thorough piety, its devotion to her family, and its lofty ideals set a shining example of Christian character.

Those admitted to the home circle realize that Mr. Gould is a model father. A wonderfully thoughtful and generous man, he always has contributed joy and gaiety and happiness to the household life. He never was too busy to join with his wife and children in the domestic pleasures, and his happiest

hours were those spent in the home. Visitors invariably noticed the devotion of Mr. Gould to his family, a devotion that was returned in full.

There were four children born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur R. Gould. The first was Arthur, who was born in Bangor in 1881. Shortly after his birth, the family moved to Presque Isle; and there the lad, at the age of six years, met with an unfortunate accident, receiving a small cut on the knee cap, while whittling.

A physician was called, the cut treated and no untoward results were apprehended. However, the leg became swollen and very painful, and it was found that a lotion secured at a drug store was rancid and had poisoned the boy. Arthur was treated by specialists in Portland, Boston and Philadelphia, but the leg remained stiff.

Arthur attended Ricker Institute in Houlton, and then a Portland school. He learned from a friend that some young men were desired as reporters on *The New York World*, and sought and secured a position with that newspaper. He became acquainted with a Philadelphia surgeon who believed that he could cure the stiff knee. Arthur went to his hospital and while there was very helpful in aiding patients in their minor wants. In doing this he was following the dictates of his sympathetic and kindly nature.

Arthur came home ill in 1902, and his father built a camp for him at Hobart Hill, where he showed rapid improvement. His father drove out and spent the nights with him. Arthur remained at the camp all summer, and he was so much better that he returned to New York to resume his journalistic work. In the city the illness again developed and this time the skill of specialists could not prevail against the disease. Arthur Gould, the younger, passed away at the age of twenty-five years. He was a young man of great charm and keen mind.

Louis E., the second son, was born in Bangor in 1882, and

received his education in the Presque Isle schools, at Ricker Institute, and the Baltimore Medical School. Before studying at Baltimore, he conducted a drug store in Presque Isle for about a year. After his graduation from medical school, he located in Bangor, where he lived with his sister, Mrs. Shields.

Dr. Gould soon moved to Surry where he quickly developed a large practice, but a difficult one, as much driving was involved. A college friend wrote him of the fine opportunities for physicians at Denver, Colorado, and he decided to go to that city. He went home to tell his parents of his intended removal.

When Dr. Gould arrived home, he found his father ill with ptomaine poisoning and his mother anxious for him to remain at home. His father suggested that Dr. Gould try his hand at business, and offered him the opportunity of building a branch of the Aroostook Valley Railroad to Caribou with M. S. W. Dingwall, an able engineer in whom Arthur R. Gould reposed every confidence.

Responsive to family ties, Dr. Gould agreed to try business for a year. He demonstrated fine aptitude, and, as his father remarks, rapidly developed into an expert. At the end of the year, he concluded to continue with his father's enterprises. He married Miss Ouida Hall and to them was born a daughter, Maxine. Dr. Gould lifted a considerable burden from his father's shoulders, for he possessed excellent judgment and business sagacity.

While visiting his parents in Washington in the winter of 1928, Dr. Gould suffered a severe illness. He remained in Washington until May when he was removed to his home in Presque Isle. He died in February, 1932 in a Boston hospital.

Mildred E. Gould was born in Bangor. She was educated in the Presque Isle schools and at the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Riviere du Loup. In recent years she has made her home in Presque Isle, and her attractive residence is next

door to that of her father. Mrs. Shields has three children: Frances, who married Percy Colbath, and has a daughter, Jean; Alice, who married Robert MacIntosh; and Arthur Shields. Arthur married Eva McKinney, and they reside at Presque Isle with their daughter, Claudette, and son, Arthur Lou.

Marie, the youngest child of Senator and Mrs. Gould, was the only one of the children born in Presque Isle. She was educated in the Presque Isle schools, at Villa Maria Convent in Montreal, and at Sacred Heart Convent in New York City. She married William H. Wildes, who is president of the Republic Natural Gas Company. Mr. and Mrs. Wildes reside in Dallas, Texas, and have two children: Patricia and Donald, who entered Princeton University in 1941.

Another member of the Gould household for many years was Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haynes of Bangor. Mr. Haynes, a civil engineer, was employed by Mr. Gould during the construction of the Aroostook Valley Railroad, and at the time lived opposite the Gould residence, with his wife and little Elizabeth, then a year old.

Mr. and Mrs. Gould and Miss Marie grew very attached to the child, and after the death of Mr. Haynes, Elizabeth became the adopted daughter of the Goulds.

Elizabeth remained with the Goulds for many years and was educated in the Presque Isle schools and at Columbia University. She married Dr. Harold Sands. Dr. and Mrs. Sands reside in Mt. Vernon, New Hampshire, and the latter is a frequent visitor at the Gould residence, the home of her childhood and young womanhood.

The children of the Gould family have been thoroughly devoted to their parents. Mrs. Shields drops in constantly from next door and Mrs. Wildes often makes the long journey from Texas for a few weeks with her beloved father. Both offer remarkable examples of filial devotion.

The passing of Mrs. Gould, January 12, 1937, was an extremely sad bereavement to the father and daughters. Mrs. Gould was a lovable woman, kind and charitable, devoted to her home, her husband and her children. She commanded the esteem and affection of all who knew her.

Senator Gould is the last surviving member of the family of Robinson Gould. "My three sisters all died in California and my three brothers in Maine," he remarked when speaking of the happy home ties of that family. "The next generation is widely scattered. I had the pleasure a year ago of a short visit from my niece, Mrs. Bert Heald who came east on a motor trip with her husband. They live in Santa Monica, Cal. Mrs. Heald is a daughter of my sister Eva who married Joseph Hall, who was a native of Stockton Springs. He was one of the finest men I have known."

Here I leave Arthur Gould in the home that he loves so deeply. I realize that I have been rarely privileged to enjoy the friendship of this son of Maine who might well have been the prototype for Whittier's lines:

"Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man."

I have tried to give a correct picture of a man whose courage has never failed, whose kindliness, courtesy and human sympathy have bound thousands in his friendship, whose vision and enterprise have enriched his native state, who has fought a good fight and has kept the faith.



